



I'M REALLY A SUPERSTAR

BOOK 04

Chang Yu

EPUB CREATION BY LISA HAYES

I'm Really A Superstar

(我真是大明星)

by

Chang Yu

(尝谕)

Synopsis

Zhang Ye was originally a mundane college graduate with aspiring dreams to become a star, but unfortunately has below average looks and height. However one day, he woke up and suddenly found himself in a parallel world!

It's like the same world, but wait a minute...many brands, celebrities and even famous works from his world changed and are gone in this new world!

Armed with the profound literary knowledge of his previous world and a heaven-defying Game Ring that gives him magical items, stats and skills, Zhang Ye embarks on a journey to pursue his life-long dream of becoming famous!

Follow Zhang Ye as he takes the new world by storm, one plagiarized piece at a time, to hilarious reactions!

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First Edition: October 2016

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English Translation by Legge & CKtalon @ [Gravity Tales](#)

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Chapter 285: Peking University's Invitation!

That night, outside the airport.

It was already 8:30.

Zhang Ye got out of the taxi and while walking straight into the airport lobby, the cellphone in his hand rang.

It was his mom. "Hello, son. Tomorrow is New Year's day. Are you coming home?"

"I'm coming back." Zhang Ye hiccupped from drinking as he chuckled, "I just finished treating people to a meal and I applied for half a month's leave with my Leaders. I'll be right back."

Mom asked, "Why is it so noisy on your side?"

"I'm already at the airport and I'm about to board." Zhang Ye had already booked his tickets.

"Alright, then I'll wait for you at home with your dad. We'll leave you some supper." His mom hung up.

The airport hall had a festive atmosphere. Many people were dressed in festive colors, either red or green. Many had smiles on their faces, as they had the anxious feelings of homesickness. By looking at their appearances, Zhang Ye guessed that they were a

reflection of his current appearance. Having left home for nearly a month, this was the first time he had left Beijing for such an extended period of time. This New Years was a day that family gathered together, hence, Zhang Ye would rush home at all costs. It was also why he had been desperately finishing his self-assigned task of recording all of “Zhang Ye’s Talk Show”.

A holiday that spanned more than ten days allowed him to stay with his parents at home. He could also consider what to do after the following half month. However, he needed to count on his broadcasting application to be approved. Review, approval and implementation would probably take a month or so before he could get it settled. Only then could “Zhang Ye’s Talk Show” be restored. Hence, Zhang Ye first applied for half a month’s leave. If his approval application was delayed, then he could even spend the Lunar New Year in Beijing.

After getting past security.

His tickets were checked before boarding.

Zhang Ye was in first class, so he did not need to line up to board the plane. First class tickets were expensive, and it was not Zhang Ye burning cash. It was because he had lifelong honors with China Airlines. He did not need to spend a single cent be it first class or economy class, and there were really no tickets for economy considering that it was New Years. Hence, it wasn’t due to Zhang Ye deliberately trying to take advantage of China Airlines.

At the entrance to the cabin.

Two air stewardesses were standing by the side. They were professionally smiling while welcoming the passengers.

When Zhang Ye saw them, he was slightly stunned before he said in amusement, “Yo, what a coincidence.”

The fat air stewardess on the left and the thin air stewardess on the right also saw Zhang Ye. Although he was wearing sunglasses, they could identify him immediately, having tethered on the verge of death together.

“Zhang Ye!”

“Teacher Zhang!”

The two people were pleasantly surprised.

Zhang Ye walked over, “It’s almost New Year’s and you’re still working?”

The fat air stewardess smiled, “That’s right. It’s our job. The holidays are peak season for air travel. We have to service our passengers.”

Zhang Ye gave them a thumbs up, “To sacrifice yourselves for the greater good. Well done.”

“Hurry up and go in. We’ll chat in a bit.” The thin air stewardess said as she noticed that there were passengers behind him who wanted to board.

“Alright,” Zhang Ye headed towards first class and found his seat. His hands were empty because he did not bring any hand luggage. He sat down straight away.

In a while, the cabin doors were closed.

A familiar voice could be heard throughout the cabin. Zhang Ye could tell that it was the old air stewardess. She told everyone to fasten their seat belts and switch their phones off.

After a few more minutes, when the airplane was in line to take off, the fat and thin air stewardesses moved around. The old air stewardess also came over to first class with a smile.

“Teacher Zhang,” The old air stewardess waved at him.

Zhang Ye also greeted them, “Hur Hur, it’s been a while. How has everyone been?”

The fat air stewardess could not stop her laughing, “All thanks to you, we are having a good life. Everyone was basically given a suite and our wages have risen.”

Zhang Ye exclaimed, “That’s nice. All of you are rich now.”

The old air stewardess glanced at him, “I heard you aren’t doing good these days?”

The thin air stewardess was also at a loss whether to laugh or cry, “That’s right. Why did you mess up a live broadcast? Just an hour ago, we were even discussing it. Why are you first on next year’s SARFT blacklist? You are being specially targeted now, so how are you going to work next year?”

Zhang Ye threw up his hands, “I guess, one step at a time.”

The old air stewardess smiled and poured a glass of fruit juice for him, “No matter what others say of you or how they criticize you, we will certainly support you.”

The fat air stewardess was more cheerful as she patted Zhang Ye’s shoulder, and she blinked, “Not only us, all the air stewardess are supporting you. After that incident, which air stewardess or attendant does not know you? They all consider you as their idol. You have many fans in the airline industry!”

Zhang Ye sat up and said, “Am I that famous? So many beauties like me? Then I don’t need to worry about finding a wife in the future!”

“Yi!”

“Yi!”

A few of the air stewardesses began to laugh.

From the “Yi” sound them made, it was obvious that they all watched “Zhang Ye’s Talk Show”. Clearly, their support for Zhang Ye was not all talk.

Many first class passengers surrounding them looked on in a speechless manner. Zhang Ye was wearing sunglasses, and even if he did not wear them, many people here would not recognize him. Most of the people who sat first class were not busy with work. They paid little attention to the entertainment industry and they could probably only recognize the S-list celebrities. Hence, when they saw Zhang Ye board the plane with all the air stewardess in the cabin surrounding him while giggling, they were still wondering when did the airline company have such a f**king service. Weren’t they too intimate? Who was this person?

Many people looked enviously at Zhang Ye who had fallen into the village of warmth. They did not know that the trust and friendship between Zhang Ye and the air stewardesses was built on a foundation of that momentarily life and death situation.

“Aiyah, it’s almost time to take off.”

“Teacher Zhang, we can’t chat any further.”

“If you have anything, call me. We have to busy ourselves.”

With the air stewardesses gone, the plane quickly reached tens of thousands of meters high.

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Zhang Ye looked at the night sky through the window with his hand on his chin. Then, he drank a mouthful of fruit juice to moisten his throat. Having drank a bit too much with everyone at the restaurant, he was beginning to feel tired, as he yawned. Suddenly, Zhang Ye looked sideways and he saw a pair of eyes staring at him. It seemed like this person had been looking at him from the very beginning. From the hair style and figure, it was clear she was a woman, and a woman with a voluptuous figure. However, maybe she was not accustomed to the air on the airplane, she was wearing a face mask, so her face was obscured.

She looked at Zhang Ye.

Zhang Ye also looked at her.

Suddenly, the woman released her seat belt and stood up. After straightening her clothes, she walked towards Zhang Ye. She then loosened the white coat on her body before sitting beside Zhang Ye. This plane's first class cabin had two seats on each side. The seat to the left of Zhang Ye had been empty from the beginning. It was unknown if the passenger did not manage to catch the flight or if the ticket to the seat was not sold.

Zhang Ye asked in wonder, "You are?"

The woman's voice was soft and elegant, "Are you Teacher Zhang Ye?"

Zhang Ye was stunned, "That's me. Why are you looking for me?"

The woman smiled gracefully, "Just now the air stewardess called you Teacher Zhang, and I felt that you resembled him, but I did not dare confirm it. I never expected it to be really you. Well, let's get to know one another. I'm Wu Zeqing, a Vice President of Peking University."

"Hello, nice to meet you." Zhang Ye immediately shook her hand but then, he suddenly reacted, stunned by the woman's introduction!

What did she just say?

Peking University's Vice President?

What the heck!? Is this real or not?

What sort of school was Peking University? That was a prestigious school domestically and even internationally. According to Zhang Ye's knowledge, his world's Peking University was an organization under the Education Ministry. Just from the administrative level, the rank of Vice President was already one of the national cadres. As for what it meant in this world's Peking University, Zhang Ye did not know. However, it could not be much

different. From the woman's eyes and figure, she was like in her early to mid thirties? She was not even forty years of age, but she had already reached such an important position at a young age? She took the initiative to speak to him? This can't be right?

Maybe Wu Zeqing noticed the disbelief in Zhang Ye's eyes as she gently removed her face mask. Maybe she was not used to the air in here, so she covered her nose with her index finger while smiling.

She has an extremely beautiful face!

It was a face filled with dignity!

A woman that was graceful, elegant and warm had appeared in front of Zhang Ye. Even Zhang Ye, who had seen numerous beauties, could not help but feel shocked!

F**k!

She was so pretty even though she held a high post?

Was she really a Vice President of Peking University? A heavyweight in the education sector?

"President Wu, nice to meet you. Sorry for not recognizing you." Towards a person in education, Zhang Ye was extremely respectful, "Are you out on a business trip?"

Wu Zeqing gave a shallow smile, which resembled a reserved smile that ancient women had, “That’s right. There was a school celebration in Shanghai. I attended it while representing Peking University. Are you on a business trip too?”

Zhang Ye chuckled, “No, I’m returning home.”

“Oh, right. I recall, you are a Beijinger.” This Peking University Vice President seemed to know Zhang Ye quite well, “I heard that you recently got into trouble?”

Zhang Ye casually said, “Just some trifling matter. I just can’t work temporarily, maybe after the new year.”

The beautiful woman looked at him and said, “I have basically seen all the poems you wrote. Although many of your poems are not suitable for the situations or conditions for announcements, and have not been recognized by the official or literature circles, your literature skill has nearly been recognized in this circle. I told two famous authors and literature scholars about you. Both of them are full of praise for you, including me. Of course, I do not know about others.”

With a smile punctuating her sentence, the beautiful woman said, “Now, our country’s literature circle is lacking a person who can wave the flag. Personally, I feel that the people in the literature industry are lacking the qualities required. If we talk about a thousand years later, to pick someone in the country that can fly the literature banner, I believe that you will be one of the most

likely candidates.”

This evaluation was too high!

And it was an evaluation from Peking University's Vice President!

Zhang Ye was instantly flattered, “I don't dare to accept that. I lack the qualifications and experience. All I do is just mess around.”

Wu Zeqing suggested, “Let's exchange phone numbers?”

“Sure, I could only wish to do so. If there are any matters on literature in the future, I will still want to consult you.” Zhang Ye as a member of the younger generation still appeared very modest.

Wu Zeqing smiled and waved her hand, “You can consult me on other matters, and I won't brush you off. But if it's a literary discussion, I do not dare to think highly of myself in front of you. At best, I am more experienced than you, which allows me to communicate with you.”

Take a look at her!

Look at how well she can chat!

Zhang Ye was feeling extremely good, but he could not say it

verbally. He only said, “You are being modest.”

They exchanged numbers. Since they could not switch their phones on in the plane, Zhang Ye wrote his on a piece of paper, while Wu Zeqing handed him a name card. The name card was handwritten. It did not have any details about Wu Zeqing’s post, only her name. There was a cellphone number beneath it. Zhang Ye guessed that this was most likely Wu Zeqing’s handwriting. It was very elegant and beautiful. It looked very polished and clearly, she was a calligraphy expert.

The plane was quickly approaching the capital’s airport.

The flight from Shanghai to Beijing was short as they were very close to one another.

During this period, Wu Zeqing sat beside Zhang Ye and chatted with him. For some reason, Zhang Ye felt that she came to him for a reason.

However, she didn’t say. As this was the case, it was inappropriate for Zhang Ye to ask.

Only when they disembarked the plane and were about to go their separate ways did Wu Zeqing say something that caught Zhang Ye off guard.

Wu Zeqing said, “Little Zhang, will you be staying in Beijing for half a month or more? If you have no other work or matters to

tend to during this period, are you interested in teaching at Peking University?”

Zhang Ye was dumbfounded, “Teaching at Peking University?”

Wu Zeqing smiled, “Yes.”

“Are you pulling my leg?” Zhang Ye was in disbelief.

Wu Zeqing smiled slightly, “Would I pull your leg on such a matter? Now, in my capacity as Peking University’s Vice President, I’m formally inviting you.”

Zhang Ye gasped and said worriedly, “I know myself. I’m just a student, so what can I teach? I’m afraid that I’ll teach the wrong things to students, leading them astray.”

Wu Zeqing looked at him, “Before I boarded the plane, I was still thinking of something, nor did I have any candidates. However, after meeting you, it might be a matter of fate. After some thought, there really is no one more suitable than you in the literature arena. I’m not asking for you to teach anything else but your old trade. You can teach in the Chinese language department.” With a pause, she carried on, “The compensation might not be very high, and it can’t compare to the wages of your broadcasting host job. Since your main job is not this, we will not restrict you to other jobs on our side. When you need to host, you can go do your hosting. If you have the time and energy, you can use your spare time to teach at Peking University. You can be considered an adjunct lecturer. There have been similar cases of hiring hosts or

famous authors to be university lecturers in recent years, so it's common. The response from the students is also very good. I still have an assistant professor spot on my side. It's not that I can't give you the title, so if you are interested, you can give it a try. Then, we can talk based on your results. What say you?"

Zhang Ye hesitated, "This..."

Wu Zeqing said, "You can think about it and reply me tomorrow. The school is on break for half a month. If you are ready, you can begin classes at anytime."

Zhang Ye took a deep breath, "Alright, I'll think about it when I get back home."

"Alright, there will be a car picking me up outside. I'm leaving first." After the beautiful woman bade him farewell, she walked slowly away in her flats.

He went to a taxi waiting area. The moment he entered the taxi, he rubbed his temples as he looked out of the window in excitement. He was both hesitant and excited! Why was he excited? Of course, it had to do with the prestige of Peking University. It was a institution of higher learning of the world. By inviting him to teach, it was a form of affirmation and trust towards Zhang Ye. It could also increase his popularity and qualifications. If he went out and said that he had an additional job of being a lecturer of Peking University, everyone in the industry would give him a second look. This sort of reputation and fame was not something money could buy. And it was something that no one could dispute it. And according to the beautiful woman's

intention, if he did well, he could even be given the title of assistant professor?

That was a professorship!

A position that most Masters or PhD holders could not obtain!

Zhang Ye was just a Bachelor's graduate. Now, he had a chance to obtain the honor of being an Assistant Professor? It would be a lie if he was not excited!

But at the same time, he was hesitant and worried!

Peking University's Chinese department was extremely famous even in a heavy weight institution like Peking University. It was also famous world wide. The Chinese department had the greatest breadth and depth in the entire country's Chinese literature studies. Every development of history had attracted and produced many famous scholars. Some of them were masters and figures who led the literature world!

But who was Zhang Ye?

What sort of qualifications did he, Zhang Ye, have?

Did he have the qualifications to teach these students who would have promising futures?

Zhang Ye had even said some angry words to his mother a few days ago, saying that if he could not stay on in the entertainment industry, he would go to a university to be a lecturer. However, that was him just saying it in passing, he never believed that he had the qualifications. He also couldn't believe that any university would want such a literary hooligan. And now, the one inviting him was not any other institution, it was the world famous Peking University! Zhang Ye knew how important this was. Hence, he was worried that he could not do a good job teaching. He feared that not only would he fail to get any accolades, but he would end up being cursed and criticized. He did not matter, but if he sullied Peking University's reputation, and lead his students astray, it would be a serious matter. This pressure and responsibility was a bit too much for Zhang Ye, as it wasn't something that only affected him.

He was a carefree soul!

He was free to fight everywhere!

But if he implicated others, or led future famous literary scholars astray due to his bad teachings, Zhang Ye would not feel good about it! He was a jerk, and he was quite a hooligan at times, but the essence of his character was that of a considerate person!

What should he do?

Should he go?

It had to be said that the temptation thrown at him by the Peking

University was too great!

On the way home, Zhang Ye kept mulling over the issue. He still did not come to a conclusion even after having a headache. He was not an indecisive person, but neither was he someone who did not think. He liked to measure the pros and cons before deciding on a matter. However, once he decided on a matter, he would rush to the end regardless if the sky was falling!

Chapter 286: Going To Peking University's Chinese Department As A Lecturer!

Beijing, at night.

It was already past 11 P.M. by the time he reached Caishikou.

The cold wind was blowing on the streets. The temperature here was colder than it was in the South.

Zhang Ye found his way through the dark to his parent's district. He looked up and saw their apartment lights were still on. His father and mother were obviously still up waiting for him to return. Zhang Ye suddenly had a feeling of homecoming. He stepped into the building and quickly climbed up the staircase. He was humming "Wishing We Last Forever" as he ran up.

Dong, dong, dong.

He knocked on the door and it opened up very quickly.

"Dad, Mom" Zhang Ye smiled, "Happy New Year."

Mom pulled him into the house, "Come in first, isn't it cold outside?"

Zhang Ye put down his bags and took off his coat, "It's OK. It's warm enough at home, has the central heating started already?"

“Look at the date. The heating has been turned on since the 12th.” Mom squinted at him, “Beijing is still better, right? There’s no central heating in Shanghai.”

Zhang Ye had deep feelings about this, “Yes, we can only use the air-conditioner over there. Switching it on room by room, I was really not used to it. It feels very different from the warmth of central heating. It just didn’t feel right. The air outside is so damp that I get goosebumps. Hai, don’t talk about it anymore.” Having arrived home, Zhang Ye felt that everything was good and pleasing to him, “Also, unless the sun is shining directly, the clothes hung outside won’t get dry. Even if it gets dry, there’s a mildew smell that sticks to it. The air there is too damp, we’d have to use a clothes dryer to dry the laundry. It’s really troublesome.”

Mom probably missed him a lot and said, “Then don’t go back.”

Zhang Ye smiled, “I have to return after the lunar new year at latest. There’s still work waiting for me. This year, I’m definitely staying home for it. I managed to get many days off.”

His dad got up from the sofa, “Have you eaten?”

“I had something on the flight back, but I’m still hungry.” Zhang Ye said.

Dad instructed, “Bring some warm water for our son and heat up the leftover food too.”

Mom made a sound and stared, “You’re commanding me now? Why don’t you go instead.”

Dad looked up and said, “You heat up the leftovers. We are having a father and son talk about his work. What do you know?”

“As if only you understand, hmph. Our son’s now a big star, a famous host. Do you still think he needs your advice?” Mom nagged as she went to heat up the food for him.

After eating, his father and mother started asking him about his job.

Zhang Ye did not wish to talk about his work, as he was afraid he would worry them. So he answered them superficially and changed the topic, “Where will we be going tomorrow for the New Year?”

Mom scooped some dishes for him while saying, “We went to your paternal Grandma’s place this afternoon. Only you were not there. Tomorrow we will be spending the day with your maternal grandparents, but they will be coming to our house instead. Don’t laze in bed tomorrow. Wake up early and help me buy groceries and prepare food. When my family comes over, we’ll need to feed over a dozen mouths. That’s not simple work.”

Zhang Ye said shamelessly, “I won’t be able to wake up.”

Mom could not help but hit him on his head, “You’re lazy!”

Dad said, “Little Ye has been busily working outside for so long. Let him rest a little, it’s rare for him to get days off.”

“You make it sound so simple. Are you going to help me buy groceries and cook then? You wouldn’t even help!” Mom rolled her eyes, “Just my luck to have encountered you father and son duo!”

After eating.

Zhang Ye picked up the dishes to wash.

“Little Ye, your dad and I will be turning in already.” Mom yawned, “Huu, I still have to battle to fight tomorrow. It’s really not easy having a festive holiday get together.”

His dad also stretched himself and went to the bathroom for a shower.

Then Zhang Ye suddenly remembered. Turning his head, “Dad, Mum, wait a while. I have something to discuss with you both in a bit.”

Dad asked curiously, “What’s the matter?”

“If you have anything to say, spit it out. I’m tired.” Mom said curling her lips.

Zhang Ye continued washing the dishes and said, “Earlier on the plane, I met someone called Wu Zeqing. She said she was.....”

Before he could finish, his mother and father interrupted him.

“Wu Zeqing? The one from Peking University?” Mom said stunned.

Dad obviously knew who she was, “That Vice President of Peking University?”

Zhang Ye blinked, “You know?”

Dad said, “I don’t know what she looks like, but I know she’s a woman and rather pretty. She’s one of the youngest presidents of an elite school. She did not come through the education system so she can’t be considered as someone who is in the literary field. She came through as a civil servant instead and transferred from the Education Bureau to Peking University. Didn’t they mention her on the news before? Did you not see that? Although she came through the civil service system, her literary skills were rated very highly too. She has published a large number of works and the television even stated that she was a practiced calligrapher too? She’s a person who has a lot of prestige within the education world.”

Mom nodded and asked him, “You met her?”

Zhang Ye laughed and said, “More than met her, we chatted for a long time on the plane. After we landed, she suddenly invited me to go teach at Peking University.”

Dad was stunned, “Ah?”

Mom was also stunned, “Go teach at Peking University? Invited you to teach what?”

Zhang Ye replied, “The Department of Chinese Language. I don’t know what I’ll be teaching though. It’ll definitely be either Chinese culture and poetry or Chinese history, stuff like that. I wouldn’t know how to teach other things anyway.”

Mom said excitedly, “Do they really mean it?”

Zhang Ye threw up his hands, “Of course, they have already officially invited me.”

Dad was also very excited, “Why did Peking University find you?”

“I heard that from President Wu that there was a vacancy at a relevant course in Peking University. Anyway, that’s what I think she meant, so I’ll be standing in for a while. It would only be as an adjunct professor though. I can choose when to conduct the classes according to my schedule, so it wouldn’t affect my main job. Vice President Wu even promised me that if the response was good and the students were satisfied, they could even give me the title of

Assistant Professor at Peking University. Of course, that would also mean that if I don't do well, then I'd have to pack up and leave."

Mom quickly asked, "Then how did you answer?"

"I have not fully considered it yet, so I did not reply. President Wu asked me to give her an answer tomorrow. This is why I wanted to discuss it with you two before I decide." Zhang Ye said.

Mom got anxious and slammed the table, "What are you even considering for! Quickly accept! If you don't go, then don't call me your mother anymore!"

Zhang Ye, "..."

Holy sh*t! That was uncalled for, Mom!

Who knew Dad also stood on the same side as Mom this time, "Son, you need to listen to us this time. Go, you definitely need to go! Do you know what kind of place Peking University is? It's a world class institution! I know your goal is to become a famous celebrity, but this wouldn't conflict with that, and instead will give you a special boost. No matter how successful you are as a celebrity, or how popular you are, that's all just on the surface. However, if you have the title of Peking University's Assistant Professor, it is something completely different. This is the highest affirmation of your ability in your studies. With this backing you, your popularity will enjoy a more solid foundation, and it can even be considered an official form of recognition. Didn't many Writers' Association people think lowly of the poems and prose you

previously wrote? When you're hosting, didn't those people from the SARFT cause a lot of trouble for you? If you become an Assistant Professor, what more a Peking University Assistant Professor, then with such a solid backing, who would dare to find trouble with you in the future? Then when it comes to your literary accomplishments, no one would dare question you anymore."

That was true.

In the field of literary arts, it did not matter that it did not appeal to the masses. More of it depended on the recognition from industry insiders and qualifications.

It was very philistine and illogical.

But that was how it was. This was the situation in this country.

Zhang Ye listened, but still had some worries, "What if I don't do well?"

Dad said, "If you don't do well, then that's that, but you can't let go of this chance now." The reason he tried so hard to persuade his son to develop further in the educational field was because he placed a lot of importance on education. He was an older person and had a more traditional way of thinking. When he was young, there were no such things as celebrities. They were just called entertainers in the past and were not well respected. Although this had changed in modern times, to a person from his generation, there was more pride and glory at Peking University. It was even a

glorious title of being an Assistant Professor. He did not object to his son's goal of becoming a celebrity but if he could achieve both statuses, wouldn't it be even better?

Mom saw that he was still hesitant, so she told him, "You were not even afraid to cause trouble during a live broadcast, daring to scold your leaders and the SARFT. Now it's just being a lecturer and you're scared?"

Zhang Ye hesitated for a moment before finally nodding. He had decided, "Alright, I will listen to the both of you. I'm going! I don't care whose mother it is!"

What was there to worry about!?

We'll talk about it when the time comes if I don't do well!

Besides, with so much knowledge from his previous world, how could he possibly mislead the future generation!

Having decided that there and then, Zhang Ye was no longer confused and conflicted. Peking University lecturer, that was such an awesome halo! It could also be considered as a form of venture and challenge. Zhang Ye felt that he could do this. Besides, he had nothing much to do during these two weeks that he was back in Beijing. Since his goal was to become the most famous celebrity in the world and he had very little positive characteristics himself, he could do with more accolades. Zhang Ye could no longer delay a moment longer, only then would he have hope to create this miracle and fulfill his dream!

“Then quickly inform Vice President Wu!” Mom was even more anxious than him. She urged him, “What if she has other choices as well, go inform her quick!”

Zhang Ye looked at his watch, “It’s almost midnight, she might already be asleep?”

His father advised, “Send her a message to give her well wishes for the new year. Then mention your decision. If she has already slept, she will still see your message tomorrow morning.”

Zhang Ye understood and accepted their suggestions. It was not like he had any other choice. His parents were already staring at him. If he did not do what they said, they’d probably beat him to death!

And so, he sent the message to Wu Zeqing.

He wrote: President Wu, I wanted to wish you a Happy New Year. I hope I’m not disturbing your sleep with this message. Well, I will be accepting your invitation. I am very honored to do my part for the education system.

Soon after, the other party replied.

Wu Zeqing: Thank you. Happy New Year to you too. It’s good that you have considered it. You can come to the Peking University on the 2nd of January at 9AM to look for me. I will arrange the

curriculum plan and teaching contract. Let's discuss it in detail then.

Zhang Ye replied: Sure, please rest early.

Wu Zeqing said: Give my well-wishes to your parents as well.

.....

The exchange of messages ended.

Zhang Ye showed his cellphone to his parents, "Look."

Dad was overjoyed when he saw it, "Great! Great! Great!"

Mom was also overjoyed and couldn't keep her mouth closed, "Hahaha, my son really does not disappoint! He's even going to teach at Peking University! He's really doing me proud!"

Zhang Ye was not as overjoyed as his parents were. He picked up his cellphone casually, rolled up his sleeves and continued washing the dishes, "The two of you should go rest, it's getting late."

Mom suddenly shouted, "Put that down!"

"Ah?" Zhang Ye looked over with his head tilted sideways and nearly lost his grip on the bowl in his hands, "What's the matter?"

You gave me a scare. What do I put down?”

Mom pushed him aside and broke into a big smile. She picked up the dishes and utensils, “Mom will do this, you go and rest.”

“Don’t. I’m already half done.” Zhang Ye wanted to grab the dishes back, “You guys go rest.”

Mom did not allow that, “If I said I’ll do it, I’ll do it. Don’t argue with me. Haha, my son’s now a lecturer of Peking University. How can I make my son do the dishes!” as she washed the dishes, she hummed a Peking Opera song. Mumbling to herself, she said, “I can go boast to the neighbours again tomorrow! When my son had his hosting license revoked, that bunch of people talked behind my back about my son’s career ending? He was done for? Ha! I’ll show them who’s done for this time! My son will become a Peking University lecturer! Can they? Tomorrow, I will go and tell them why the flowers are so red!”

Chapter 287: Joining 3rd Cousin's New Year's Party!

The next day.

1st January, New Year's Day.

On the morning of the new year, Zhang Ye spent it in his own bed.

People seemed to come to his home, and not only in a single wave. The doorbell rung one after another. The sound of chatting entered his bedroom, as Zhang Ye woke up a few times in a daze. He flipped his body and covered himself in his blanket before going back to sleep. After four days of talk show recording without rest, he was making up for that lost sleep today. Since the people who came to his place were family, he was not that particular.

“Sis, we are here.”

“Quick, have a sit.”

“First (paternal) Aunt, Happy New Year. Wishing you and uncle a prosperous new year and good health.”

“Hur Hur, our Mengmeng sure has a sweet mouth. There's some fruits here. Have a bit.”

“Where’s my bro?”

“Him? He’s still sleeping in the room.”

“Aiyah, my bro sure is a lazy cat. It’s already past 10!”

His three maternal uncles’ family came one after another. The oldest younger cousin, Cao Dan, second oldest younger cousin, Cao Tong, and youngest cousin, Mengmeng. The moment these three girls gathered together, they began chattering.

A few of the men smoked and drank tea.

A few women busied themselves in the kitchen.

First (maternal) aunt asked, “I heard Little Ye is on the SARFT’s blacklist?”

“That’s right,” Second (maternal) aunt also said, “Is his work not going smoothly?”

“I heard his program was halted some time ago? What is going on now?” His three maternal aunts washed vegetables as they asked Zhang Ye’s mother.

Mom was washing the cutting board and laughed, “You guys are already outdated. Little Ye’s program has been restored, it just needs half a month’s wait before it can be broadcasted again. Is his

work not going smoothly? Hur Hur, let me tell you a secret. Don't go about telling others. Peking University's Vice President personally came looking for my son and repeatedly invited Little Ye to teach Peking University's Chinese department. She said it had to be him, and no one else!"

First aunt was stunned, "What? Which Peking University?"

Mom laughed, "What other Peking University is there? It's that college that ranks number one in the country!"

The three aunts were stunned, "This is big news. Little Ye really has gotten ahead in life? To teach at Peking University? Why didn't I see it on the newspapers?"

Mom said, "It was decided last night. Hai, my Little Ye actually didn't plan on going, but that President Wu kept inviting him and was extremely sincere. Finally, after being unable to further refuse it, the matter was fixed. So of course, there's no news about it yet. I believe you will see it tomorrow."

The adults and children outside also heard it. As his second maternal uncle had went to pick up Zhang Ye's grandparents, he was not around. The other people were stunned upon hearing this news!

Cao Mengmeng screamed, "Ah! My bro is so awesome?"

Cao Dan covered her mouth in disbelief, "Teaching at Peking

University?”

Third Uncle immediately ran into the kitchen, “Sis, then congratulations. Our family has finally produced someone in academia. And he’s even a lecturer of a famous school!”

First Uncle said to Zhang Ye’s father, “Brother-in-law, congratulations.”

Dad shook his hands with a smile, “I still don’t know if that kid is up to the task.”

Mom was extremely proud of Zhang Ye, so she rolled her eyes at her husband upon hearing that, “If my son isn’t up to the task, then who is? Stop spewing such discouraging words!”

Third Aunt laughed, “Right, with Little Ye’s literary standard, there definitely won’t be problems!”

At this moment, someone came in from outside. It was Second Uncle bringing Zhang Ye’s grandparents in.

The moment the old lady entered and heard their discussion, she could not help but ask, “What Peking University? What are you talking about?”

Mom came out of the kitchen beaming, “Dad, Mom, your grandson is going to be a lecturer at Peking University’s Chinese department. He’s reporting for work tomorrow.”

Grandma said in surprise, “Are you all pulling my leg?”

Third Aunt chuckled, “Mom, it’s true!”

Grandma was immediately excited, “Little Ye is so capable?”

“That is Peking University!” Grandpa was also startled.

Third Aunt said, “The two of you don’t keep up with news, so you might not know that Little Ye already showed his ability. He goes on television and the newspapers almost daily!”

Grandma’s wrinkles seemed to instantly open up, “Little Ye sure lives up to expectations!”

.....

In the room.

Zhang Ye was still sleeping soundly.

Suddenly, the door opened, and three petite figures entered.

“Bro! Time to wake up! It’s time to eat!” Cao Mengmeng crashed onto his bed and yelled loudly.

Zhang Ye was jolted away. He yawned, and seeing that it was his three younger cousins, he buried his head again and said half-heartedly, "Go go. Let me sleep a little longer."

Cao Tong chuckled, "Bro, get up!"

Eldest younger sister, Cao Dan said, "Let bro rest a bit more."

"What's there to rest for..." Cao Mengmeng refused and climbed into bed and sat on Zhang Ye's leg, "Bro, you sure are awesome. You are even going to Peking University to teach!"

Zhang Ye waved his hands listlessly, "Nothing much."

Cao Tong also began to say in a spoiled manner, "Bro, buy us something nice to eat."

"I'll buy, I'll buy." Zhang Ye said while closing his eyes. It was unknown if he was speaking in his sleep.

Cao Mengmeng blinked her cute little eyes and said, "Then whatever we want, you must buy for us. I want a huge teddy bear, the kind that's 1.8 meters tall!"

Zhang Ye said sleepily, "I'll buy them all. All of them."

The few younger cousins cheered together, "Yo!"

With the few rascals in his room, there was no hope for Zhang Ye to carry on sleeping. Finally he was completely woken up by his few younger cousins. So he could only get out of bed in his pajamas.

The moment he came out of his room, Zhang Ye began greeting, “Grandma, Grandpa, First Uncle, First Aunt, Second Aunt...”

The moment Grandma saw her grandson, she held his hands warmly, “Did those girls wake you up?” Saying that, the old granny stared at them, “Naughty girls, your brother has been slaving these past few days at work. Can’t he have a good sleep?”

Cao Mengmeng stuck out her little tongue, “Grandma is playing favorites!”

Grandma was tickled, “You little girl are asking to be spanked.”

Mom also patted her son, “Hurry up and brush your teeth. It’s time to eat.”

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Ten minutes later, the meal began.

During the meal, Zhang Ye found himself able to reunite with his family, a rare event. He had not returned home in a while, so he poured a glass of beer and toasted his elders. They had a lot of fun eating together.

His grandparents and relatives kept asking Zhang Ye about the entertainment industry.

“Little Ye, that talent show’s host is really your classmate?”

“That’s right, college classmates. We were in the same class.”

“What are you teaching at Peking University?”

“I’m not sure yet, but I will find out tomorrow.”

“Bro, is Hu Dongjian really gay?”

“How would I know? He’s a host from Hong Kong. I’ve never met him before.”

“Bro, why are you so awesome? The talk show you do makes me die of laughter!”

“That’s right, your bro is awesome, or else how can he be your bro!”

After the meal, everyone sat on the sofa in the living room. They carried on chatting, and the topic of conversation revolved around Zhang Ye. Everyone was very interested in his job.

Roughly 2 in the afternoon.

His grandparents went into Zhang Ye's parents' room to take an afternoon nap.

Zhang Ye covered his grandparents with a blanket, and after a few exchange of words, he gently closed the door.

The moment he left the room, he bumped into a Cao Mengmeng with shifty eyes. For some reason, this girl was blinking her eyes at Zhang Ye.

“What's up?” Zhang Ye was amused.

Cao Mengmeng said softly, “Bro, I have a request.”

Zhang Ye did not mind, “What's the matter?”

Cao Mengmeng glanced at the elders sitting in the living room and then jerked her chin towards the bedroom. “Go into the bedroom, anyway it's an important matter.”

“Alright then.” Zhang Ye and his third younger cousin went into the room.

In the room, Cao Mengmeng sat on the bed.

Zhang Ye lit a cigarette and smoked out the window, “What is it? Tell me.”

Cao Mengmeng said with a finicky manner, “Bro, tonight, my junior high school has a new year’s party in the auditorium. We can bring our guardians. Come with me.” It was common for schools to have new year’s party. As it was impossible to have a Lunar New Year party due to the students on break, so the schools only had new year’s parties at best. Some schools had, while others didn’t. The date was not fixed. Many had their parties on December 31 also.

Zhang Ye was stunned before smiling, “Why should I go? Aren’t your parents on break today. Why? They have something on tonight and can’t go?”

Cao Mengmeng secretly said, “I didn’t tell them.”

“Ah?” Zhang Ye smiled bitterly.

Cao Mengmeng pouted, “You may not know, but every time my parents see my teacher, all three of them seem to be on stimulants. They will begin speaking ill of me. After returning home, my parents will even beat me. It’s exasperating. So I’d rather go myself then bring them along.”

Zhang Ye threw his hands up and said, “It isn’t appropriate for me to go?”

“You are my bro, is that not appropriate?” Cao Mengmeng said it while chuckling, “Also, it’s perfect for me to show you off to my friends! Last time, at a parents-teacher meeting, I heard a few parents talking about you in the corridor. Hehe, but none of them know that you are my bro!”

Zhang Ye said exasperatedly, “Is that even meaningful?”

“Extremely, extremely meaningful!” Cao Mengmeng affirmed, “And I’ll be performing tonight. I’ve already decided to recite your ‘Flying bird and fish’!”

“That is a love poem...” Zhang Ye said.

“So what if it’s a love poem? A few of my classmates are reciting poems too. Many people are reciting love poems and even those in the textbooks.” Cao Mengmeng said indifferently.

“What sort of poems are they reading?” Zhang Ye asked.

Cao Mengmeng shook her head, “I don’t know. Everyone is keeping it a secret. A large number of them are singing or dancing. Anyway I don’t care. Bro, you must help me out. If no guardians come with me, your little cousin is going to lose face. Also, you need to teach me how to recite ‘Flying bird and fish’, like how to punctuate!”

Zhang Ye said, “We shall see. Let me ask your parents first.”

“Bro, no can do, no can do!” Cao Mengmeng grabbed onto Zhang Ye’s arm and looked extremely pitiful.

Zhang Ye finally was at a loss and said, “Alright, alright. I’ll go, alright? 7:30 right? I got it. I’ll look for you at school.”

Cao Mengmeng shouted excitedly, “Yea! Long live to my bro!”

Zhang Ye began instructing her on how to recite “Flying bird and fish”.

Chapter 288: Zhang Ye Can't Write Love Poems?

Evening.

His relatives had left.

Only Zhang Ye's family of three was left having dinner together. They ate simply with noodles in soybean paste, Zhajiangmian. This was also specially requested by Zhang Ye. In the South, he could not find anywhere to eat authentic Beijing Zhajiangmian. Especially the brine made by his mother was excellent. Zhang Ye never got sick of eating it when growing up.

"How is it?" Mom asked with a smile.

Zhang Ye sucked the noodles, "It still has the same taste. Delicious."

Mom happily said, "That's it. My cooking can't go wrong. In the future, when you go back to Shanghai, I'll prepare more Zhajiangmian for you, so that you can bring it there."

As Zhang Ye ate, he asked, "What time is it?"

"It's 6:40. Why?" Dad looked at his watch.

Zhang Ye quickly slurped the last two mouthfuls, "I need to head

out. I have something to.”

“Come back early.” His mother reminded him, “You need to report to work at Peking University tomorrow. Don’t affect official matters.”

“Alright, I got it. I’ll be back before ten.” After filling his stomach, Zhang Ye went downstairs to drive.

His X5 bulletproof car had been left in his parent’s district. As it had been there for a long period of time, his car was covered in dust. Zhang Ye did not have the time to wash his car, and as it did not matter, he drove to Cao Mengmeng’s school.

.....

Just past 7.

At the entrance of Beijing 15th Junior High.

The sky was a bit cloudy, then turned gloomy almost immediately. It did not seem to even have a transition.

15th Junior High was located on the western side of Taoranting. Going by the road, Zi Xin Lu, it was relatively close to Caishikou. Actually, even without a car, he could have reached there in fifteen minutes by walking from his parents’ place. The moment his car arrived, Zhang Ye saw many cars bunched outside the school entrance. He began to regret driving here. He knew many parents

drove their children to the new year's party, and from the ages of the children, there was not only junior high students, there were even high school students. This party was likely jointly held together. Since 15th Junior High was one of the city's focuses, this party would usually be spruced up better than ordinary junior high school parties.

There was a line of cars waiting for parking.

Zhang Ye estimate that at this speed, he would take more than half an hour to enter the school. He had lived here for a long period of time, so with his expertise, he turned his steering wheel and headed 200 meters west. He stopped his car at a hotpot store. This store's business was quite normal, so there were not many cars stopped here usually. The boss was a resident nearby and was easy to talk to. Usually, the boss would not complain even if he parked a car here when there were not enough parking lots.

Getting out of the car, Zhang Ye walked towards 15th Junior High.

With the party beginning at 7:30, most of the people who were arriving were the last few.

Ring, ring, ring.

His phone began to ring.

“Bro! Why aren't you here yet!?” Cao Mengmeng huffed and

puffed through the phone.

Zhang Ye chuckled, “I’m here. I just walked through the gate. I’m west of the main entrance. I’ll wait for you under the school motto?”

“You are here already? Nice, nice, nice! Wait for me!” She hung up.

A short while later, a petite figure rushed towards him, “Bro!” Then she looked at him speechlessly, “Why are you wearing sunglasses?”

Zhang Ye said, “I’m used to it. I’ll keep them on.”

Cao Mengmeng said in a depressed tone, “I still want to show off! If you wear sunglasses, who can recognize you!”

Zhang Ye rolled his eyes, “Come on, your bro isn’t that famous. This face of mine is useless. Hurry up and go. It’s already not bad that I fulfilled my promise and came.”

Cao Mengmeng pulled him towards the auditorium, “Alright, whatever. Hurry. There’s almost no more seats left. Too many people came today since it’s a new year’s party jointly held by the junior high and high school. Although it’s free to participate and about half came, those who came brought their guardians too, so the auditorium doesn’t have enough space!”

The moment they entered the auditorium, indeed, it was packed.

The stuffy air that met them was quite unpleasant.

“Aiyah, don’t push!”

“Daughter, I’m here!”

“Teacher Sun, long time no see!”

“Third Year, Class One! Third Year, Class One parents, please come over here!”

“High School Second Year, Class Five, gather! If your guardians aren’t here yet, quickly contact them!”

“Students of Class Three, everyone listen to me. When the party begins, try not to make too much noise. Maintain silence since there will be a recording.”

The parents were all rushing to take their seats.

The head teachers were also very busy.

Inside, there were a few people who noticed Zhang Ye. Sometimes, a few people would give him a few stares before turning their gaze away. They seemed to find him familiar, but

then did not think much of it. Zhang Ye was now considered quite a celebrity. His fame in Beijing was not bad, but he was after all not an extremely popular celebrity like Zhang Yuanqi. There was limited exposure for him, so there were still many people who could still recognize him despite him wearing sunglasses. A key reason was the environment. If this was a television station entrance or some celebrity party, if everyone saw Zhang Ye wearing sunglasses, they might be able to guess that it was him, as they already had the idea planted in their heads. However, this was an ordinary junior high school's new year's party. Everyone only felt Zhang Ye looked familiar, but they didn't think too much about it.

“Mengmeng!” A woman called out to her from somewhere.

Mengmeng hurried waved, “Hehe, Teacher Leng (Cold), I’m coming!”

The average-looking woman in black-framed spectacles was clearly Cao Mengmeng’s head teacher. She grumbled, “You are always the slowest. Where are your parents?”

Cao Mengmeng pointed to Zhang Ye and added sound effects, “Dang Dang Dang Dang!”

Teacher Leng nodded at him with a smile, “You are?”

Zhang Ye smiled, “Hello Teacher Leng, I’m Mengmeng’s brother. This girl must have troubled you.”

Teacher Leng shook his hands simply, “It’s alright. This child, Mengmeng is not that bad. She’s the jolliest person in the class, just that she’s not that motivated in her studies. After this, we can have some one on one conversation. I’ve already told her parents a few times, but it wasn’t very effective. As her brother, you should be closer to the child. Your words might weigh more than her parents. She is especially bad in her language. I’m her language teacher and also head teacher. It’s almost time for the final exams. As her teacher, I’m worried for her. Her basic knowledge is lacking and her essays aren’t good either. Right, also her math results, that is...” This head teacher was clearly quite a responsible teacher. Even on a day like new year’s, she still concerned herself with the child’s studies.

Cao Mengmeng gave a face of helplessness and signaled to Zhang Ye with her eyes: See, what did I say? Isn’t my teacher on stimulants the moment she sees my guardian?

Zhang Ye kept saying yes, “Alright, alright. I’ll go back and scold her.”

Teacher Leng acknowledged, “Then teach her well.” She then noticed the time, before she hurriedly said, “Heh, I’ll stop at this. We need to take out seats.”

Cao Mengmeng cried out, “Why aren’t there any seats left?”

Teacher Leng turned around and noticed the seats she reserved for her class were gone. There were even a few parents of her class’ students standing in the aisle. “Parents, sorry about that. Today, our school didn’t prepare the proper arrangements. There will be

chairs prepared behind. Please make do and sit in the aisle. We are really sorry. Let us all make do with it.”

Teacher Leng herself could not get a soft seat. When she saw a more elderly parent, she gave up her seat. Then, she went to get chairs, and found people to move several chairs over. She sat with a few parents in the aisle. The other classes were in similar situations. Some classes did not fill up their seats, so the neighboring classes spilled over. Those that were full, could only sit in the aisle. However, their own head teachers did not sit in the aisle.

Hence, Teacher Leng was quite a good head teacher.

Zhang Ye did not hesitate. He indifferently sat on a small stool.

Cao Mengmeng refused, “Bro, why don’t you take my seat. You are a big celeb...”

“Enough, it’s no big deal.” Zhang Ye interrupted her. “Take the time to prepare your recital. Isn’t it your turn in the latter half?”

“Then..alright.” Cao Mengmeng returned to her seat. She was surrounded by her classmates.

Beside her, a girl giggled, “Mengmeng, who’s that?”

“My bro.” Mengmeng said proudly and raised her neck, “He’s handsome right?”

Another boy blinked, “Eh, why is your bro wearing sunglasses? It’s so dark in the auditorium.”

Cao Mengmeng giggled, “My bro is a superstar, so of course he wears sunglasses.”

“Superstar? That’s impossible, right?” A youth, who looked more mature, said.

A girl, who did not have good relations with Cao Mengmeng, harrumphed, “What star? Mengmeng is just bragging. I think your bro is just wearing sunglasses to act big.”

Mengmeng tsked, “Lili, it’s not that I look down on you. If I told you who my bro is, you would definitely die from fright!”

Lili pouted, “Keep bragging.”

Cao Mengmeng curled her lips, “I can’t be bothered about you.”

A boy hurriedly eased the situation, “Mengmeng, Lili, don’t fight. Every time you meet each other, you fight. Even if you are not tired, we would get tired from watching you two fight.”

Star?

The other classmates also did not think much about it.

Teacher Leng heard their conversation and then looked sideways at Zhang Ye, who was sitting behind. She did find him familiar, but he seemed to have a common face, so she did not pay much attention.

“Little brother, you are?” A parent sitting next to him asked.

Zhang Ye looked at the middle-aged man, “Oh, I’m Mengmeng’s brother.”

The parent smiled while nodding, “Nice to meet you. I’m Pengpeng’s father.”

“I’m Qiaomeng’s mother. Nice to meet you.” Another middle-aged woman interjected.

Zhang Ye had a casual chat with a few parents. He was quite unaccustomed to a “parents’ meeting”. After all, they were in their thirties or forties, while he was still in his twenties.

“Little brother, what do you do for a living?” The middle-aged man asked in interest.

“Me?” Zhang Ye was stumped for an answer. If you said he was in literature, that wasn’t right. If you said he was a host, he was now temporarily suspended. Say that he’s in teaching? It was only to be reported tomorrow. So as he hesitated, the middle-aged woman beside had branched off the topic.

The woman asked, “Big brother, what do you do?”

The middle-aged man laughed, “I’m a newspaper editor. I arrange literature pieces before publishing them. We have even published Teacher Leng’s essays before. Back then, I arranged that edition. I only found a few months ago that the pen name, Cold Moon is our Teacher Leng (Cold). What a coincidence.”

A man beside said, “Ah? Teacher Leng has even gone on the papers before?”

The middle-aged man smiled, “That’s right. Teacher Leng is talented. Our editors were full of praise for that prose of hers. It was written very well.”

Teacher Leng gave a forced smile, “Brother Yang, don’t brag about me. I just got lucky. The bit of knowledge I have isn’t much talent.”

Brother Yang laughed, “You are being modest. If you lack talent, then who has?”

Teacher Leng smiled gently, “Of course Teacher Zhang Ye. I’m a fan of his. His poems are well-written, his programs are also good. He never uses a script, nor does he need to think. He can write anything he picks up. Every word he spews from his mouth is a literary work that stuns the world. Teacher Zhang Ye is a real talent!”

Brother Yang acknowledged, “That’s true. I’ve heard the compilation that Zhang Ye published has already sold more than 200,000 copies already. That isn’t some novel, but rather a literature compilation. This level of sales is defying the heavens!”

Teacher Leng said, “Out of those sales, I contributed three books. Teacher Zhang Ye’s poems are really too good. His essays and speeches are also world class. There’s nothing to pick on!”

The woman said, “I haven’t seen Zhang Ye’s works, by my younger sister loves him. She watches every episode of his ‘Zhang Ye’s Talk Show’ at least two or three times.”

Brother Yang lamented, “Now, in the literary world, the most aggressive newcomer is Zhang Ye. However, if I really want to compare, those masters with seniority are still better than Zhang Ye. In terms of literature, Zhang Ye’s works are probably inferior to those masters.”

Teacher Leng shook her head, “I don’t think so. I think Zhang Ye’s works are already on the same level as those masters. Neither of them is better than the other.”

Brother Yang looked at her, “Teacher Leng, I have a different view. If we are talking about derisive poems, then Zhang Ye can be said to be the most domineering in the country. He can indeed compare with those literary masters. “Dead Water”, “The Answer”, or even that lamenting “Prisoner’s Song” and “My Confession”, “The Song of the Stormy Petrel” too. In this regime,

Zhang Ye has reached the peak. I have to admit it, but in terms of love poems, Zhang Ye's works are basically blank. That "See Me or Not" is not considered a love poem. If one really wanted to count, that "Flying bird and fish" would be one. Hence, in terms of diversity and comprehensiveness, Zhang Ye is still inferior to those masters."

The woman said, "I've heard of 'Flying bird and fish'. It was very good."

Teacher Leng laughed, "Just one 'Flying bird and fish' is enough."

Brother Yang said, "But seriously, 'Flying bird and fish' is also 'The furthest distance in the world. At most, it's just a yearning towards love, and not purely a love poem. At least that's how I understand it. Hence, in the poetry system, where love is heavily weighted, Zhang Ye has yet to prove himself with his works. If he can produce another modern poem that shows the appreciation of love, then I will acknowledge him as a master."

Teacher Leng did not want to argue with him, "He will."

As they chatted, the topic had landed on Zhang Ye.

Sitting amongst them, Zhang Ye could not help but turn red from embarrassment. Listening to how others were praising him, with Mengmeng's head teacher even claiming to be a fan, Zhang Ye also smiled.

See!

Popularity!

This is what popularity is, comrades!

Chapter 289: Third Cousin's Poem Stolen!

It was the half hour mark.

15th Junior High's New Year's Party officially kicked off.

The opening was a female host standing on stage. From the students shouting off stage, "Teacher Li, you are really beautiful", "Teacher Li, you're too cool", it was obvious that the host was a guest appearance from the school's teacher. There were no outsiders today, so most of the programs were performed by the students.

The female host ignored the students howling and smiled, "Dear Leaders, guests, parents, and students, Happy New Year. Welcome to the 15th Junior High's New Year Talent Party. Next, let's invite Principal Qian to make his opening statement." This was a standard opening.

The host stepped down.

The principal stepped onto the stage with a smile. He was an old man, and looked like he was in his sixties. His hair was all white. He picked up the microphone and smiled, "I actually told them to cancel this segment, but they still added it in. For me, I won't be giving a long speech. Let's enjoy the exciting performances put on by our students. I'm already eagerly anticipating it. This way, I request the parents to witness the children's talented performance."

His speech was short, winning the applause of the students and parents.

The parents were all waiting for their own child's performance, so naturally they couldn't be bothered to hear the school's Leader's speech.

The moment the principal left the stage, the female host announced, "We officially begin the New Year's Talent Party. The first program will be the second class of the second year high school students bringing us an opening dance. Everyone, please welcome them!"

Bba Bba Bba!

A round of applause echoed!

The parents of the students were on full focus!

After a while, about fifteen boys and girls appeared. The background music was an American song with a fast tempo. These high school students danced to the music and from their actions, it was obvious that they had practiced for a while. Although they did not do so neatly, as amateurs, they were pretty good.

Zhang Ye could not help but be amazed. The junior high schools these days were increasingly open. They were beginning to follow international standards, and were no longer as strict as before. For example, back in junior high, his New Year's Party was just him

singing a song with his class, or playing some games. There wouldn't be things like foreign songs and dances. Back then, they did not have any concept of this. Besides, their teachers would not approve of it. Back in his schooling days, there were three catchphrases to his school that never changed in his three years there. Anti-fire, anti-theft, anti-love. It was not like the atmosphere in the school now, where even love songs and poems could be performed in public? Ai, they sure had it good. Just thinking about it, Zhang Ye really suffered during his schooling days!

The opening dance came to an end.

There was applause and constant kudos from the audience.

“Alright!”

“You danced so well!”

“That's my daughter. Did you see her?”

“Haha, my son danced really well too!”

The second program was a junior high student in her first year. She chose to sing a song which was Zhang Yuanqi's song to fame. It was also her first song in the music industry, called “I don't Believe”.

The female student began singing.

“After all the work, all I could do was return in failure. After all the fighting, all I could do was tear while watching my dreams. After all the thinking, why is my life so lowly? After all the lamenting, why is my voice turning haggard!”

“I don’t believe, that my life is worse than others!”

“I don’t believe, that I have not one bit of talent!”

“I don’t believe, that I’m destined to be a lowly person!”

“I don’t believe, that my songs will be left unanswered forever!!!”

Upon hearing this song, the atmosphere from the audience warmed up. Compared to the English song and foreign dance, the parents were more accepting of such songs. Everyone knew who Heavenly Queen Zhang was. Everyone had basically heard her songs. Many parents and children began to hum along with the song.

Even Zhang Ye got goosebumps listening to it. Although this was the earliest work of Zhang Yuanqi from many years ago, and was not as mature as the many works she currently had, the energy and expression in the song was very impressive. Zhang Ye had only spent a couple of months in this world. This was also not the first time he had heard this song. It was often used as background music on TV or variety shows or parties. He had heard it several times, and it was covered by many people. However, every time Zhang Ye heard it, he felt that the song was full of energy. It was an

expression of a singer's thoughts.

There was a story behind it. When Zhang Yuanqi entered the music industry, she already was somewhat accomplished on TV and other arenas. However, many people criticized her for entering the music industry, as her voice was not as clear and beautiful as the traditional singers of that period. Her voice was somewhat husky, so people were unaccepting of such a voice. They criticized Zhang Yuanqi for not being able to sing, and was not suited for singing. They urged her to go back to filming movies. However, with the advent of "I don't Believe", which Zhang Yuanqi first sang on a variety show, the final line, "I don't believe, that my songs will be left unanswered forever" stirred the audience. This was the opening song to Zhang Yuanqi's dominance of the music industry. From then on, no one doubted Zhang Yuanqi's ability to sing!

A good song!

A classic piece of work!

From a while ago, Zhang Ye did not dare underestimate this world's literary level. For such a classic song, if it was used in Zhang Ye's world, he dared to guarantee that it would be extremely popular.

After the song was done, the girl received a warm round of applause!

"Alright!"

You sang well!”

“Haha, it’s sung not worse than a Heavenly Queen!”

Parents were more lenient towards children. Regardless if they sang well, everyone would support them. All of them gave their encouragement, making it very lively.

The third program was also singing. It was a high school boy singing rock.

The fourth program was choral music. They sang a traditional repertoire, “Ah, My Motherland”. However, Zhang Ye had never heard of it because it had not existed in his world.

The program carried on one after another.

The New Year’s Party was almost half done.

At this moment, the bickering rival of Cao Mengmeng, Lili was no longer in the student seats. She was up next, so she was waiting backstage.

“It’s Lili’s turn.”

“She’s also reciting poetry?”

“Seems so. No idea what’s she’s reciting.”

“Finally it’s a program from our classmate!”

Once the program ended, the female host announced, “The next program will be a poetry recital. The performer is Chen Lili. Everyone, please give her a welcoming applause!”

Amidst the applause, Lili appeared on stage as she bowed slightly.

Cao Mengmeng tsked and looked up the stage, “She better not make a mistake. She looks nervous.”

Lili was indeed nervous, but she still took out her manuscript. With a deep breath, she began reciting, however, the first line stunned Cao Mengmeng!

“The furthest distance in the world is not the distance between opposite sides of the world. It is that you don’t know that I love you, when I stand in front of you. “The furthest distance in the world is not that you don’t know I love you when I stand in front of you. It is when I cannot say I love you, when I love you so madly.” Lili recited.

“She’s reciting it pretty well.”

“Flying bird and fish? I like that poem.”

A few of her classmates began to chat.

However, Cao Mengmeng cursed, “Then what am I to recite!?”

“Ah? Mengmeng? What’s wrong?” A male classmate asked with concern.

Cao Mengmeng cried loudly, “I also prepared this poem! Lili has scooped it from me!”

A party could not have two similar programs, especially poetry recital. Two people reading the same poem? That just wasn’t right.

Teacher Leng and the surrounding parents also heard this.

The middle-aged newspaper editor exclaimed, “Little friend, then hurry and change poems?”

Teacher Leng also said, “Mengmeng, you were planning on this poem for your program too? Why didn’t you report it?”

“Everyone did not report either. I only decided on the poem this afternoon.” Cao Mengmeng was also worried, and was a bit freaked out.

Teacher Leng suggested, “Then try changing another poem? Doesn’t Teacher Zhang Ye have several works?”

Cao Mengmeng said, “But, but I didn’t prepare!”

The middle-aged man said with a wry smile, “Zhang Ye’s other poems don’t suit her. ‘Dead Water’? ‘The Answer’? These are all used to deride others. Even ‘See Me or Not’ is not suited for the occasion. Besides, that daughter of Father Wei had previously recited it at his wake, so it’s not suitable for the party.”

Teacher Leng also realized that it was true, “There’s really nothing appropriate from Zhang Ye’s poems. Then...why don’t we forget it. I’ll inform backstage to cancel your program.”

Cao Mengmeng refused, “No way, no way, no way! I have to recite!”

Zhang Ye also interjected, “Mengmeng was looking forward to her performance, so you can’t just cancel it, right?”

Teacher Leng had a headache as she said, “But it’s already too late to change it now. Are there any suitable poems? Mengmeng wants to recite a love poem? Why not ‘Spring Flowers’?”

Lili stepped off stage amidst applause after finishing her recital.

However, the female host announced the next program, and it was a high school girl reciting, “Spring Flowers”!

Great, it had also been grabbed away. These poems were too popular, so it was not surprising for there to be conflicts and repeats. Like those recital competitions, they were usually filled with those few classic poems. However, this was not a competition, but a New Year's Party. They definitely could not repeat a program!

“Mengmeng, why don't you recite, ‘She is a Flower’?”

“That is a boy's love poem. How can I recite that?”

“Must you recite a love poem? I think “‘Our Motherland's Land’ is not bad. It praises the motherland. It's on the textbook too. Check it quickly and go on stage to recite it!”

“This poem is way overused. It's also outdated. I'm not reading it!”

Her classmates began to give Cao Mengmeng ideas, and shortly after, Chen Lili came back. Hearing that she had a conflict in programs with Cao Mengmeng, she was feeling happy.

Lili smiled, “What a coincidence!”

Cao Mengmeng gritted her teeth, “Why didn't you tell me you were reciting ‘Flying bird and fish’?”

Lili harrumphed, “You didn't tell me either, so why should I tell you? Anyway, I've already finished reciting it. I don't mind you

reciting it again, but the person who will feel the shame will be you! Hehe!”

Lili’s mother was beside her as she knocked her daughter on the head, “How can you speak to your classmate like that?” Saying that, she looked towards Zhang Ye who wasn’t far off, “Mengmeng’s guardian, sorry about that.”

Zhang Ye smiled, “It’s alright. It happens. No one would have thought this would happen.”

Chapter 290: “To The Oak” Saves The Day!

At the party.

Teacher Leng’s class was all speaking in whispers.

“It will be Mengmeng’s turn in three programs?”

“This program is ending soon too. There’s not enough time.”

“Mengmeng, I think you can forget it. There will be a chance next time.”

“That’s right, you can’t read that ‘The furthest distance in the world’ again, right?”

“All of them are reciting poems now. All the famous love poems have been recited. There’s no other classic works left.”

Cao Mengmeng was very popular in class, especially with the boys. They all liked her, so they began to come up with ideas for her, but most of them recommended her from going onstage.

Lili also said with a smile, “Don’t go, you will shame yourself.”

Teacher Leng looked at Mengmeng and said, “The more famous love poems have indeed been recited. As for other types of poems, the famous and classic ones are gone too.”

Cao Mengmeng stomped her feet angrily, “I want to recite! I don’t care!”

Zhang Ye knew this little rascal liked to show off. She had prepared a lot for this moment. Mengmeng’s temper was as stubborn as his, so it was impossible to not let her go onstage. Zhang Ye sighed and immediately checked on the internet for suitable love poems with his phone.

In the end, Cao Mengmeng suddenly looked towards Zhang Ye and her eyes lit up. She squeezed her way towards him and pulled Zhang Ye away, “Bro, follow me!”

Zhang Ye was stunned, “What?”

“Just follow me!” Cao Mengmeng pulled him out of the auditorium.

There was a hall and lounge outside. A few parents were smoking here.

Cao Mengmeng found a secluded spot and said to Zhang Ye with a helpless look, “Bro, your sister is in trouble. You can’t turn your back against me!”

Zhang Ye waved his cellphone, “Am I not looking for a suitable love poem for you now?”

Chinese department stared with her smile eyes, “As a Peking University’s Chinese department lecturer, do you need to look for the poems of others? Just make one for me!”

Zhang Ye almost fainted, “Do you think it’s that easy? Writing one whenever you want one?”

“Isn’t every poem of yours written as you wished? Aren’t they created on the spot? I don’t care! You have to write me a love poem! It can’t be worse than ‘Flying bird and fish’! I must surpass that darn Lili! Did you see the attitude she gave me? Did you see it? How infuriating!” Cao Mengmeng stamped her feet and kicked a sofa in the lounge. She looked very cute.

Zhang Ye helplessly said, “Then what sort of poem do you want?”

“Love, from a woman’s perspective!” Cao Mengmeng made her request.

Zhang Ye touched his nose and said depressingly, “Even so, it’s too late. It’s almost your turn, right?”

“It will be on time! If you can write it, I can read it!” Cao Mengmeng goaded him, “Bro, it can’t be that you can’t write it out? Could it be the media making you out to be that good was all a fluke?”

Zhang Ye stared at her and was one who succumbed to goading,

“I can’t write one? Don’t joke with me. What a joke. It’s just a woman’s perspective love poem. Just wait and see!” Saying that, Zhang Ye took out a pen from his jacket. It was a pen he brought along with him to give autographs. “Do you have paper?”

There was a flyer on the table which was blank on the back.

Cao Mengmeng did not care and took the flyer, “Here!”

Zhang Ye sat on the sofa and laid out the paper. After a thought, he already had an idea in mind. Let’s use this poem. Anyway, it was from a woman’s perspective and was a soft, beautiful love poem, it was not suited for Zhang Ye. Since it could not be used despite being in his head, it would be such a waste. Hence, he decided to use it to help save his third cousin’s face. Upon thinking of this, Zhang Ye no longer hesitated. He began scribbling with his pen. The paper was a real estate flyer, so it wasn’t of good quality. However, with Zhang Ye eating calligraphy skill Experience Books, his writing was quite nice. In two or three minutes, lines of poetry appeared on the piece of paper.

He finished writing.

Zhang Ye handed the script to her, “Look for words you don’t know. I’ll tell you how to read them. As to where to pause, I’ll recite it to you once.”

Cao Mengmeng nodded seriously, “Alright!”

Five minutes later.

Zhang Ye returned to the auditorium and sat at his seat.

Cao Mengmeng did not return and directly went backstage to wait for her turn. At this moment, the little girl's face was full of joy and excitement. She did not know how good the poem was, as she could not appraise it with her literary and artistic standard as a junior high school student. However, Cao Mengmeng was filled with confidence. Why? There was no why, just because it was a poem written by her bro! It was created today on the spot! As for how awesome Zhang Ye's poems were, Cao Mengmeng already knew from the internet. There were countless people who followed his tailwinds and there were even thousands of worshippers. She knew that even the worst modern poem her cousin wrote would receive 40,000-50,000 hits. Zhang Ye's worst work was already much better than the best works of typical poets or literary scholars!

Could this poem be bad?

Of course not!

Cao Mengmeng bounced around humming a melody. She was ready backstage. She did not know the meaning of the poem, but all she needed to do was read it ad verbatim!

.....

Inside the auditorium.

In the audience seats.

Zhang Ye returned and did not cause a commotion.

Only Teacher Leng looked over, “Where’s Mengmeng?”

“She’s backstage.” Zhang Ye said.

The newspaper editor said at a loss, “Is she preparing to recite ‘Flying bird and fish’? Hur Hur, that little girl sure is stubborn. Not bad.”

Zhang Ye gave a vague smile, “I don’t know either.”

Teacher Leng smacked her lips, “That Mengmeng sure is... She never listens.”

Onstage, the ongoing poetry program had also ended. The performances were clustered together.

The female host came on stage again as she smiled, “Next up, a poetry reciter. The performer is Cao Mengmeng. Everyone, please welcome her.”

There was sparse applause and not very warm. There was no

other way since with seven or eight poetry recital lined back to back, and with popular and classic poems that everyone had heard countless numbers of times, no matter how good the poem was, it was quite sickening. Hence, the enthusiasm from the teachers, parents, and students present were beginning to fade. Upon hearing the next program was a poetry recital, everyone was not that interested. Many people were even yawning.

“Another poem?”

“So boring.”

“This program’s arrangement is problematic.”

Many people began to whisper.

Only Teacher Leng and her class raised their spirits as they were concerned about the recital.

“Ah, Mengmeng is up!”

“She really went up?”

“Why didn’t she cancel her section?”

“Mengmeng sure is too much. She is too stubborn.”

“Are we listening to ‘Flying bird and fish’ again? Give me a break!”

Mengmeng’s classmates were all at a loss about whether to laugh or cry. They were worried for Mengmeng.

However, Lili was grinning as she said, “When everyone listens to it, let’s see whether Mengmeng’s or my recital of ‘Flying bird and fish’ is better.” With her reading first, she had all the advantage. Even if Mengmeng recited it very well, it was impossible for her to compete with her. She might even be criticized. After all, she had followed in Lili’s wake, so Lili was wishing Cao Mengmeng would make a fool of herself on stage. She finally had a chance to see Cao Mengmeng shame herself!

The female host retreated.

Cao Mengmeng appeared from the side of the stage. With small steps, she walked up to the podium. As the previous person who did the poetry recital was a taller boy in high school, the microphone was adjusted a bit high. Cao Mengmeng had to struggle with her toes tipped to reach the microphone. She then adjusted it down.

“Aiyah!” With her feet stumbling, she nearly fell.

The female host rushed over to help with a smile when she saw this.

Mengmeng's actions were quite cute, amusing several parents in the audience.

“That young lady is so cute.”

“Hur Hur Hur Hur Hur.”

There was laughter, and most of it was kindly.

Zhang Ye also smiled as he looked forward to see his third younger cousin on stage.

Lili and the other classmates stared at the podium. Teacher Leng was looking at Cao Mengmeng with worry. Mengmeng and Lili were both from her class. If their poems clashed, as head teacher, it would reflect badly on her. The school's leadership would blame for failing to coordinating it properly.

The newspaper middle-aged parent exclaimed and said to Zhang Ye, “Your sister was just now very worried. Why does she look so confident now?”

Teacher Leng took a look and noticed too, “Did she find a new poem to recite?”

Another female parent said, “But all the famous love poems have already been recited today. What other work could she recite?”

The microphone was readied as Cao Mengmeng stood there silently. She suddenly closed her eyes. This was a reciting technique taught to her by Zhang Ye. If one could not use one's emotion to read the poem, then one should put one's actions into the recital. This would at least make people feel like you were bringing your emotions out into it. It was considered a trick.

One second...

Three seconds...

Five seconds...

Cao Mengmeng did not say a word.

“Ai, what’s going on?”

“Why isn’t she reciting?”

“Did she forget her lines?”

The students and parents looked at each other in wonder.

The principal of 15th Junior High also frowned. The female host was even more vexed. Just as she was about to remind Cao Mengmeng, and just as Teacher Leng and her classmates were having their hearts in their mouth...

Cao Mengmeng slowly opened her eyes.

“If I love you—I’ll never be a clinging campsis flower. Resplendent in borrowed glory on your high boughs; If I love you—I’ll never mimic the silly infatuated bird. Repeating the same monotonous song for green shade; Or be like a spring. Offering cool comfort all year long; Or a lofty peak. Enhancing your stature, your eminence. Even the sunlight, even spring rain, none of these suffice! I must be a kapok, the image of a tree standing together with you. Our roots closely intertwined beneath the earth, our leaves touching in the clouds. With every whiff of wind, we greet each other, but no one can understand our words. You have your bronze limbs and iron trunk, like knives, swords and halberds; I’ll have my crimson flowers, like signs, heavy and deep, like heroic torches.”

Upon her reciting to here!

The principal was stunned! He nearly shouted ‘f**k’!

Teacher Leng and the middle-aged newspaper editor were also dumbfounded!

Then, more and more parents and 15th Junior High’s teachers began to stare stunned with their mouths agape. It was as if they had seen a ghost!

Cao Mengmeng recited,

“Together we’ll share, the cold tidal waves, storms, and thunderbolts.”

“Together we’ll share the light mist, the colored rainbows.”

“We shall always depend on each other.”

“Only this can be called great love, wherein lies the faith, true and deep!”

“Love—”

“I love not only your stateliness.”

“But also your firm stand.”

“The earth beneath you.”

Chapter 291: It's Zhang Ye!

On stage.

Cao Mengmeng stopped. The poem had ended!

But the echo, the melody. It was as if all of it still resonated in the hall.

“Love—I love not only your stateliness, but also your firm stand, the earth beneath you.”

It was difficult to imagine that such a poem came out from the mouth of a girl this young in age. Even the recital technique alone was mature beyond her years! The students and parents off stage were all stunned in silence. Before, even when the singing and dancing performances were not good, everyone would applaud to give their children encouragement, but when it came to Cao Mengmeng's recital, not a clap could be heard!

Because the audience were all stunned into silence when they heard her poem!

The Principal stood in silence, the female host also froze on stage!

Everyone below stage were blown out of their minds!

“Holy sh*t!”

“What poem was that!?”

“This poem’s too exquisite!”

“Right, not only the words. It’s also the emotional details!”

“How have I never heard of this poem before? What’s the name of this poem?”

“I don’t know either. I’ve never heard of it, whose work is this?”

A few teachers from the high school were wondering. They could not believe their ears. Why? How could they not know the name of such an exemplary love poem that rippled through everyone’s hearts?

The parents also started talking about it.

“Who is that little girl?”

“I think her name’s Mengmeng. She recited it so well.”

“Recited well, but what’s even better is the poem!”

“Which master’s work is that? Why don’t I have any impression of it!?”

The adults present had felt the deep love contained in the poem's words. It was so beautiful that those who heard it felt like they had a beautiful image injected directly into their minds. They felt that they had been transported into the poem and that they were that tree themselves.

Even those who were not adults, amongst the middle and high school students, a portion of them had stunned faces. It was obvious that they had been stunned by this beautiful love poem that they had never heard of before.

“Wah! Mengmeng's great!”

“Mengmeng's too awesome!”

“This poem's really beautiful! The love it describes gives everyone so much hope!”

“Go to hell! This is what you call a love poem! It's 18000 times more powerful than the modern poetry that we have in our textbooks!”

Suddenly, someone took the lead!

Bba Bba Bba Bba! A wave of applause rang out!

Some students, who did not understand, also clapped along

blindly, but many of the parents and teachers and also the school's leaders had understood and felt the deep emotions of the poem. Some of the parents and teachers stood up as they continued clapping, leaving the fiercest applause for Cao Mengmeng!

The applause was too loud!

The entire hall was enveloped in a deafening sound!

This was the loudest applause heard since the New Year party started!

.....

Over here.

Teacher Leng and many of their class' students and parents were tongue-tied.

The head teacher of the fifth class in front of them suddenly stood up and looked around. He spotted Teacher Leng not far from him and immediately asked, "Teacher Leng, what poem is this?" He, too, was also a language teacher and head teacher. He was not of the same year as Teacher Leng, so he felt ashamed that he had never heard of such a modern poem despite being a language teacher. He was too unprofessional. How could he not know of such an awesome love poem?

Hearing that, Teacher Leng said with wry smile, "I'm not sure

either.”

“Ah?” The head teacher from Class 5 said, “Isn’t Mengmeng a student from your class?”

“Yes, but I.....don’t have any impression of this poem.” Teacher Leng thought of a student’s parent who might know. She turned towards the newspaper editor, “Brother Yang, you’ve seen more literary works than we have, what is the origin of this poem?”

But Brother Yang also laughed in ridicule, then said gravely, “I can solemnly say that I’ve never heard this love poem before. If it appeared before, it can’t be that no one has heard of it. I suspect.....could it be that it is an original composition?”

Mengmeng’s classmates were stunned!

“Original composition?”

“It was written by Mengmeng herself?”

“Knowing that there was a conflict in the line-up, she wrote it just then?”

“Impossible! Mengmeng’s never passed her language class more than a few times!”

Teacher Leng was getting dizzy. How could a middle school

student, who had seldom passed her language classes, come up with such a moving and impressive poem? She wouldn't believe it even if it killed her!

So what happened?

What's the situation that led to this?

This included the Principal and a few school Leaders, who were perplexed. They stared towards the stage at Cao Mengmeng. They were filled with extreme interest!

Could it really be that the child had written this on her own?

If that was true, this group of teachers and principal would be overjoyed. This was a god-damn prodigy!

Seeing Mengmeng's poem getting all the attention, Lili's expression became sullen. She opened her mouth several times to say something, but couldn't muster a single sound. Even she had to admit that Cao Mengmeng's poem was too touching. With the same stunned expression that the Principal had and the shocked gaze in Teacher Leng's eyes, she knew that this poem must've been really good. It might even be a love poem on par with "Flying bird and fish"! Lili might have finished reciting "Flying bird and fish", and in terms of the poem, it was not much different from Cao Mengmeng's. However, the crux of the issue was "Flying bird and fish" was too famous, resulting in sensory overload. There was nothing fresh and new about it, but the love poem recited by Cao Mengmeng was the first time anyone of them heard it! The

difference was too great!

The reactions from the audience was too good!

Many parents, who were previously dozing off, were invigorated by this poem. No one expected to hear such a shocking love poem at an ordinary junior high school's party in a common district. Everyone only had one thought in mind, they wanted to know where the poem came from!

Only Zhang Ye was smiling without a word. Zhang Ye was in no way surprised from seeing everyone's expression. This poem was the famous "To The Oak" from his world. It was one of the representative pieces of obscure poems. It was Shuting's work. In his world's literary arena, it had an important place in history. Ignoring everything else, just from a pure literary standpoint, "To The Oak" even surpassed "Flying bird and fish". Hence, it would be surprising if it wasn't good. Any work from Zhang Ye's brain would be earth-shattering, whatmore this "To The Oak"!

However, after some thought, Zhang Ye croaked with laughter and turned embarrassed. He was after all someone with status, but here he was at a junior high school, and used a love poem out of the representative pieces of obscure poems, just to help his cousin not lose face and stand up for her. Zhang Ye was also blushing from shame!

Cao Mengmeng was still standing on stage.

"What's the name of the poem?"

“She isn’t done yet. Watch and see.”

“Right, she would end with the poem’s name and author, right?”

Indeed, Cao Mengmeng gave a deep bow and then adjusted her microphone, saying in a soft and tender manner, “Thank you everyone. I’ve finished my recital. This poem’s name is ‘To The Oak’. The author is...” Cao Mengmeng paused for a while, only when she saw everyone’s ears pricked up did she say, “The author is Zhang Ye.”

Saying that, she put down the microphone and stepped off the stage.

She left behind gasps off stage!

“Zhang Ye?”

“Which Zhang Ye?”

“Who else can it be!? The one who does that talk show!”

“Who is Zhang Ye? I’ve never heard of him.”

“You have never watched ‘Lecture Room’? Its viewership in Beijing was so high!”

Some people knew Zhang Ye, but there were also people who had never heard of him. Ignoring those who did not know him, anyone who knew Zhang Ye immediately took a gasp of cold air!

“The author is actually Teacher Zhang Ye?”

“It can’t be! I have seen all his poems before! There’s no such poem!”

“Did you miss one?”

“Impossible! How can I miss any? Zhang Ye’s published works definitely do not have this ‘To The Oak’! I will swear on my personal honor!”

“Did she say the author was Zhang Ye?”

“Don’t tell me Zhang Ye specially wrote it for her? Holy sh*t! That’s impossible, right? Such an awesome poetry piece, and such a dignified poet like Zhang Ye specially wrote a poem for this young lady in her teens? Yet no one has heard of it before? It can’t be that exaggerated, right? Unless they are relatives!”

“That’s right. I’m also wondering. How can a junior high school student like her have Teacher Zhang Ye’s original poem? And one that has not been published yet? Zhang Ye’s poems are worth their weight in gold! It’s not written for anyone!”

Teacher Leng was also muttering this question to herself, “If this poem was written by Teacher Zhang Ye, then it’s not surprising. A work at the level of masters can only be written by Zhang Ye or other few famous authors in the literary scene. However, how did Mengmeng get Teacher Zhang’s unpublished work? Did she get it by chance?”

That Brother Yang was also experiencing an upheaval of emotions. He analyzed, “No, if Mengmeng had this poem to begin with, then she would definitely have recited it for her program, but she first chose ‘Flying bird and fish’ for her program. Why would she have not used such a good piece of work? And had to use it only after experiencing a collision with someone else? This is illogical. Man, why do I feel this ‘To The Oak’ was created on the spot?”

The head teacher of the fifth class was already beside him, “Created on the spot? Writing such a classic poem in a few minutes? Who can do that?” The moment he finished his sentence, he remained stunned, “Eh, to be able to come up with it on the spot in such a short time frame, and yet at the level of a master. Amongst the people I know, only Teacher Zhang Ye matches that possibility, right? No one else except him can do it!”

Teacher Leng carried on, “Unless Teacher Zhang Ye created here on the spot...” Upon saying this, Teacher Leng suddenly froze before turning her head suddenly, and stared at Mengmeng’s brother!

Everyone around her was not dumb either. They also had similar reactions and stared at Mengmeng’s brother with looks of surprise

and suspicion. That guy who wore sunglasses despite being in such a dark auditorium!

Brother Yang said with his mouth slightly agape, “You.. You are Zhang Ye!?”

Teacher Leng also said in excitement, “Are you really Teacher Zhang Ye?”

Zhang Ye noticed that he could not hide it any further. Helplessly and out of respect, he took off his sunglasses.

The moment he removed his sunglasses, everyone saw Zhang Ye’s face!

“Wow!”

“It’s really Zhang Ye!”

“Holy mother of god! It’s Zhang Ye!”

Before the teachers and parents could say a word, Mengmeng’s classmates already began shouting!

Chapter 292: Focus Of The Party!

Around him, people's blood boiled with excitement!

“Where's Zhang Ye?”

“That's the one!”

“It's really him!”

“I was just saying that he looked familiar!”

“Why is Zhang Ye here at our school?”

“Ah, that's the one that Mengmeng introduced. He is her brother?”

“How could that be? Mengmeng's brother is actually the famous Zhang Ye? Oh right, right! I think Mengmeng did mention that her brother is a big star! I thought she was joking! I was still wondering why her brother was wearing those shades in such a dark place!”

“Aiyo! I really like ‘Zhang Ye's Talk Show’!”

“Me too, me too, but my mum doesn't allow me to watch. She said it would affect my studies. Hmmph. I've always secretly watched it under my blanket. It's really too funny!”

“I’ve finally seen a star!”

“I must get a signature later!”

Mengmeng’s classmates were all chattering away together by now. Of course, there were many other students who did not know who Zhang Ye was. So they asked around.

Teacher Leng and a few other form teachers, along with Brother Yang and the other parents, nearly vomited blood. Although they managed to guess who that person was, when he took off his shades and revealed that familiar face to them, they still looked like they were surprised! No one would have expected that Zhang Ye would attend their school’s New Year party! No one expected that Cao Mengmeng’s brother would be Zhang Ye — He was the idol of Teacher Leng and the person that Brother Yang had just criticized as someone who did not know how to write love poems!

When Teacher Leng saw her idol, who was also a guardian of her student, she became very excited. The other parents were also very happy to see a celebrity here.

Only one person was left a little embarrassed!

The person, who was most affected by Zhang Ye’s revelation, was Brother Yang!

Just a while ago, Brother Yang had been commenting on Zhang

Ye's works. According to him as a professional editor of a publishing house, he had questioned Zhang Ye's ability in writing love poems. Although he had not commented on it loudly, the person he was talking about was sitting right beside him. Only a deaf man would not hear it! In his conclusion, Brother Yang had surmised that Zhang Ye's love poem writing skills were not good enough. Yet just a short while later, Zhang Ye had spontaneously composed this "To The Oak" to rescue his sister's recital performance. This was truly bashing this Old Comrade Yang's face! His face had turned green at this moment!

Brother Yang had an expression that oscillated between crying and laughing as he looked at Zhang Ye, "Teacher Zhang, so it is not that you don't know how to compose a love poem? You can even do it from the female's point of view?"

Zhang Ye waved it off, "Mengmeng made it sound better than it was. I was just blindly composing. Blindly composing."

Teacher Leng interrupted, "How could that be blindly composing? "To The Oak" and "Flying bird and fish" are really too close to compare. They're really works of classic! The delicate tenacity and perseverance described in the poem, even though I'm a woman, I wouldn't be able to write that. Your talent....I really don't know how to put it!"

Brother Yang quickly added, "I apologize, Teacher Zhang. I said too much earlier. I even blindly commented that your composing level was too low. Hai, please don't judge me with that only!"

Zhang Ye laughed, "It's fine. I heard what you said earlier. You

weren't wrong. I'm really not well versed in love poems and do not have much works to show for that."

Brother Yang sighed, "To me now, it's not that you aren't well versed in love poems. It's just that you do not wish to compose any. If you really wanted to, how could a love poem hold you back at all? Didn't this "To The Oak" just prove that? In the world of poetry, amongst the poets, you're definitely a master!"

"Eh, I can't accept that praise. I can't be considered a master." Zhang Ye kept shaking his head. In public, some titles given to you by others should never be accepted, even if they affirmed your status. This was a tradition of their countrymen and the basis of modesty and courtesy. Of course back at home with your parents, relatives, and close friends, you may boast all you want. You can say that you were a great poet living amongst mortals. You could even say you're the great grand-aunt reborn and no one would say a word!

The performance on stage continued.

The female host announced the next performance.

But Teacher Leng was already shaken up by the appearance of Zhang Ye and was no longer in any mood to continue watching.

Shortly after, Cao Mengmeng skipped back to her seat with a copy of the original script to "To The Oak" in her hands. She had a face full of joy and satisfaction. She had all the glory.

“Mengmeng!”

“Your recital was so good!”

“Why didn’t you tell us that your brother is Zhang Ye!”

A few female classmates, who were close with Mengmeng, asked.

Cao Mengmeng smiled widely, “You wouldn’t have believed me even if I said it.”

Lili kept an aloof expression and pretended not to see or care about her.

She did not say a word. Instead, Cao Mengmeng went over and said, “Lili, are you convinced now?”

Lili pouted as she glanced at her, “I’m convinced by your brother, but not you. Hmmph, everyone knows your brother is a literary person. He wrote poems that made even the Writers’ Association shut up. Your brother does this as a professional, if he gave a poem for you to recite, of course you’d get the glory. That’s already unfair bullying!”

Cao Mengmeng laughed smugly.

“Mengmeng, can you get a signature from your brother for me?”

“Yea, Mengmeng. We will be counting on you.”

“I want it too! My dad really likes Zhang Ye. When I get your brother’s signature and show it off to him, even if I didn’t do well for my final exams, he wouldn’t punish me.”

Cao Mengmeng’s classmates were giving a lot of attention to her as they gathered around her.

Cao Mengmeng said high-spiritedly, with a wave of her hands, “Alright, I know what to do. Whoever wants a signature, get ready a book or paper ready for me. I will get it from my brother.”

“Here!”

“Giving to you!”

“And mine!”

“I didn’t bring any paper, sign it on my textbook!”

In the blink of an eye, Cao Mengmeng had collected a stack of books.

Teacher Leng kept eyeing the original script in Cao Mengmeng’s hand every now and then. She finally clenched her teeth and asked Zhang Ye, “Teacher Zhang, is that the original script for ‘To The Oak’?”

Zhang Ye acknowledged, “I guess it is.”

Teacher Leng coughed, “About that....can you give that original script to me as a present?”

Zhang Ye laughed dryly, “It’s just a random pamphlet that I got and wrote behind on. It’s not really a script. If you really like it, I could write it properly for you?”

“No need, no need.” Teacher Leng immediately answered, “This will do.” To her, only the first original copy of “To The Oak” would be most precious. If it were to be written again, even if it’s on better paper and properly written, it would not be as collectable as the first original copy.

Zhang Ye said, “Sure then. Of course you may have it.” As he said that, he signaled to Mengmeng to come over, “Mengmeng, give the script to your Teacher Leng.”

Cao Mengmeng walked over wondering, “Why?”

Teacher Leng quickly reached out her hands and took the script. She was careful not to fold it as she carefully placed it between a notebook that she carried around. Then she put the notebook back into her bag before smiling and saying, “Teacher wants to keep it for memories.” She then turned to the side and said to Zhang Ye, “Thank you, Teacher Zhang.”

Brother Yang, who was standing beside them, had wanted to have it too, but Teacher Leng made the move first. He could only smile bitterly and not say a thing, but to have witnessed such a great love poem at this place today, Brother Yang already felt very satisfied. He knew that he had not come in vain today and he could provide an article for a big piece of news tomorrow. He would have to get Teacher Leng to show him the original script later.

After that, Cao Mengmeng poured all of the books in her arms onto Zhang Ye and said cheekily, “Brother, it’ll be hard on you. Please sign your autograph on my classmates’ books.”

Teacher Leng asked, “So many? Just sign a few, don’t trouble Teacher Zhang.”

“It’s OK.” Zhang Ye had always felt that if everyone gave him face, then he’d have to return the favour.

As a result, he signed each and every book, there were more than thirty books.

Teacher Leng blinked at him throughout waiting for Zhang Ye to finish signing on all of the books. Then she coughed and cleared her throat before coming forward to ask, “Then, Teacher Zhang, may I also ask for your autograph?”

Zhang Ye laughed, “Of course, you’re being too polite.”

Teacher Leng by now had lost all her composure as the form

teacher of a class. She excitedly rummaged through her bag and took out her notebook for Zhang Ye to sign on. It looked like she was truly Zhang Ye's fan.

After he had signed it, Zhang Ye said, "Mengmeng's a naughty child. I hope you would help us take care of her a little. If she causes any trouble in the future, you can look for me. I will scold her." Basically, he was asking Teacher Leng to give a little more attention in taking care of his cousin.

.....

Slightly before 9PM.

The 15th Junior High's New Year Party had dispersed. The programs had all ended.

Zhang Ye said goodbye to a few parents and Teacher Leng. He was about to leave with Cao Mengmeng, but the school principal had found him, obviously knowing who he was by now.

"Teacher Zhang." The principal smiled and put out his hand.

"How are you, Principal?" Zhang Ye shook his hands.

The principal lamented, "I did not expect that you'd join us for the New Year's Party. If I knew, I would have invited you on stage to perform. It'd have been much better."

Zhang Ye said, “It’s all about the children’s performances today, I wouldn’t want to crash the party.”

The principal said, “That ‘To The Oak’ really opened my eyes today. With this poem of yours, our party today will become famous.” He was in an extremely good mood. If it were any other C or D-list celebrities, the principal wouldn’t have cared, but it was Zhang Ye who joined them today, he even created a poem on the spot and had it recited in the school performance. This was a whole other level compared to inviting a celebrity to perform as it might attract criticisms from others. After all, they were an educational institute, but Zhang Ye was not your typical celebrity, he was also an established and skilled literary person. This poem meant a lot to them at 15th Junior High. In the future when anyone mentioned “To The Oak”, they’d surely link it to this night at 15th Junior High. This would make their school famous.

The principal was very enthusiastic as he kept Zhang Ye for long time just to chat.

A few other school leaders also joined in out of interest and had a chat with Zhang Ye.

.....

It was now past 9PM.

Zhang Ye finally brought Cao Mengmeng out of the school and they walked to the hotpot store to get his car. He got onto his BMW

X5 and drove Cao Mengmeng home.

On the way, Cao Mengmeng danced happily in her seat, “Bro! You allowed me to stand with my head high! Hahaha! What a good day! I feel great! Did you see their faces? They were all stunned by your ‘To The Oak’!”

Zhang Ye rolled his eyes at her, “Only this once. There won’t be another time. Your job now is to study hard. Don’t keep going for those useless accolades.”

Cao Mengmeng obviously did not listen and continued on talking about herself, “Bro, I really, really adore you so much! You’re my eternal idol from now on! When I grow up, I want to be just like you. I’ll become a great literary person! Fans will recognize me anywhere and ask me for autographs! Begging for my ink!”

Chapter 293: Chinese Department's Leaders Are Stumped!

The next day.

In the morning, in his bedroom.

Dong dong, his mother was knocking on his door.

“Little Ye, get up!”

“OK mom.”

“Quickly, you have to report to Peking University today!”

“I’m already up and putting on my clothes.”

“Your dad and I have to go to work now! Do well.”

Thump. The sound of the door closing sounded from outside. His dad and mom had left the house for work.

Zhang Ye stretched himself and walked to the bathroom to wash up. He then changed into a casual suit, something that didn’t look too rigid on him. Soon after, he left the house too.

.....

Today was the 2nd of January.

Some people were still enjoying their holidays while others had already started work and school.

For example, students from Peking University, who were locals or had relatives here, were now going back to school after the New Year's celebrations. The main entrance was filled with students and teachers walking in and out. Everyone here had a face and aura that was lacking in other normal universities — Confidence, maybe even that slightest bit of pride. It was not strange, since they were students of a prestigious institution in the country that was ranked first. The people here were the cream of the crop. They had the qualities to be proud of themselves. Zhang Ye himself could be considered as someone who graduated from a prestigious university. Beijing Broadcasting College — now called the Media College was also considered one of the top institutions in the country, but compared to Peking University, it wouldn't even be worth a mention. The two were on two totally different levels.

In front of him was Peking University.

Beside it was Tsinghua University.

In the past, when Zhang Ye was still schooling, he would look up at these two universities whenever he walked past Zhongguancun Street, but now, he no longer had that awe and envy when he faced them. This was because the Zhang Ye now was no longer the same

as before.

As he did not have his breakfast, he was feeling a little hungry. Zhang Ye was looking out for a place to eat when he was still in the car. The street opposite conveniently had a stall that served breakfast. He got off his car and walked over. In the stall, the tables were full. Zhang Ye could only choose to sit out in the open.

The boss of the fried dough sticks stall shouted over, “What do you want to eat?”

Zhang Ye did not hesitate, “Stir-fried liver and half a tray of buns, please.”

“OK, it’ll come at once.” The boss said.

On the other side of the open air sitting area, there were around 7-8 university students. It was not known whether they were from Peking University or Tsinghua University, or from other universities nearby. This was a place where all the famous institutions were located at.

The fried liver arrived and Zhang Ye, who was still wearing his shades started eating. He did not use a spoon. It was an old Beijing tradition to eat by holding the bowl and then ‘sucking’ in the stir-fried liver into the mouth. As to why there was such a tradition, Zhang Ye did not know. He had been eating it like this since young. It was a matter of being used to it, yes, even though this style of eating was loud and inelegant.

The students seated over there were chatting.

Yao Mi bit into her fried dough sticks and sat with her leg raised said, “We really chose the wrong elective class this time. Don’t you think we’re really such fools. Why did we even choose ‘Appreciation of the Classics’ elective?!”

Li Ying was also depressed, “Yea, that’s right. Back then, the elective name made it sound like it was a really simple class, at least compared to the other electives. We had mostly read the Four Classics and some other classic literary works. Even if we had not read them before, we’d have watched the dramas on TV. We would at least have some understanding of it, so we thought it would have been easier if we chose this elective, but goddamn it, who’d have thought that Professor Wang’s health could not keep up? This semester’s almost over and the other elective classes are already preparing for their exams. And us? This semester’s ‘Appreciation of the Classics’ classes have not even had a few lectures. We did not learn anything or know what would be tested. How can we even pass like this? I think none of us should expect to get credit for this class. If we don’t pass, we’d still have to choose another elective next year. We’ve wasted this semester for nothing!”

Her brother, Li Li did not know to laugh or cry, “We can’t blame Professor Wang. His diabetes condition worsened and I heard that he’s still in the hospital. It seems rather serious.”

Li Ying smacked his lips and said, “Then we should at least have gotten a substitute teacher!”

Yao Mi blinked and said, “I did hear that the school was currently

looking for someone, but there hasn't been a suitable candidate so far."

"There are so many famous teachers in the country, how could there be no suitable candidates?" Li Ying asked.

Yao Mi replied, "I know there are a lot of people who'd want to come teach at Peking University, even if it's just as a substitute teacher, the glory is still the same, but it seems like our Vice President Wu who's taking charge of the Chinese department was not interested in them. She felt that they did not have the abilities, that's why it's been dragged out until now. It's not wrong, famous classics have already been taught over and over too many times. Even television dramas about them have been overproduced. The knowledge of those classics are already quite well known to many people, so how could they be expected to be taught differently. It's only our Professor Wang who managed it rather well, which is why finding someone to replace him would be difficult. Do you even know what kind of place Peking University is? We're the 1st placed educational institution in the country. A normal teacher would never be admitted casually. The school definitely demands for the best amongst the best, otherwise we wouldn't be called Peking University."

Li Ying stroked his unshaven mustache, "They demand for the best, but neglected us. At least arrange for a substitute teacher to guide us through the examinable materials!"

Li Li said, "Who knows, they might even pass us without an exam."

“Wishful thinking. Other schools might do that, but how could it happen in Peking University.” Yao Mi sniffed, “Don’t think about such wonderful outcomes. Even if there are proper reasons, the school would never resort to such methods. At most, they would relax the grading requirements, but even so we’ve only had 2 lessons this whole semester. How can we pass like this? And the classes were even from a few months back. I can’t even remember the things that Professor Wang taught us anymore!”

“Me too.”

“Hai, quickly get us another lecturer.”

After finishing this topic, they skipped to other topics in their conversation.

Zhang Ye overheard everything as he was having his breakfast. These were Peking University students? “Appreciation of the Classics” class? The lecturer was sick and in the hospital with diabetes? Not many lessons in the whole semester? Zhang Ye suddenly had a very good understanding of the situation. Now he understood why even though Wu Zeqing only had less than an hour of conversation with him after spotting him on the plane, she’d invited him to teach at Peking University. It turned out that it’s because of this tricky situation that had led her to invite him to save the situation!

She really does trust this bro!

Not bad, you’ve found the right guy after all!

If it were about other things, he wouldn't be so confident, but speaking about famous classics, this was his strong point. The "Analysis of the Three Kingdoms" that Zhang Ye had brought over from his world, didn't it get rave reviews from everyone? When he thought of this, Zhang Ye was reassured after feeling jittery about his teaching skills. If President Wu had pulled him in to teach contemporary literature or similar classes, he would definitely not be confident. This was due to the fact that he hadn't even read most contemporary literature, novels, or poetry that existed in this world. He might not even have heard of some of them before, so of course that would be quite difficult to teach, but for classical literature, it was different. This world's Four Classics still existed, other classics like "Classic of Mountains and Seas", "Analects", or even foreign classics like "The Holy Bible" all still existed. All of these works had affected and influenced the world too much. The game ring had been unable to change any of these background history, otherwise the cultural development or even the whole social structure of this world would be greatly affected. The world would no longer be what it was now.

After accidentally finding out the situation from those Peking University students, Zhang Ye felt very happy and relaxed. After he had his fill, he stood up and drove his car onto campus. He did not choose to walk as the school compounds covered a very wide area. Even a public bus would have to go around 5 stops before it could complete a round of the compounds.

On campus.

Zhang Ye made a call to Wu Zeqing. Du, du, du. 3 rings and the call connected.

“Hello, President Wu. I’ve arrived.”

“So early?”

“Yes, I said I would be here early. Should I go around the school a little?”

“We’re preparing to start our meeting here, but...why don’t you join us? It would be good. You can come directly to the Chinese department. It’s on the east side of the artificial lake where the flower beds are. You should be able to find it, I will send someone to meet you there.” Wu Zeqing’s voice was ever so demure.

Zhang Ye liked listening to her speak, “OK, I will be right there.”

He arrived at the flower bed area. His car was not allowed in here, so he parked it nearby.

.....

Peking University.

Chinese department, West Building 2, 6th floor.

It was a small meeting room, with a conference table in the middle. Around it were about a dozen Chinese department leaders and professors. Other common lecturers were not qualified to join

this meeting.

Wearing casual white pants and light yellow suit for ladies, Wu Zeqing sat at the end of the table. She sat down with a smile as she hung up the phone. She then placed the cellphone on the table beside a fountain pen, which she aligned almost perfectly, “He’ll be arriving soon.”

A middle aged man said with satisfaction, “President Wu’s network is really large. This hole in the wall has finally been patched up.”

Another old man said thankfully, “Finally someone has come. The students have become very unsettled over the past 2 months.”

A middle aged man, who was in a suit, said, “Yes. If there’s still no lecturer filling in, our ‘Appreciation of the Classics’ elective would no longer be offered next semester.”

The three people who just spoke were:

Chang Kaige — Dean of the Chinese department.

Yan Jiantao — The oldest and most experienced professor in the Chinese department. He’s also a symbol of the Chinese department, as many students applied to the Chinese department just based on the name of Professor Yan.

Zhen Shuquan — The secretary of the Chinese department, the

nominated head of the department, but had little real power. He was in charge of the administration of the department and his qualifications and prestige were not as high as Professor Yan.

These three people were the main leaders of Peking University's Chinese department.

Wu Zeqing asked, "How is Professor Wang doing now?"

Yan Jiantao sighed, "I went to visit him at the hospital yesterday. His health is recovering slowly, but he's definitely still not fit for teaching. I had a chat with him and he told me that he plans on retiring."

Wu Zeqing nodded, "It's more important to recuperate. Professor Wang has been at the forefront of education for so many years, even at his age. It was already very hard on him. About this year's opening of full Professor, I think we should give it to Professor Wang. I will report it to higher management and push for it to be approved within the month. Does anyone have any objections?"

"No objections."

"He deserves that."

"Of course there's no objection."

All of the Chinese department's representatives at the meeting nodded their heads.

Whether it was Professor Wang's qualifications, or from a special treatment point of view, no one could refute this decision. Besides, the matter had already been decided by President Wu. They couldn't possibly refute that. Wu Zeqing was Peking University's Vice President, who also oversaw the Chinese department and several other key departments. She was the leader of all those present at the meeting.

Secretary Zhen Shuquan suddenly said, "President Wu, who is the professor that you invited to join us?"

Chang Kaige said, "I heard that Professor Sun from Renmin University retired? His research in the field of classical works is considered to be very good. Did President Wu invite Old Sun over?"

Yan Jiantao was stunned for a moment, then shook his head, "Old Sun would never come here. He spent his entire teaching career at Renmin University."

Zhen Shuquan also frowned, "Professor Sun? It can't be him, right?"

Wu Zeqing smiled slightly and took a sip of tea, "I did not look for Professor Sun. I recognize his teaching qualifications, but I didn't think he'd be suitable for an elective like 'Appreciation of the Classics'. His style is too rigid and wouldn't be attractive to the students. As for Doctor Chen, who was recommended by Old Chang, after finding out more about him, I did not ask him to join

us either. I've seen Professor Chen's literature research papers and though I found them to be very outstanding, I do not think that he has the eloquence in speaking. He can write, but not speak, so he would not be able to take over the role from Professor Wang."

Oh?

Professor Sun was not suitable?

And neither was Doctor Chen?

Isn't that setting too high a standard?

Yan Jiantao asked, "Then who did you find?"

Wu Zeqing casually looked at her watch, "When he arrives, you'll know. I feel that this person is the most suitable candidate to teach such an elective class. In my opinion, from his teaching style, his lecture style and his literary level in literature, no one domestically would be more suitable than him to teach a class like 'Appreciation of the Classics'."

Chang Kaige, Zhen Shuquan, and the others all looked at each other.

The other Chinese department professors and lecturers all had their curiosity roused.

No one more suitable than him? Isn't President Wu's assessment of him too high? Who could it be? Who was it? Which professor? Hai Gui? Or could it be someone from a famous school?

Suddenly, there was knock from the door.

Dong dong. A school administrative staff said from outside, "President Wu, he has arrived."

"Come in." Wu Zeqing revealed an elegant smile.

The door opened and the staff showed him the way in, "This way, please."

The next moment, Zhang Ye walked into the meeting room, "President Wu."

The moment they saw Zhang Ye, everyone except for Wu Zeqing looked dumbfounded! Who was this? Why was he so young? He looks like he's just past twenty years of age?

Among them, someone had recognized him!

"Zhang Ye?"

"Isn't this the lecturer from 'Lecture Room'?"

Some did not know him well, as they were all in the academic field, but as Zhang Ye was quite well known in Beijing, they knew who he was the moment they heard his name!

“That’s him?”

“Isn’t he the one who did the Talk Show in Shanghai?”

With Zhang Ye’s appearance, Chang Kaige, Zhen Shuquan, and the others nearly fainted. They couldn’t react at all!

Wu Zeqing ignored the uproar and spoke calmly to Zhang Ye, “Teacher Little Zhang, why don’t you introduce yourself to everyone?”

So Zhang Ye introduced himself to them. Actually, even if he did not do a self-introduction, everyone would still know him. After all, Zhang Ye was considered to be a celebrity unlike those professors here. His exposure rate was so high, that even the old Professor Yan Jiantao knew him. In fact, he knew him to be a literary hooligan. In the literary circle, Zhang Ye’s name was notorious!

Subsequently, Wu Zeqing invited Zhang Ye to take a seat and then introduced him to everyone present.

Those who attended the meeting kept staring at each other, some wiping off their sweat, some tapping on their heads, some speechlessly looking at the ceiling. Their expressions were all very

strange!

It was him!

Why did President Wu invite such a hooligan to join their department!?

Chapter 294: Officially Joining Peking University!

Speechlessness!

Other than speechlessness, there was only speechlessness!

The meeting room's atmosphere was a little awkward. Zhang Ye's appearance had basically shocked them! This proposed candidate of President Wu's was someone that they could never have guessed, even if they smashed their heads. Anyone else could have become the substitute lecturer for this elective, but why did it have to be Zhang Ye?! This person was someone whose fans spoke very well of, his popularity was also quite good, but that was only within a very specific group! In the industry, no matter if it was the broadcasting industry or the literary circle, Zhang Ye's name downright stank!

He had scolded his radio station colleague online!

Scolded his unit at an awards ceremony!

Scolded the Writers' Association at a competition!

Scolded his leader at a memorial service!

Scolded the police in the police station!

Scolded the SARFT during a live broadcast!

No one could bear to look further down this list of incidents!

Why would President Wu find someone like him, who was such a hooligan, to come teach at Peking University? To teach those obedient, quiet and well-mannered Peking University students who might not even know how to scold someone?

F**k!

Wasn't this pushing the students into a fiery pit of suffering!?

President Wu! How brave would you need to be to do what you did!?

The old Professor Yan Jiantao's expression sank as he voiced his displeasure, "President Wu. I strongly oppose the appointment of this person as a lecturer!"

Zhang Ye looked at him, but did not say a thing.

Wu Zeqing said amiably, "Professor Yan, why do you oppose?"

"He's not suitable!" Yan Jiantao looked at Zhang Ye and shook his head slightly.

Wu Zeqing calmly said, “Everyone, feel free to discuss. Why is he not suitable? Teacher Little Zhang was someone that I spent a lot of effort to invite over, so should you all at least give me a good reason?”

Yan Jiantao thought to himself that this was not something that even needed a reason. He said, “I am not mixing this with emotions or bias, but let me ask, Little Zhang, how old are you?”

Zhang Ye smiled, “23.”

Yan Jiantao acknowledged, “What is your area of study?”

Zhang Ye smiled again, “Media College, broadcasting major.”

“What are your qualifications?” Yan Jiantao said without holding back.

Zhang Ye shrugged indifferently, “Bachelor’s degree.”

Yan Jiantao looked over to Wu Zeqing, “President Wu, aren’t these reasons more than enough? To let a 20 something year old broadcast major, with only a bachelor’s degree, teach ‘Appreciation of the Classics’, this must be a joke! Even if this is just an elective class, you cannot handle it this way!” His tone was a little strong. This was because he was very qualified and had a lot of authority in the educational world. Amongst those present, only Professor Yan would dare to speak to President Wu this way. The others would never dare to.

Wu Zeqing looked over and said, “Why not? As a professional broadcasting host, his eloquence is his strength. As a university lecturer, the point is not how much he knows, but how he is able to express this knowledge, so as to allow his students to understand. I already mentioned, this is also the reason why I did not invite Doctor Chen. However, Teacher Little Zhang has that ability. Anyone who has seen Teacher Little Zhang’s programs knows he doesn’t even need a script.”

Yan Jiantao paused, “I have to admit that Zhang Ye is very eloquent. Even amongst hosts, he has one of the most exceptional mouths, much less educators like us. No one in the education system can have someone better than Zhang Ye.” To compete with an excellent professional host in eloquence was like comparing an author with a singer in singing. There was nothing worth comparing due to their professional backgrounds. “However, the problem is eloquence is not everything. Especially in the Chinese department, one’s knowledge needs to be accumulated and consolidated. It’s not that I look down on young people, nor because I’m biased against other professions, but those are the facts. Zhang Ye’s accumulation and consolidation is not enough for him to take on the role as lecturer!”

Dean Chang Kaige also said, “It’s not really appropriate.”

Another Chinese department’s associate professor added, “Yes, the students would never agree.”

Wu Zeqing still had an elegant expression as she said, “My opinion is completely the opposite of yours. Why do I think

Teacher Little Zhang's literary foundation has accumulated to a peak?" Then she looked at everyone else, "If anyone questions Teacher Zhang's literary level, you can have an exchange, for example compete in poetry? Or compete in essays? Or novels?" Then she asked Zhang Ye, "How about it?"

Zhang Ye said, "I'm fine with that."

Wu Zeqing suggested, "Then why don't you all have an exchange?"

Chang Kaige, "....."

Yan Jiantao, "....."

The associate professor, "....."

Everyone here were old comrades involved in academics, literature, and history, but when faced with President Wu's request, no one dare to say more!

Have an exchange with him?

Exchange my ass!

They were only involved in the research of literature and history, occasionally writing papers, plan some lessons, and teaching students, but when it came to writing poems and novels, of course

they knew better than to shame themselves. How could they compare to Zhang Ye, whose novels sold in the millions! His poems were also popular throughout the country! Even some domestic famous writers had publicly said that they liked Zhang Ye's works very much! What's there then to even exchange?!

No one dared to compete with Zhang Ye in such things!

Everyone knew that in this regard, they would definitely not be able to keep up with him!

Yan Jiantao changed the subject, "I'm talking about consolidation, not one's standard in poetry, but the exposure and absorption of literature and famous works..."

Wu Zeqing interrupted, "Professor Yan, have you watched 'Zhang Ye's Analysis of the Three Kingdoms'?"

"Er..." Yan Jiantao choked once again and did not say a word for a long while.

The others also looked at each other. Right, they had forgotten about this. "Zhang Ye's Analysis of the Three Kingdoms" was one of the representative works of Zhang Ye. Its ratings had been acknowledged by the market.

Zhen Shuquan followed up, "I have also seen a few episodes of 'Zhang Ye's Analysis of the Three Kingdoms'. The material discussed in it are not bad, but many of it is still disputable. They

are hypotheses that most scholars have not completely concluded or completely verified by history. However, they were all mentioned in Zhang Ye's program. From a certain point of view, yes, the program attracts the common people, because the angle of analysis is very novel, but to put it through the process of academic rigor, that would not do. As a variety historical program, it's a good program, but to be used as an academic lecture, then there will be some disagreement."

Yan Jiantao nodded his head solemnly, "A school is different from TV. TV is all about ratings, and will do something attention-grabbing. However, a school and a lecturer is all about rigor. We cannot teach students things that have not been agreed upon. This is leading them astray."

Previously, Zhang Ye remained silent. However, at this point, he no longer pretended he did not hear those words. He smiled and said, "I can't agree with what the two of you said. Firstly, I don't think my 'Analysis of the Three Kingdoms' is in any way lacking in rigor. If you think there's something, you can raise it and we can discuss it. Secondly, I agree that academia has to be rigorous. However, rigor does not mean things that have not been confirmed cannot be taught. Aren't those unsolved mathematical conjectures still being mentioned? No one has solved them. Is that considered not being academically rigorous? Those laws of physics were not given reasonable explanations and experimental proof a long time ago, but they objectively existed. Were those people who came up with these laws and hypotheses not being rigorous? I don't think so. Academia is a process of analysis, assertions, and conclusions. I am a host. I know what should not be said either. I also know what should be said on TV and what should be said in class. If something is not confirmed or still a speculation, I will inform the students before hand, and would not impose my ideas on them."

Zhang Ye said all these words in neither a haughty or humble manner. He was being logical and well-grounded.

Wu Zeqing nodded her head gently while beside him, “Teacher Little Zhang has hosted so many excellent programs in the past. He has a sense of propriety, so it is probably unnecessary to be worried that he will lead the students astray.”

A young associate professor rolled his eyes in his heart. You know what should be said? Bullsh*t! If you really knew, you would not have topped the SARFT’s “blacklist” this year!

Another person raised an objection.

“If we hire Zhang Ye, his class schedule cannot be guaranteed, right?”

“Little Zhang can guarantee it for these two weeks. You can just treat him as a substitute teacher.”

“What about next semester? If he busies himself with his hosting, our school...”

“We can talk about it next semester. Let’s consider the students’ response first. If the students’ reaction to his teaching is not ideal, I will invite someone else.”

“President Wu, I still think it’s inappropriate. This semester only has a few days left. We will soon be having the examinations. Unless Zhang Ye arranges for class everyday, with one lecture a day, or else...”

“The reason why I found Teacher Zhang is because of this point. I also hope that he can teach a lesson a day. I heard that Teacher Little Zhang can go off-script and record more than ten episodes a day. I believe it would not be difficult for him to teach for more than ten consecutive days even without a lesson plan?”

This time, without Zhang Ye speaking, Wu Zeqing had rebutted them.

The rest of the Chinese department were turning more and more speechless.

Finally, Wu Zeqing said, “Alright, everyone let’s take a vote. Those who disagree with letting Zhang Ye teach, please raise your hands.”

Old Professor Yan Jiantao raised his hand.

Chang Kaige and Zhen Shuquan looked at each other, but did not move.

Amongst the rest, there were another three people from the Chinese department who raised their hands to be against it.

Actually, the rest also disagreed with a layman like Zhang Ye. In academia, one's pedigree was also very important. Furthermore, with Zhang Ye's national notoriety, everyone did not like him. However, they did not raise their hands because there was no other way. President Wu had clearly intended on giving Zhang Ye the spot. Even if they raised their hands in objection, it would not do a thing. President Wu had the right to veto!

Wu Zeqing smiled, "Alright, then it's settled. Little Zhang, I'll bring you around to help you familiarize yourself with the classroom and students. We will see how you do from tomorrow onwards."

Zhang Ye declared in a solemn manner, "I will not let you down."

Yan Jiantao was still in disagreement, "President Wu, about this matter..."

Wu Zeqing glanced at him, "Then why don't you take over 'Appreciation of the Classics'?"

Yan Jiantao turned silent, "...I do not have much research in that field, and I don't have the time."

"Then hand it to Teacher Little Zhang. He is the most suitable candidate I can think of!" As she said that, Wu Zeqing did not lose her grace in any way, but her tone turned strong, "If you have any opinion, keep it to yourself. However, I hope that when Teacher Zhang starts work tomorrow, everyone will work with him. After all, Little Zhang is new here, so there are many things he will need

your help with.” After looking at her watch, Wu Zeqing’s expression turned mild as she smiled, “Alright, let’s end the meeting.”

No one said a thing as they got up and walked away.

Wu Zeqing stretched out her hands at Zhang Ye, “Welcome to Peking University.”

Zhang Ye shook President Wu’s hands in a serious fashion, “It’s my pleasure.”

Chapter 295: The Excited Peking University Students!

Downstairs.

Chinese department in the school campus.

While Wu Zeqing and Zhang Ye were walking downstairs, they had already discussed his compensation and class schedules. There was nothing to haggle over, since the process went very smoothly.

“Little Zhang, have you decided on what you want to teach?”

“Not yet, but I have a rough idea.”

“Oh, anyway the syllabus is up to you. I trust you will do it well.”

“Definitely. I mainly want to communicate with the students later. I want to see what sort of lessons they would like to have. If I’m lecturing, I definitely want to find something that can incur their interests. If not, even if I were to lecture till the flowers bloom, and feel good about it myself, it would be meaningless. The main point is that the students must be interested in listening to me.”

“It’s good that you have such thoughts. Come, I’ll bring you to the classroom.”

Next to the garden, they headed towards the classrooms. On the way, Wu Zeqing even made a phone call to get things done.

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8 something.

The P.A. system rang.

On campus, in the field, along the corridors, an announcement blared repeatedly.

“Notice: ‘Appreciation of the Classics’ elective class students. Please gather at Building 2’s lecture theater. Kindly pass on the message!”

As it was still the 2nd of January, there were no classes scheduled for the Year 2 and 3 students. Only a portion of the Year 1 students had classes. Some people were currently preparing for classes and some were resting in their dormitories, while there were also others who had not yet returned from their holidays. When the announce was made, many of those who heard it ignored it as it did not concern them. Only the handful of the Chinese department students who were registered for ‘Appreciation of the Classics’ elective pricked their ears.

Yao Mi had just finished breakfast and was at the field playing badminton with a few others.

“Eh? The announcement is for us!” Li Ying said in surprise.

Li Li was wondering, “What’s the matter? Go to the lecture theater?”

Yao Mi smiled as she swung her badminton racket returning the ball, “Do you still need to ask? It’s definitely about the new teacher. We no longer need to be raised by a ‘step-mother’.”

The few of them stopped playing and sat down to catch their breaths.

Li Li said, “What kind of a teacher do you think it will be?”

Yao Mi speculated, “It must be an old Professor who has no hair. Otherwise, it might also be an old lady with a head full of white hair. The teachers from the Chinese department are all like that.”

Li Ying said happily, “They’ve finally managed to get that old person over.”

Yao Mi’s dorm mate beside her, a girl also said, “Yea, our chance of flunking this elective class is now much lower. At least we will have a teacher who can let us know what we will be tested on.”

Around the campus, many others also heard the announcement.

“They’re talking to us!”

“A new teacher has arrived?”

“The classes are starting so soon already?”

“That won’t happen. Today’s probably just a meet up session to get to know each other. I guess the lessons will start tomorrow. Let’s go take a look.”

“It must be another old man, so it’s going to be dull.”

“We still have to go, he’ll be the one who decides our elective credit.”

.....

On the west side of Building 2 on campus.

At the lecture theater, students were making their way in.

The lecture theater was not large. It looked like it could accommodate, at most, 150 people, but the number of students who had registered for the course only numbered around 120, including all students from every batch. Of course, if you compared it to other schools, 120 was a lot for an elective course, but at Peking University, this was not a large number. Since it was not a popular elective course, the people who registered for it were mainly those who wanted something simple, easy to get through,

and score well.

Other than those who had not returned to school, most of the students for this course had arrived. The front row of the lecture theater was a restricted zone, so no one sat there. Everyone had gathered towards the back of the lecture hall, chatting amongst themselves while waiting for their mysterious new teacher to appear.

“Still not here?”

“It’s not 9AM yet.”

“Wanna play a round of cards?”

“Come on, we’ll get caught again by the new teacher.”

At the other side, Yao Mi took out her cellphone and browsed the web. She couldn’t help but say disappointedly, “Why has the broadcast not returned yet!? I’m getting impatient!”

The girl asked, “What broadcast is returning?”

Yao Mi replied, “Zhang Ye’s Talk Show.”

Li Ying said in an interested manner, “Classmate Little Mi, you watch Zhang Ye’s programs too?”

“You are the Little Mi! Your whole damn family are Little Mis!” Yao Mi scolded. Then she replied, “Of course I watch them. I’ve watched the first few episodes over 3 or 4 times in a row. Zhang Ye is so funny!”

A senior that they did not know that was also seated beside them added, “Yes, yes. That Zhang Ye’s mouth is damn wicked!”

Yao Mi looked over, “Right? I’ve been refreshing so many times!”

That senior said, “Me too, but I think we have to wait until the Lunar New Year is over. Didn’t you watch the news? The SARFT hasn’t reinstated Zhang Ye as a host. He can’t broadcast anything yet.”

Li Li said, “Yao Mi, didn’t you say that your dad knows Zhang Ye while we were eating diner the other day? I watch his Talk Show too, when will it be broadcasted again?”

The senior’s eyes lit up, “Your dad knows Zhang Ye?”

Yao Mi replied, “Of course, they have a good relationship.”

“So who’s your dad?” Li Ying asked, “I still have no idea.”

Yao Mi smiled and said, “You wouldn’t know even if I told you all.”

Li Ying rolled his eyes, “Don’t tell us if you don’t wish to, but compared to the Talk Show, I prefer Zhang Ye’s ‘Analysis of the Three Kingdoms’. Did you all watch it too?”

Li Li said, “Professor Wang had previously given us the assignment to watch it, everyone should have watched it.”

It might be hard to say for other courses, but in ‘Appreciation of the Classics’ class, no one had not heard of Zhang Ye. In fact, no one did not know about his works. Professor Wang had only managed to conduct two classes this semester and after the 2nd lecture, he had recommended 7 books and 2 television programs as course materials to everyone. One of these was Zhang Ye’s ‘Analysis of the Three Kingdoms’.

An ancient classic.

It was basically just those few books, so of course the Three Kingdoms, being so important was one of them.

When the subject of this came up, Yao Mi shook her head and said, “Look at ‘Lecture Room’ now, what the heck is going on? When Zhang Ye created this program back then, he was in charge of the planning and hosting and look at how well he spoke. The ratings were through the roof, but look at what happened to ‘Lecture Room’ now? The professionals and professors they invited, they aren’t even a tenth of what Zhang Ye was!”

Li Ying concurred, “That’s true. Those professors make me speechless. They just hold a script and stand there, reciting

whatever is on it, yet the audience still applauds? It's obviously staged! When Zhang Ye used to lecture, when did he ever need a script? Did he lower his head once to read from a script? The difference is too obvious and the key point is that they all can't speak as well as Zhang Ye. Making those long speeches and being uninteresting, such a good program has been destroyed by those so-called professionals and professors. The current ratings can't even compare to a quarter of Zhang Ye's 'Analysis of the Three Kingdoms'?"

A junior seated at the back added, "Right, without Zhang Ye, BTV-Arts has become a failure."

Yet another 3rd Year senior said laughingly, "Zhang Ye's program makes the audience feel that it was cleverly planned when they watch it. The program had a lot of unique and creative points, but yet the core of the program is not those points, but Zhang Ye himself. This time Beijing Television Station's killing of the donkey the moment it left the millstone backfired on them! Without Zhang Ye, 'Lecture Room' is just a piece of dog shit. They thought with Zhang Ye's paving of the road and setting up the tables for them, anyone else could achieve the same ratings? Now they should know what a joke they were! Without Zhang Ye, they are nothing! Talk Shows will be the same. So many copycats, but they will never be able to copy Zhang Ye's style. The failure of 'Lecture Room' was a strategic failure of Beijing Television Station. They basically did not understand that the irreplaceable factor of the program was not creativity, but rather Zhang Ye. And so it turned out that they removed the core of the program!"

Yao Mi's eyes lit up, "Senior, I totally agree with your words!"

The senior said, “Right? If Zhang Ye was still at BTV-Arts Channel, I guess that ‘Lecture Room’ would have totally suppressed all other programs.”

Another senior said, “I’m a little different as I’m not really too interested in Zhang Ye’s programs and just find them normal, but that temper of his, I like it too much. He’s so daring to scold!”

Li Ying said with a tinge of fear, “Yea, he scolded the SARFT in the previous live broadcast and I was totally worried for him!”

Li Li smiled bitterly saying, “Zhang Ye really dares to speak up.”

Yao Mi laughed heartily, “That’s Zhang Ye’s character, it really makes people like him!”

Since they were just waiting, everyone chatted about the entertainment industry, each contributing their views.

Gradually, some people noticed the time.

“What time is it already?”

“Why hasn’t the new teacher come?”

“Where’s the new teacher? I still have class in a while.”

“Ah, they are coming. Eh, look outside. Isn’t that person President Wu Zeqing? Why is President Wu here? Holy sh*t, it can’t be her being the substitute teacher, right?”

Upon hearing this, everyone looked over.

Wu Zeqing and a youth walked in one after another.

“Are you serious?”

“It’s impossible for President Wu to be a substitute. What sort of level is she at after all?”

“Right, President Wu is also not a real academic. She was assigned to Peking University and once she gained experience, she might even be sent back to the Education Bureau as a district official. Hey, there’s someone behind President Wu. He’s wearing sunglasses? Why does he look a bit familiar?”

“Who is this person?”

“Hey, he does look familiar now that you mention it!”

“New teacher? He can’t be that young, right?”

“Yeah, he’s too young! What’s going on?”

Yao Mi and Li Ying, Li Li were also puzzled.

The next second, Wu Zeqing was already in the classroom. She looked at the students and said gently, “Sorry for the wait. Due to his health problems, Professor Wang will not be able to continue teaching the ‘Appreciation of the Classics’ elective class anymore. Due to this, the school has invited a new teacher for everyone. He is also a famous new teacher!”

No one was surprised that Professor Wang was not teaching anymore.

But, a new teacher? And a famous new teacher?

Wu Zeqing’s words made all the students in the classroom anticipate. In what sense was he famous? Authoritative in the field? A leading Professor in the field?

The mystery was unveiled!

Wu Zeqing turned her head sideways as a young man walked in. She introduced, “Please give him a warm round of applause. This is your new teacher, Teacher Zhang Ye!”

Zhang Ye stood at the podium and slowly took off his sunglasses, “Hello everyone.”

Instantly, the classroom went silent, before shouts of disbelief roared out from students!

“Ah!”

“Holy sh*t!”

“It’s Zhang Ye!”

“It’s really motherf**king Zhang Ye!”

“How’s that possible!? Am I seeing things?”

“Zhang Ye is our new teacher?”

Screams!

Shock!

Disbelief!

All the Peking University students were worked up!

Chapter 296: Peking University's Students' Questions!

In the lecture theater, everyone's blood was boiling with excitement!

“How could it be Zhang Ye?!” a junior shouted.

A senior had her mouth hanging in disbelief, “Oh my God! The school has really invited Zhang Ye?”

Li Ying grabbed his forehead in his palms, “When did our Peking University become so open minded about things?”

Li Li was both excited and shocked, “Inviting a singer to teach music at a university, inviting a movie star to become a teacher for performing arts, such cases have happened before many times. They were all invited because of their qualifications. Those were the ones who really had more experience in their field than any university professors, so it was acceptable that they taught such courses. But! Inviting a broadcast major who works as a host to teach us the appreciation of famous classical works? There's no link at all! This is a first of its kind of case to happen in the country!”

Yao Mi nearly jumped up, “Holy hell!”

The other Peking University students were also staring with their eyes wide open!

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Outside.

Screams could be heard along the corridor outside the lecture theater!

The Chinese department Dean, Chang Kaige had arrived with a few other teachers from the department. Actually, he did not want to come as he was not interested in Zhang Ye, but President Wu had personally brought Zhang Ye to meet the students, so as the Dean, he had no choice but to be present as well. Besides, honestly speaking, “Appreciation of the Classics” was a big potential problem that needed someone urgently to fill in for Professor Wang. Otherwise, how would the students take the upcoming exams? Whether he would be up to the task or not, they needed someone to fill the hole first. Since President Wu had already decided on Zhang Ye, he of course, would go along with the decision!

But he had never thought that Zhang Ye would be so popular.

When we took on our first classes, why weren't the students this excited!?

Chang Kaige frowned as he looked towards the lecture theater in the distance. The other teachers, who had found out about Zhang Ye being the new teacher, also heard the commotion and were at a loss whether to laugh or cry. Other than a middle-aged person,

whose eyes showed some interest towards Zhang Ye, the others did not think well of him. They felt that the school was taking this matter too lightly in appointing that broadcasting host guy. How could someone who does entertainment programs deliver a good class for such a subject?!

Most of the teachers were very dismissive of Zhang Ye. This was the pride of an academic. They admitted that Zhang Ye had some literary qualities, but did not agree to his appointment into the academic industry.

Contrary to their opinions, a majority of Peking University's students were very welcoming of Zhang Ye.

This was a difference of perspective and also a generation gap issue. Even though they were Peking University students, they were still young people. They could accept and even liked novelties. The teachers who taught them were all old men or old women. They had already gotten sick of it. This time, the teacher was someone who was only a few years older and a celebrity, most of the students welcomed this change. Their instincts were that this would be too much fun and too interesting! As to whether Teacher Zhang Ye could really teach this class well? Whether he could really take over from Professor Wang? At least right now, they did not care!

“President Wu.”

“President Wu.”

Chang Kaige had brought the other teachers inside.

Wu Zeqing nodded her head, “You are all here? Oh? Hur Hur, Why is Professor Zeng here too? I heard you were busy with a publication of a paper?”

The 40 something or 50 something year old Professor Zeng said with a smile, “I heard Zhang Ye was here. I got interested so I came to take a look. I’ve had some interaction with Little Zhang on Weibo before, he’s a rather interesting guy.” He taught historical subjects in the Chinese department and was a professor of rather high prestige. His qualifications were only second to Yan Jiantao.

The few teachers at the back looked at Professor Zeng and wondered why he would take time off to come see such an unreliable new teacher. They knew that the morning meeting was to decide on the appointment of the new teacher, but Professor Zeng had excused himself saying that he had to finish writing his paper and did not have time, but within just an hour, he had made his way here. From the looks of it, Professor Zeng knew Zhang Ye.

In the lecture theater, the students were still amazed!

Chang Kaige helped Zhang Ye to take control of the class, “Everyone, quiet down. Listen to Zhang Ye....Teacher Zhang Ye speak.” Although he was not satisfied with Zhang Ye, he still deferred to Zhang Ye in front of the students.. At least he wouldn’t show his distrust of Zhang Ye to the students. Otherwise, Zhang Ye would never be able to start his teaching work at all.

The Dean was rather authoritative as the students stopped their discussions and shouting. They sat there quietly.

Zhang Ye looked to President Wu and Chang Kaige, “President Wu, Dean Chang?”

Wu Zeqing waved as she smiled and led Chang Kaige, the other teachers and professors to the empty seats at the front row, “This is your class and also the first time you are meeting your students. Don’t bother with us.” They were here to welcome their new colleague and to help the new teacher take control of his class. Students nowadays were getting more and more rowdy. Even Peking University had students like that. People, who gained admission into Peking University, were considered clever, but the more clever a child was, the more rebellious they were. So to prevent a teacher from being overrun by such student bullying, President Wu had invited them over. In the past, just having Chang Kaige or a professor who was authoritative would do the trick, but as Zhang Ye’s situation was a little special, President Wu had also come down herself. This could be considered a special privilege that few had received.

But it seemed like their worries had been in vain. The students seemed to welcome Zhang Ye, even more welcoming than what they received in their time.

Zhang Ye only said, “Alright.”

The Peking University students all looked at him without being distracted.

Zhang Ye was not frightened by this and smiled saying, “Let me first introduce myself. Maybe some of you know me, some of you don’t. My name is Zhang Ye, I will be your lecturer from now on for ‘Appreciation of the Classics’. Those who have watched my programs before should know that I am a straightforward person and don’t like to beat around the bush. So for my class, I won’t have too many rules. Anyone can freely raise questions during class and you can also look for me after class if there’s anything you don’t understand. You can even be absent for class and I will be fine with that....but of course, any consequences will be borne by you!”

“Pfft!”

“Hur Hur Hur.”

Many of the students were tickled!

Your sister! What do you mean it’s fine even if we don’t come to class!? Isn’t that not fine!?

Dean Chang Kaige looked at Zhang Ye. This Zhang Ye really does know how to liven up a situation, but it wasn’t a surprise since he’s already a Talk Show host to begin with. His oratorical skills would definitely be much stronger than them, being traditional academic teachers and professors.

Professor Zeng watched with great interest.

A new teacher's first interaction with students was a very important event. Not only would you have to convey your teaching style and specialty, you would also have to build a good relationship with them. The first impressions would dictate whether a student would trust you or respect you as a new teacher. This was not down to how famous or well known you were, but how you impressed them with your knowledge and how you carried yourself. If you couldn't impress them, then the students would not respect you. You would cast doubt in their hearts and definitely affect your teaching quality.

It's not easy to become a good university lecturer. This was not the same as being a good host. One focused on entertaining, the other focused on educating. In that, there's already a huge difference. This was no longer junior or high school anymore. The students were not so easy to control. Do you think a student could be controlled if you just stared hard at them? This was a university, Peking University! It would be easy if a teacher could use staring alone to control the students. So, at this important first meeting, the teachers had wanted to know what Zhang Ye would do. Thinking back, there was a new teacher, who had just arrived at Peking University, and was nearly embarrassed by a student.

Zhang Ye's approach was very simple. He said to everyone, "I know some of you still have classes later, so for this interaction, I would like to do it in a Q & A style. It would be faster and would speed up our understanding of each other. Alright, there are 5 chances, anyone can ask any question. I will answer every one of them."

"Really?"

“Me, me!”

“I have a question!”

A lot of students had raised their hands!

Yao Mi, Li Ying and Li Li all had their hands up!

Everyone’s enthusiasm was evident. Any Q & A by a new teacher in the past was never met with such intensity. This was because the students were too curious about this legendary person and Zhang Ye was different from those professors or teachers, who were so rigid. This sort of novelty was something they were experiencing for the first time, so naturally they were also very enthusiastic.

Yao Mi’s hands waved in a very big motion and she was nearly standing up by now.

Zhang Ye also noticed this girl, not someone very pretty, with a very average face or even below average, but she had a very special feature that would make people remember her once they saw her. Her eyes and brows gave off an aura that looked very familiar to Zhang Ye, like she was an old friend of his. On top of that, he had seen her earlier today during breakfast and gotten most of his news from her conversation with her friends.

“That student.” Zhang Ye pointed towards Yao Mi, “The girl with

the pigtails.”

Yao Mi suddenly smiled and stood up, saying, “Hello Teacher Zhang. My question is, do you have a girlfriend yet?”

“Yi!”

“Yi!”

A few people, who had watched Zhang Ye’s Talk Show before, were now raising a commotion.

Chang Kaige was silently shaking his head at the sort of question.

Zhang Ye laughed, “Then I shall answer you seriously, not at the moment.”

Yao Mi sat back down satisfied.

“Next question, that student.” Zhang Ye said to Li Ying, who was seated beside Yao Mi.

Li Ying stood up, “Teacher Zhang Ye, may we know why you came to Peking University to teach?”

Zhang Ye put on a serious face and answered, “Peking University is an educational institute that I have always admired. It’s also the

best institution in our country, so to come here to teach has always been my wish and honor. Thanks to President Wu's high appraisal of me, she has granted my wish to teach here—" Several teachers and professors lightly nodded but then Zhang Ye suddenly changed his tone, "Of course, what I just said was all fake." Seeing the students, teachers and professors all stunned, Zhang Ye said, "The truth is, my hosting qualifications have been revoked by the SARFT for about half a month and I have no job now!"

"Hahahaha!"

"Aiyo, I can't take it anymore!"

"Teacher Zhang really dares to speak!"

The students were stunned for a while before their laughters filled the lecture theater!

After hearing his words, Wu Zeqing also could not help but break out into a little smile.

Professor Zeng was tickled. This Teacher Little Zhang was really an interesting person!

Chang Kaige and the department teachers were all slapping their foreheads, silent and speechless. What did you mean by you came here to teach because you had no job! Can't you just say something fitting for the situation?! Witnessing all of this, many of those present had a feeling that Zhang Ye was treating this class as the

scene of his Talk Show! Are you filming a program or are you teaching, but they also had to admit that under such an atmosphere, the students had been stirred up and the relationship between the lecturer and them had become closer!

Chapter 297: A Different Peking University Teacher!

In class.

The students were in high spirits!

“Me!”

“I have a question!”

“It’s my turn!”

“Teacher Zhang Ye, here, here!”

It was time for the third question, and there were only three questions left. The chance to ask was decreasing, so no one wanted to ask something trivial. This was Peking University, and they were students of Peking University. They had some pride in them, and did not want to be belittled by Zhang Ye. According to their own practices, not the school’s, they had to slightly deliberately make things difficult for their teachers. They also wanted to see if this legendary new teacher really had the ability. They wanted to know if the internet and television had been exaggerated in boasting about his prowess.

A few third-year students raised their hands high up!

Zhang Ye scanned downwards and pointed at someone, "Let's have this student."

The Junior-year student, with a mustache on both sides of his mouth, chuckled while standing up.

"Why did he call him?" Yao Mi pited, "If he dares to make things difficult for Teacher Zhang, I'll not let him off! Teacher Zhang is my father's good friend!"

There were people engaging in whispers.

"Hehe, Teacher Zhang will be put in a difficult spot."

"Right, this senior's questions aren't easily answered."

"Didn't he infuriate the new teacher last time?"

"Senior Zhou, others would be okay, but don't make it difficult for Teacher Zhang. He is a nice person."

There were students who liked Zhang Ye and were very supportive of him, but there were also some who were unconvinced. For example, Senior Zhou. Of course, he did not really plan on doing anything, he just found it fun. Zhang Ye was now pretty famous, so if he could stumble Zhang Ye with a question, he would become famous too.

Chang Kaige glanced at the student. He also knew him. He was quite a troublemaker in the department. He had past records in the department, where he made things difficult for the teachers, and was not very obedient.

Senior Zhou blinked, “Teacher Zhang, can I ask any question?”

Zhang Ye nodded, “Yes, anything will do.”

Senior Zhou paused before saying, “Alright then. Hur Hur. My question is if your wife and your mother fell into a river at the same time, who would you save first?”

The moment everyone heard this, they were speechless!

What sort of crappy question was that!? There was no solution! And it was overused!

Chang Kaige and a few teachers from the department frowned. Indeed, this troublemaking student was too disobedient. He was deliberately doing this!

Then Senior Zhou said, “This isn’t just some random question, Teacher Zhang. Since you will be in charge of teaching us literature, and answering our doubts, then this question is also considered a literary challenge from a certain point of view. Can you give us an answer? Don’t answer with things like you don’t have a wife.”

Zhang Ye did not mind this sort of questions, and instead said, “I can answer this question, but you need to first answer my question before I can answer you.”

Senior Zhou said, “If I answer, you will give me an answer?”

Zhang Ye said, “Yes.”

Senior Zhou did not hesitate, “Alright then, as long as it’s not that question, any would do.”

“Hur Hur, don’t worry, it’s definitely not the same question. My question is...” Zhang Ye looked at him and said, “Your wife is pregnant, but has complications during childbirth, would you save your wife or the child?”

Senior Zhou said it matter-of-factly, “Is there a need to ask? Of course I’ll save the adult!”

Zhang Ye carried on, “Then at that moment, what if your mother jumps into the water, insisting that you save the child?”

Upon hearing this question, Senior Zhou nearly vomited blood. Pfft! Go to hell!

The surrounding students also burst out in laughter upon hearing this!

“Hahahaha!”

“Aiyah, that’s a divine question!”

“Teacher Zhang’s brain moves too fast!”

“This question is ten thousand times harder than the question of your mother or wife jumping into the river!”

“I have a feeling that this question will replace the question of mother and wife jumping into the river, and become a brand new divine question that gives men nightmares!”

“Haha, I’ve remembered this question. I will ask my boyfriend this in the future!”

Professor Zeng also laughed.

Amongst the few teachers, who had their reservations about Zhang Ye, two of them could not help but laugh. This question had indeed amused them.

Senior Zhou knew this was not a matter about answering the question. He had been ridiculed by Zhang Ye. He had wanted to bring Zhang Ye down a peg, but who knew that he ended up being teased. With a gloomy expression, his heart convinced, so he sat down ashamed. He finally understood that Zhang Ye was the real deal. For him as a student to try to beat a talk show host in eloquence was him being overconfident.

Zhang Ye smiled, “Time for the fourth question?”

Immediately, there were countless number of people who voluntarily raised up their hands.

“You then, the one in yellow.” Zhang Ye pointed to a person.

This was a Junior-year female senior. She was good in her studies and was one of the top students, even in Peking University. She was well-liked by her teachers, and she was well known amongst the students. However, this bespectacled girl had a problem. She liked to dwell on a problem, and was a cultural hipster. She liked to ask teachers technical questions, stunning them without any forewarning, hence the teachers both loved and hated her.

“It’s Senior Song.”

“Man, this question will probably be profound!”

“That’s right, Senior Song has the nickname of “Half a Teacher” in Peking University.”

“This is the first time Teacher Zhang is meeting us. Please don’t ask too serious a question.”

The students were full of opinions.

Chang Kaige looked at the girl and smiled faintly. He apparently recognized her, and liked her a lot. She was someone worthy of being nurtured in the department.

Professor Zeng knew this person even more, because Senior Song was a student of his History department.

Senior Song stood up and nudged her spectacle frames with a deadpan expression. The moment she spoke, she said bluntly, “Teacher Zhang Ye, forgive me for saying, but I have doubts about your literary attainments!”

There was an uproar all around!

“As expected of Senior Song!”

“Holy sh*t, this is too direct!”

“Is there a need to be so serious? Senior Song doesn’t have a sense of humor!”

Zhang Ye found it quite interesting, “Oh? Go ahead and tell me, what causes these doubts of yours?”

Senior Song nudged her spectacle frame again, “I will not talk about your other works, for I acknowledge them. However, although everyone says your ‘This is also Everything’ has managed to repress Teacher Wang Shuixin’s ‘Everything’, I do not actually agree. One is pessimistic, and one is optimistic. It is just a matter of

different attitudes. No one is better than the other, but from your attitude and the discussions online, clearly, it is believed that your ‘This is also Everything’ is much better than ‘Everything’, belittling ‘Everything’ too drastically. At least Teacher Wang Shuixin’s ‘Everything’ has been put into textbooks before. Then does Teacher Zhang mean that you doubt the poems chosen by the educational textbooks’ appendix and the collective wisdom of seniors and professors in the educational world? Do you think the seniors of the education world have a problem in their vision?”

This was a serious accusation!

Yao Mi exclaimed, “Senior Song is too damaging!”

Li Li said in a flustered manner, “Does she have a grudge with Teacher Zhang?”

“No, Senior Song has always been this type of person.” Li Ying gave a wry smile.

Wu Zeqing did not interrupt. She just sat there silently.

Professor Zeng interjected, “Little Song, how can you say such things?”

Chang Kaige also felt that this student was eager to learn, but was a bit too radical. She was not tactful and accommodating. She even accused a teacher? Hai, there was really nothing they could do about her.

On the other hand, there were other students who were taking pleasure at his misfortune, and were waiting to see how Zhang Ye handled the matter.

Senior Song was very respectful to Professor Zeng. After hearing him cut herself off, she sat down, “Then that’s all I have to say. Teacher Zhang, you can treat it as if I didn’t ask.”

Zhang Ye was not mad, but instead smiled, “This student, I do not know where you have seen me give such an opinion, saying that I belittled ‘Everything’? That I doubt the educational world’s seniors? Challenging the academic experts who produce textbooks?”

Everyone knew Teacher Zhang Ye was beginning to smoothen things out. He definitely could not assent to those accusations, or he would offend too many people.

“Right.”

“Teacher Zhang has never said such a thing.”

Yao Mi and company began to speak out.

But of all things, Zhang Ye’s next sentence dumbfounded everyone, “Did I say those words? I definitely have not! Of course, I have never said those words before. If there were such words, it was not said by me, but now, I want to iterate again, yes! I am

belittling Wang Shuixin's 'Everything'! I am indeed questioning those academic experts who decide on a textbook! Even if it was in an appendix, this poem is not qualified enough!"

Everyone was stunned!

Even Senior Song opened her mouth!

No one expected Zhang Ye to say such a thing!

Chang Kaige said in worry, "Teacher Little Zhang!"

Wu Zeqing tugged at Dean Chang, "Let us listen on. Hur Hur, this is Teacher Zhang's class."

A teacher from the department said, "But he..."

Wu Zeqing interrupted, "In the field of poetry, Teacher Zhang Ye is a true expert. Others do not have the qualifications to say such anything, but Teacher Zhang Ye has."

Seeing everyone in chaos, Zhang Ye was not surprised, "Why would I dare say such a thing? This is because Wang Shuixin's 'Everything' has a problem. There are structural and textual problems existing within it!"

Senior Song stood up angrily again, "Regardless of his character, I love all of Teacher Wang Shuixin's poems. I can't pretend that I

didn't hear what you just said!"

Zhang Ye smiled and said at an appropriate speed, "Do you still remember his poem?"

"Of course!" Senior Song began to recite it.

"Everything is fated."

"Everything is unreal."

"Everything has no end."

"Everything has no home to return."

"Every happiness doesn't come with a smile."

"Every suffering doesn't have tears."

"Every past is in the dreams."

"Every faith comes with longing."

"Every burst is preceded by moments of silence."

"Every death has a prolonged echo!"

Zhang Ye shook his head. He really did not think highly of Wang Shuixin's 'Everything', nor did he find it very good. Truthfully, he didn't even like his world's 'Everything' from Beidao. However, not liking it was subjective. "Everything" was one of Beidao's representative works. There was naturally no bones to pick in terms of literary content. Despite it not being as famous as "This is also Everything", Beidao's "Everything" was also a classic masterpiece that had been immortalized!

Notice, this is Beidao's "Everything" and not that of Wang Shuixin's!

Zhang Ye held onto the podium and began reciting, "If it were me, I would compose it as..."

Everyone focused their attentions. Teacher Zhang was composing another poem again? And it was another on-the-spot piece of work? Everyone listened in earnestly! This was because Zhang Ye's poems were too famous!

Professor Zeng also pricked up his ears.

Senior Song looked disapprovingly at him.

Zhang Ye breathed out and then used a calm, yet somewhat dejected voice to recite:

"All fates are destined."

“All clouds are fleeting.”

“All beginnings are without endings.”

“All searches are brief.”

“Every happiness doesn’t come with a smile.”

“Every suffering doesn’t have tears.”

“All languages are repetitive.”

“All relationships are first encounters.”

“All love is within hearts.”

“All past is in the dreams.”

“All hope carries a note.”

“Every faith comes with longing.”

“Every burst is preceded by moments of silence.”

“All death... has a prolonged echo.”

The sentences were changed, a bit of wording had been changed, and there were a few more lines!

After Zhang Ye finished reciting, the classroom went silent!

Wu Zeqing's eyes lit up as she looked seriously at Zhang Ye.

After Chang Kaige relished the moment, his expression turned into that of surprise!

Even if the other Chinese department teachers taught History, they also had a certain level of understanding in literature. The moment they heard it, they were stunned as they looked at each other. President Wu had previously said that in the realm of poetry, Zhang Ye was a true expert. He really had the qualifications to say these words!

The two versions of “Everything” could not be compared in any way!

It was not each having its merits, but the difference between heaven and earth!

There were a few Peking University students who did not understand. They were blinking. The two poems were about the same?

But there were a few students who could tell the great difference. They all gasped. It sounded similar, but if one scrutinized it in detail, this gap was motherf**king huge!

Zhang Ye smiled and asked Senior Song, “Student, now what do you think about my ‘Everything’ against Wang Shuixin’s ‘Everything’?”

Senior Song was already stunned. After taking a few deep breaths, she gave a bow of admiration and respect, “I was being libelous just now. Teacher Zhang, I apologize. Your ‘Everything’, when compared to Teacher Wang Shuixin’s ‘Everything’...the literary value is many times better, and...is completely not on the same level!”

Zhang Ye said, “Thank you for your evaluation.”

Senior Song said, “I should be the one thanking you. I was the one who has been ignorant all this time. Now do I really know... that there are people beyond people and heavens beyond heavens. I will learn dutifully from you!”

Zhang Ye lowered his hand, “We were just exchanging views, please take a seat.”

Yao Mi was stunned. Holy sh*t, a rigid straight As student like Senior Song was won over by Teacher Zhang Ye!

Zhang Ye did not feel complacent after reciting his poem. On the contrary, he appeared very impersonal. It was as if he had done a trivial thing and did not treat it seriously, “Alright then, time for the last question.”

At this moment, nearly the entire class raised their hands!

“Me! Me! Me!”

“Call me!”

Zhang Ye causally picked a person, “This person.”

It was an underclassman. He gave off an obedient vibe as he stood up excitedly, “Teacher Zhang, what I want to ask is...Uh, actually I do not know if I should ask this.”

Zhang Ye said in amusement, “You can ask anything. There are no taboo questions in my class.”

The underclassman grit his teeth and bolstered his courage to say, “Then, I have seen all your programs. We have also heard about you on the news, and I do not believe that I’m the only one who is curious about your legendary experiences. You have cursed your unit, been put in reprimand, derided the SARFT, and even saved a fan. Many people evaluate you in different ways, but I especially want to know, what’s your evaluation of yourself? What sort of person do you think you are?”

This question was very standard, but was also very difficult to answer.

Zhang Ye thought for a second before gently laughing. Seeing how all the students were watching him with unblinking eyes, he could not help but use the words from his world's 'In Memory of Norman Bethune' on himself. It was shameless boasting, yet subtle in every way, "My evaluation of myself is — 'a noble-minded person, a pure person, a man of moral integrity, and above vulgar interests. A man who is of value to the people.' Just that."

A pure person?

Above vulgar interests?

Chang Kaige pondered deeply over it. The other teachers from the department also nodded their heads secretly. These words were a bit too boastful when used to describe oneself, but it was well said!

This Zhang Ye's eloquence was excellent!

Zhang Ye clapped his hands, "Alright, that will be all for today. We shall meet again tomorrow. As for the specific syllabus, I will let everyone know in our next class. I hope that we will have a joyful time together."

Immediately, roaring applause sounded out!

Some clapped! Some whistled!

The students were already greatly anticipating the lessons from this new teacher and were also extremely excited for what they would learn tomorrow!

It was too interesting!

This new teacher was a little different from all the other Peking University teachers!

Chapter 298: The ‘Dream Of The Red Chamber’ That No One Dares To Teach!

After 9.

Class had ended.

Zhang Ye was just about to leave with President Wu, as well as the department Dean. However, the moment he got off his podium, he was surrounded by students!

“Teacher Zhang!”

“Can I get an autograph!?”

“Please take a picture with me! I’m your fan!”

“Teacher Zhang Ye, I have a question about literature that I need to consult you about. Do you have time after class? Can I treat you to lunch?”

“I also want to consult you!”

“I also have a huge question about literature!”

More than half of the students left as many of them had other classes. The remaining students were all very passionate. There

were both male and female, but mostly women, who were surrounding Zhang Ye, asked him all sorts of questions. Zhang Ye did not reject them. Although he said stuff like never again, he still gave his students their requested autographs. He did not agree to the pictures with them, since this was a college campus. President Wu and company still had not left, so it was not appropriate to take photos.

Wu Zeqing took a step out the auditorium in her heels and gave a gentle smile, “Let us leave first. There’s no need to wait for Little Zhang.”

Chang Kaige gave a few glances back before helplessly shaking his head, “To think they even want autographs. These students are really pushing it, and that Teacher Little Zhang, hai.”

Professor Zeng laughed, “This shows how popular Teacher Zhang is, for him to mingle well with his students.”

Chang Kaige gave a wry smile. Only when President Wu was far away did he glance at Professor Zeng and said, “Old Zheng, why do I have a premonition chaos will happen?”

Professor Zeng said, “Letting Zhang Ye teach is also an experimental attempt of the school.”

Another department’s teacher said, “It’s already in chaos. Just his first meeting with his students and not even an actual class, Teacher Little Zhang has already questioned the academic world’s choice of textbooks? Who knows what earth-shattering words he

will say tomorrow when he officially begins teaching. I'm also worried. With Zhang Ye here, it would be difficult for our Peking University Chinese department to be peaceful. Everyone in this industry knows how daring that mouth of his is!"

They walked away while discussing.

Over here.

After attending to the passionate students, Zhang Ye found an excuse to leave, but before walking far from the auditorium, he found someone tailing him. Oh? Wasn't this the girl who asked the first question? He had seen her earlier at the food stall in the morning.

As he came to a halt, Zhang Ye smiled, "Is there something wrong?"

Yao Mi came forward with a cheerful smile, "Uncle Zhang."

Zhang Ye nearly fainted and said, "Why did I become an Uncle? If you want to call me, you can call me Brother Zhang. I'm not that much older than all of you, so I'm not that old."

Yao Mi chuckled, "But our generational hierarchy exists. You and my Dad call each other brother, so I can't just blindly call you Brother. I definitely have to call you Uncle."

Zhang Ye happened to find this girl who had very distinct

characteristics, but not considered pretty very familiar, “Your father is...?”

Yao Mi casually said, “My Dad is Yao Jiancai.”

“Heyo!” It suddenly dawned on Zhang Ye, “No wonder your eyes reminded me of an old friend! So you are Old Yao’s child. He had previously mentioned you to me, but never said you were in Peking University. Nice, Old Yao sure concealed it well. I didn’t expect him to have such a clever daughter. What’s your name?”

Yao Mi said, “I’m Yao Mi.”

Zhang Ye said, “What year are you in?”

Yao Mi said, “I’m going into my second year this year.”

Zhang Ye said, “Not bad. Find me if there’s anything you need.”

Yao Mi said, “Hehe, then my credits will be depending on Uncle Zhang.”

Zhang Ye chuckled, “I am new here. I don’t know how the exams work yet, and it’s not my call to make. However, if you listen to my classes well, I can guarantee you will receive the credit you deserve.”

“That’s all that matters.” Yao Mi said.

As they conversed, Zhang Ye suddenly thought of something important, “Oh, just nice. I wanted to chat with our class’ students. What did Professor Wang teach in ‘Appreciation of the Classics’ last time?”

Yao Mi recalled seriously, “It’s just some famous works, such as Three Kingdoms, or Water Margin, or Journey to the West, and some other famous classics. Most of them are Chinese. The appreciation of foreign classics is another class and taught by other teachers, but then, that was what Professor Wang lectured in the past few years. This year, Professor Wang only held two classes and talked a bit about the Three Kingdoms and Water Margin, and that was it.”

Zhang Ye got some understanding of the situation, “Then what do wish to hear?”

Yao Mi chuckled, “Isn’t your forte the Three Kingdoms?”

“Other than Three Kingdoms? You don’t have to care if it’s my forte. Just tell me what the mainstream opinion of what you guys and the other classmates want to hear? Which famous classic are you interested in?” Zhang Ye asked.

“About that...” Yao Mi licked her lips, “The most interested classic would definitely be ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’.”

Zhang Ye was surprised, “Oh? Everyone has similar views on this?”

Yao Mi said, “At least for me. I really like ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’ too much. The romance in it is too beautiful. Besides, not many people lecture on ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’. Even Professor Wang has never taught it. I heard from a few seniors who had taken this class that over the many years of teaching ‘Appreciation of the Classics’, Professor Wang has at best, only mentioned the accomplishments of ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’. However, there was no detailed lecture about it. When someone asked a crucial problem about ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’, Professor Wang would also shrug it off, like he did not wish to talk about this classic.”

Zhang Ye blinked, “Is that so. Alright, I got it.”

“Are you really going to lecture on ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’? That would be great!” Yao Mi was looking forward to it.

Zhang Ye smiled, “Not necessarily. I need to go back and think, and also prepare for it. Alright, go prepare for your other class. I’ll be leaving.”

Yao Mi waved her hand, “Go busy yourself. Bye, Uncle Zhang.”

.....

Downstairs.

Chinese department in the school campus.

Zhang Ye was preparing to return home. Tomorrow was the first day of classes, but he had not decided on what to teach yet, so he naturally had to go home to prepare.

In a small garden.

A middle-aged man was smoking and called out to him when he noticed Zhang Ye, “Teacher Little Zhang”

Zhang Ye looked curiously over. He found him familiar, and he looked like one of the teachers who had sat in his class in the first row with President Wu. “Hey, how do you do?”

“Do you want a stick?” Professor Zeng handed him a cigarette.

Zhang Ye took it and lit it up himself, “I just got hired here, so... Who are you?”

Professor Zeng chuckled, “My surname is Zheng. I teach History, so you can just call me Old Zheng.”

Zhang Ye smiled, “I wouldn’t dare call Old Zheng. How do you do, Professor Zeng? You came here to smoke because you don’t have classes?”

“No, I was waiting for you.” Professor Zeng smiled, “We have interacted before on Weibo. Have you forgotten?”

Zhang Ye was momentarily stunned before he smacked himself in the forehead, “I recall. Heh! So it was you! Back then, when my ‘Analysis of the Three Kingdoms’ was doubted by many, I have to thank you for your support.” To those people who had helped him before, Zhang Ye naturally had a great impression of them. This person was the Peking University history professor who had a Weibo verified account. He had personally posted on Weibo to support Zhang Ye. He had validated that “Zhang Ye’s Analysis of the Three Kingdoms” was factual. Due to Professor Zeng’s authority, many people were alleviated of their doubts. Zhang Ye had always wanted to thank him.

Professor Zeng took in another mouthful of smoke and said, “Back then, I mentioned that your historical standard was more than enough to come teach in a university. Indeed, I was not the only one with such thoughts. President Wu also thinks highly of you.”

Zhang Ye said, “This is all thanks to all of you.”

Professor Zeng asked curiously, “I heard President Wu only found you a day or two ago. You will have to start teaching tomorrow, and have to lecture for ten consecutive days. Are you ready?”

Zhang Ye leaned on a flower railing, “I have some general ideas. I was planning on going home to prepare. I might even need to run to the library. Time is quite tight.”

“What will you be teaching?” Professor Zeng asked.

Zhang Ye said, “It will provisionally be ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’.”

Upon hearing this, Professor Zeng was stunned, “You want to teach ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’?”

Zhang Ye asked in wonder, “I suppose so. The students seem rearing to hear about it. Besides, Professor Wang has never taught this in the past. So with me taking over Professor Wang’s class, I plan on teaching something new.”

Professor Zeng laughed, “You sure are bold.”

Zhang Ye was confused, “What do you mean bold? ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’ cannot be taught?”

It’s not a banned book now, right!? ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’ cannot be taught? This isn’t f**king ‘Golden Lotus’!

Professor Zeng snubbed his cigarette and threw it into a trashcan and said, “Do you really not know, or are you just playing the fool, Teacher Little Zhang? It’s not that ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’ cannot be taught, it’s just few dare to teach it as it’s too difficult. Do you think only Professor Wang did not teach it? Watch those shows on TV, how many experts dare to talk about ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’? And for the other colleges, there is basically a uniform tone. According to what I know, not a single college in the

country has a lecturer who dares to go into specifics about ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’ with the students. Everyone avoids it if they can. Even if they talk about it, it would be a very tiny portion. Certain details, or even the main plot, are brushed aside. No one dares to give a detailed analysis, so slowly, there are no experts or professors who dare to touch it.”

Ah?

Why wouldn’t they dare to?

What’s wrong with the book?

Zhang Ye was really clueless. In his world, “Dream of the Red Chamber” was the best amongst the Four Great Classical Novels. There were countless people teaching it. The most famous was “Liu Xinwu Exposes the Secrets of Dream of Red Chamber”. There was also another follow up with Liu Xinwu talking about “The True Ending of the novel ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’” on “Lecture Room”. It had caused quite a controversy back in his world. The ratings were also on par with “Yi Zhongtian’s Analysis of the Three Kingdoms”.

Professor Zeng looked at him and said, “Teacher Little Zhang, don’t take the risk. I’m not doubting your literary standards, but there is no way to lecture ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’ in detail. Once you talk about it in detail, there will be problems, giving rise to doubts. Well, I teach History. My research towards the ancient classics aren’t that thorough, so there’s no way for me to know more than you. You will know once you go back and investigate the matter. My suggestion is that you carry on teaching about the

Three Kingdoms. That is your forte, so it will be a waste to abandon it. I believe President Wu chose you to help save the situation was also because of your understanding of the Three Kingdoms and lecturing style.”

Zhang Ye waved his hand, “I’ve already talked about the Three Kingdoms back in Beijing Television Station. What I wanted to express was also very complete. I don’t plan on repeating myself.”

Professor Zeng said helplessly, “That opinion of yours isn’t right. The education of students is a repetitive process. I have taught for so many years and have nurtured so many new students, and every time, I have to repeat my previous lectures and theories. This is something that can test the limits of time. Teacher Little Zhang, you must listen to my advice. Even if you don’t plan on teaching the Three Kingdoms, don’t touch the trap that is ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’!”

Zhang Ye was still puzzled!

Is ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’ so horrible?

“Make sure you remember it. Alright, I have a paper I need to rush out. Bye.” Professor Zeng rushed off.

Zhang Ye’s curiosity was increasingly piqued. He really refused to have his beliefs shaken. He rushed home immediately so as to check what this world’s Redology was like!

Chapter 299: This World's Misconception Of Dream Of The Red Chamber!

At home.

It was 10 something in the morning.

Zhang Ye was alone at home. His father and mother had already left for work.

After Zhang Ye opened the door and went into his house, other than taking a sip of tea that was left on the table. He did not do anything else and just went straight to his room and switched on the computer. He searched the topic of “Dream of the Red Chamber” and found many results. There were also a lot of manuscripts and there was also the 120 circulated chapters that had been collated and sorted out.

It's correct!

This was the one!

Zhang Ye couldn't help but find the most published version of the novel that he found online. He then browsed through it generally from the front to the back to get the general idea. After over an hour, Zhang Ye had confirmed that this was the one. This was the same “Dream of the Red Chamber” novel that existed in his previous world as well. Even the words used did not differ too much. Although a lot of things had changed in this world, the Four

Great Classical Novels were too influential and had stayed the same. Zhang Ye had verified this once again, there was definitely no problem!

But then why?

Why did Professor Zeng say such words?

Zhang Ye continued researching the “Dream of the Red Chamber” related lectures and found out that as Professor Zeng had said, there really weren’t many detailed lectures regarding this novel. There were some lectures available, but they mainly touched on only the first 10 chapters of the novel and did a simple analysis before ending it on that note!

That can’t be right?

What were you all trying to prove!

What about those Redologists? Those experts who specialized in studying “Dream of the Red Chamber”? Where did they disappear to! Did you guys all end up researching “[Golden Lotus](#)”?

Zhang Ye couldn’t wrap his head around this fact!

“Dream of the Red Chamber” being the greatest of the Four Great Classical Novels, how did it ever fall into the state it was in now?

Suddenly, Zhang Ye saw a related headline concerning “Dream of the Red Chamber”. Then he was stunned for a few seconds and became confused. It wrote there—As the greatest of the Four Great Classical Novels, the influence and achievements of “Romance of the Three Kingdoms” domestically.....what came after no longer mattered. Zhang Ye was stunned at the first half of the headline. F**k your sister, when did Romance of the Three Kingdoms become the greatest of the Four Great Classical Novels? “Dream of the Red Chamber” was publicly acknowledged as the top in the literary field in his previous world. It was irrefutably the top, how could it become “Romance of the Three Kingdoms”!

No!

Surely, there must be a story behind it!

The cultural works between his previous world and this world were a little different, the appreciation levels were still similar. They couldn't have come to such a low level conclusion. Even those scholars and researchers who had spent their lives understanding the Three Kingdoms would not dare to say that “Romance of the Three Kingdoms” was better than “Dream of the Red Chamber” in the field of literature!

Where did it go wrong?

What was the problem?

To Zhang Ye, this was not a matter that could be blamed on supernatural events. He could not come to an understanding even

when he kept thinking with all his might. So he quickly went online to research more deeply, the deeper he went, the more he became speechless. He found out that “Dream of the Red Chamber” was not only not the top novel of the Four Great Classical Novels, it was in fact the last of the Four Great Classical Novels! Even “Water Margin” and “Journey to the West” were ahead of it!

An authoritative comment put it like that:

“I’ve always felt that the last of the Four Great Classical Novels, ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’ could have been written better. It even had the potential to become the greatest of them all, but what’s regrettable was that there are too many inconsistencies and illogicalities that none of us have been able to solve. Like the poem by Jia Baoyu that did not match his personality, the ‘perfect ending’ that had a major flaw, etc, etc, etc. No one can understand whether this was Mr Cao Xueqin’s slip up during writing, or whether he wrote it like that on purpose. Maybe it was because Mr Cao Xueqin fell sick when he got older and could no longer pay attention to the details of his masterpiece, he continued making mistake after mistake, flaw after flaw. To a Redologist who really likes the ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’ novel, this is truly regrettable!”

A major flaw in its ending?

What does the major flaw in the ending have to do with Cao Xueqin!

The person who wrote this comment was a Tsinghua University

literature professor. Having read it, Zhang Ye felt that there was something very wrong and he finally found out the key point to this. He guessed something horrible!

It can't be?

It really can't be like this, right?

Zhang Ye hurriedly checked and got a confirmation. He wasn't wrong! It was just as he had guessed! Online and in related books, it was clearly written that everyone in this world understood that Cao Xueqin was the author of all the 120 circulated chapters of "Dream of the Red Chamber"!

F**k!

What about Gao E?

Was Gao E eaten up by you people!?

Zhang Ye checked the name Gao E, and indeed there was this person. This piece of history had not been changed. However, in everyone's mind, Gao E was only the person in charge of collating 'Dream of the Red Chamber'. As for the rest...there was nothing else about him. The ancient text of 'Dream of the Red Chamber', that had been passed down, was in no way more complete than the ones in Zhang Ye's world. The most famous Zhiyanzhai version had only been passed down with only a dozen chapters or so with some comments. On this point, there was a snag in history! As to

Gao E writing “Dream of the Red Chamber” to finish it up, there was indeed a lot of controversial debate back in Zhang Ye’s world. There were people who said that the last 40 chapters of “Dream of the Red Chamber” were not written by Gao E, but was Cao Xueqin’s original work. There were also theories that Gao E had written it with others, and Gao E was finally the person who arranged it. However, after many years of research and validation on his earth, there was pretty much no more controversy that Gao E was the one who finished up the novel. It was agreed by large number of Redologists, as all sorts of historical evidence proved this point. However, in this world, in a world that had been changed by the game ring, the relevant historical proof had disappeared. The last 40 chapters had become the original work of Cao Xueqin!

What the heck!

How could the last 40 chapters be written by Old Cao!?

Zhang Ye eyes rolled backwards and had an expression of not knowing whether to laugh or cry. Only now did he understand why Professor Zeng advised him as he did. He finally understood why this world’s Redologists only privately studied about it instead of publicly lecturing about “Dream of the Red Chamber”. You had all gotten it all wrong at the basics. If you start your run going sideways, what would there be left to research on? Of course there would be nothing to research on! The 120 circulated chapters of “Dream of the Red Chamber” were never written by just one person, yet you still want to link them together? Isn’t this an international joke! “Dream of the Red Chamber” has too many problems? Of course! Isn’t that nonsense!? You guys f**king researched the 120 circulated chapters of “Dream of the Red

Chamber” in its entirety, it would be surprising if you didn’t have many problems!

This world’s understanding of “Dream of the Red Chamber” was completely wrong from the very beginning!

Now, the only person on this planet who knew the truth, was probably Zhang Ye alone!

“Dream of the Red Chamber”?

No one dared to talk about it in detail?

Ha! Others might not dare, but I dare!

This bro will talk about it well!

Zhang Ye was such a person. He was the type that would still head into the tiger infested mountains despite knowing so. The more difficult a problem, things that few people dared to do, the more excited this guy became!

Translators’ Notes:

The upcoming mini-arc involves [Dream of the Red Chamber](#), widely considered the best out of China’s [Four Great Classical Novels](#). The details involved might be too abstruse as it talks about plot points, characters, etc. Honestly, we as the translators have not read the masterpiece either, however, we have done extensive

research to ensure the translations work and can be understood by you. A lot of the text and names mentioned will be following the [David Hawkes](#) translation. We had to physically [go to a library to borrow the books](#) to obtain the much-needed reference material. Despite you probably not knowing the material, I believe through the webnovel author's exposition, you will also begin to slowly understand the story of Dream of the Red Chamber. We learned a lot while doing the translations, and hope you would gain the same from it. Thank you.

Chapter 300: Breaking! Zhang Ye Is To Become A Peking University Lecturer?

Afternoon.

It was lunch time.

After eating the leftovers from last night's dinner, Zhang Ye carried on working. He continuously worked hard at absorbing the misconceptions this world had of "Dream of the Red Chamber". He also checked the historical information and ancient texts related to "Dream of the Red Chamber". He noticed that the historical information regarding "Dream of the Red Chamber" was not completely lost on this planet. There were still some comments and sporadic pieces of information. However, people of this world did not find them authoritative, nor could they be said to have fundamentally ignored them. By using the idea that Cao Xueqin was lacking in focus and ability in his final years, they had missed the most critical pieces of information, resulting in such a situation.

Thankfully this bro was here!

Or else you guys would have been kept in the dark!

Since Zhang Ye already knew that there were challenges awaiting him, that he needed even more information to support him. Furthermore, he needed information that this world possessed. As a result, the workload was a lot greater.

Flipping.

Checking.

Until noon was when Zhang Ye began to feel that the information on the internet was not enough. He ended up driving out while wearing his sunglasses to a few large libraries in Beijing. Some libraries were free to enter, while others needed him to apply for a library card. As such, Zhang Ye began to browse inside the respective libraries.

On his side, he was extremely busy.

However, the internet had exploded into a buzz!

.....

At the beginning, it was a video of Beijing's 15th Junior High's New Year's Party being uploaded. There was a poem, "To The Oak", that blinded the eyes of numerous netizens!

"Who is this girl?"

"Why haven't I heard of this poem?"

"It can't be original work, right? Are junior high students so awesome these days?"

When the girl finally mentioned the poem's name and the composer's name, it dawned on everyone, it was Zhang Ye's new poem! It was published at such an occasion!

“Zhang Ye came out with a new poem!”

“And it's a rare love poem! Classic!”

“That's right, Teacher Zhang Ye's poems are typically used to deride and curse at people. There are too few romantic ones. Only after listening to ‘To The Oak’ did I know that Teacher Zhang has such profound skills in love poems too!”

“Teacher Zhang really does not have any flaws in the realm of poetry!”

“I have to memorize this poem, so that I may confess to my male crush in the future!”

Following that.

A few Peking University students caused a commotion on Weibo.

A Peking University female student @ her boyfriend on Weibo, asking, “If complications arise during my childbirth, would you save me or the child?”

The boyfriend smiled and wittily replied, “Of course I would save you, is there any need to ask!?”

Immediately following that, the girl asked, “Then if your mother jumps into the river and asks you to save the child, what would you do?”

Numerous characters appeared on her boyfriend’s Weibo as a result, “....(&%\$###\$@@(&! ! !”

Many onlookers initially thought that they were just showing their affection towards each other. Some even replied in contempt, however after seeing the last question of the Peking University female student, everyone vomited a mouthful of blood. Many netizens, who were drinking water in front of their computers, spat it out. Many people laughed until their stomachs ached!

“Aiyah!

“Divine! This question is divine!”

“Hahahaha! Peking University female students are fierce! This question is too ruthless!”

This Weibo post was immediately forwarded by numerous people.

The boyfriend was nearly crying as he posted, “Yan’er, who taught you that?”

The Peking University female student answered proudly, “This is Zhang Ye’s joke!”

The boyfriend asked, “Which Zhang Ye? I must kill him! That grandson is too evil!”

“What are you saying!” The Peking University female student posted an angry, staring emoticon, “Zhang Ye is our new teacher!”

This reply of hers was not given much attention to many netizens. After all, there were too many people named Zhang Ye. There were too many people with the same surname and name.

But after a while, a few other Peking University students appeared and posted two poems on Weibo. One was Wang Shuixin’s “Everything” and the other one was also named “Everything”, but credited to Zhang Ye. Upon seeing the two poems, many literature loves were convinced!

“Zhang Ye changed ‘Everything’?”

“It’s far from changed! It’s a complete transformation!”

“Compared to Zhang Ye’s poem, Wang Shuixin’s poem is nothing!”

“This is skill. In the past, it was impossible to tell with one, but

now, with something to compare to, the two similar poems have similar goals to express, but the literary content is completely different. Can't you see? It's not chance that Teacher Zhang Ye's poem are so popular, he really has the ability!"

"A 'Some People' had sent Wang Shuixin to jail. Now, with Teacher Zhang Ye changing 'Everything' to smack his face, this was f**king mutilating the corpse! Hahaha!"

"If Comrade Wang found out about this in jail, he would definitely be tearing up!"

"That's right. His magnum opus is 'Everything', but it has now become Teacher Zhang Ye's work! Teacher Little Zhang Ye is too evil. He is really deserving of the title Face-smacking Prince!"

A few literature scholars, who were more famous, immediately analyzed Zhang Ye's "Everything". They then also did a complete comparison with Wang Shuixin's original, and after countless discussions and appraisals, they unanimously concluded that Zhang Ye's literary attainment was higher than Wang Shuixin by several times! Actually, modifying a poem was much harder than writing a new poem. From this, everyone once again witnessed Zhang Ye's literary standard. Without much to say, he utterly convinced everyone!

Just as everyone was in pursuit of "Everything" (New)'s tail by joyfully and desperately forwarding it, a few people noticed something.

“Eh, why is all of this coming from Peking University?”

“That’s right. The joke about saving the adult or the child was also from Peking University.”

“Posted by Peking University students? Teacher Zhang Ye went to Peking University? What’s he doing there? Is he studying? Postgraduate studies?”

“Hey, that’s possible. Teacher Zhang only has a Bachelor’s. It wouldn’t be surprising if he does postgraduate studies, after all, he has been suspended.”

“Teacher Zhang is returning to his studies?”

“This is big news!”

However, the next piece of news stunned everyone!

A Peking University student tsked, “What do you mean returning to his studies. Teacher Zhang Ye is our new teacher. He will be teaching us ‘Appreciation of the Classics’!”

And at the next moment, Peking University’s official Weibo and official website posted the latest news—Famous radio host, former Beijing Television Station Arts Channel program host, Weiwo WebTV host, famous poet, famous author, famous producer, famous program planner, famous advertisement planner, famous lyrical composer...Teacher Zhang Ye will be joining Peking

University's Chinese department. He will be teaching the elective class, "Appreciation of the Classics"!

After a long list of accolades, a shocking piece of news appeared!

"Heavens!"

"Oh my God!"

"Zhang Ye is going to Peking University to teach?"

"Peking University? Furthermore, the famous Chinese department?"

"Holy mother of god! Zhang Ye is not there for postgraduate studies, but to teach!"

"How can that be? Peking University actually invited Teacher Zhang Ye as a lecturer?"

"Teacher Zhang is motherf**king defying the heavens! He even has the qualifications to teach at Peking University? Although it is only an elective class, "Appreciation of the Classics" is also an important class. Basically half the Peking University's Chinese department students would choose this elective, right?"

"Is this news real?"

“It is, it’s already out on the papers!”

Even the afternoon Beijing papers were filled with news about Zhang Ye!

“Zhang Ye enters Peking University to teach!”

“Zhang Ye joins Peking University! Is it bliss or a tragedy?”

“Zhang Ye has been confirmed to be taking on the role as Peking University’s ‘Appreciation of the Classics’ lecturer!”

“Zhang Ye’s self evaluation: A man above vulgar interests. A man who is of value to the people!”

The moment the news was revealed, Zhang Ye’s fans cried out from excitement. They really felt Teacher Zhang Ye was too awesome. His hosting qualifications had just been suspended by SARFT, and had even entered this year’s SARFT “blacklist” at the number one spot. In the end, he had been invited by Peking University as a lecturer, and was even in charge of an important subject. This was rectifying his reputation! It also showed how sought after Zhang Ye was!

Oh!

Your SARFT discriminates against Zhang Ye?

You people from the entertainment industry do not need Zhang Ye?

It's alright! We from the education world need him! We from Peking University need him!

With this recruitment from Peking University, it gave Zhang Ye another brilliant halo. Zhang Ye's qualifications and accomplishments that he achieved in the past might be at the ground level, but with the title of Peking University lecturer, his qualifications and prestige would soar high in a straight line. It would immediately become several levels higher!

What sort of affirmation was better than that from the educational world?

Furthermore, it was a world class institution of learning like Peking University! It was a famous school, ranked first in the country!

Later on, Zhang Ye's first encounter and exchange with his students at Peking University was posted by a Peking University student!

Zhang Ye's jokes, humor, and literary standards were vividly expressed.

Especially when everyone saw Zhang Ye's final words that evaluated himself. It was even more shocking—"a noble-minded

person, a pure person, a man of moral integrity, and above vulgar interests. A man who is of value to the people.” When people recalled the various experiences of Zhang Ye, while linking it to this evaluation, wasn’t that the case!? Zhang Ye’s self-evaluation was in no way exaggerated!

He was pure—he dared to speak and act!

He was moral—he did not stand for seeing injustices happen!

He was above vulgar interests—He always did things no one else could do!

He was of value to the people—Be it the matter of Father Wei, or his fan contracting a terminal illness, or the hijacking, it was all Zhang Ye coming forward to save the situation!

This was the Zhang Ye in many people’s eyes. These words were described just right, and not too much or little!

“Appreciation of the Classics?”

“I’m looking forward to it! It has to be him teaching the Three Kingdoms, right?”

“Definitely, Teacher Zhang Ye is most skilled in the Three Kingdoms!”

“I haven’t gotten enough of ‘Zhang Ye’s Analysis of the Three Kingdoms’ from back then. I must think of a way to get into Peking University tomorrow! I also want to listen in!”

“Haha, Teacher Zhang Ye will really become a Teacher Zhang Ye in the future!”

Immediately, before Zhang Ye even began teaching, just this piece of news made his popularity soar. Many of Zhang Ye’s fans expressed their overwhelming anticipation!

Chapter 301: There's No Need To Thank Me, Just Call Me Red-scarf Scout!

The other side.

A disciplinary office somewhere at SARFT.

Li Tao, who had been exposed for his wrongdoings, was currently being investigated by the disciplinary commission. He was restricted to this room and had been spending all day giving statements.

Outside, a few disciplinary commission staffs were passing by.

“Did you hear? About Zhang Ye.”

“Him? Didn't he get blacklisted?”

“It's not about that. It's was news that was just released. Peking University has invited him to give lectures. It's not a one-off lecture, but as a lecturer of Peking University teaching classes!”

“What? How does he even qualify!”

“Who knows what the Peking University people are thinking.”

“Such a hooligan like him and Peking University dares to take

him in? They're really good!"

"Hur, recruiting a person like that, there's definitely trouble brewing. Just wait and see."

"Eh, but this Zhang Ye's luck is really good. The headquarters' intention was to knock him off his perch with the ban, but who knew this person did not even get affected and instead went to Peking University to teach? He's doing even better than before? What the hell is this development?!"

"You don't say. This Zhang Ye really has 1 or 2 tricks up his sleeve. Otherwise an institution like Peking University, not just any person could freely enter."

Li Tao, who was in the room, heard this and his expression changed. The person who had caused him to be in this state was Zhang Ye, but Zhang Ye had gone to teach at Peking University? Your grandmother! I'm in this state because of you! I even lost my job as an official, my wife is contemplating divorce, and they are checking on my financial situation, I might even go to jail, but you f**king Zhang are doing just fine? After scolding the SARFT, not only did you not get into trouble, but you even went to the country's number one institution to teach? This is unfair! So unfair! Li Tao wanted to thrash everything in the room. He was so angry that he nearly exploded!

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Beijing.

Jishuitan Hospital.

Beijing Radio Station's Deputy Station Head Jia was lying down in his bed at the Orthopedic ward. He had fallen and broken some bones the last time he was out for a meal with colleagues when he heard some news regarding Zhang Ye. He had already been in the hospital for many days. At this moment, he had just switched on the TV and news regarding Zhang Ye was being reported. The news footage, which was being shown on a Beijing locality channel, was probably also being shown on a few other local channels.

A 30 plus year old female news anchor reported, "Peking University has invited Zhang Ye to teach at their institution. The news has already been verified, and as a 23 year old lecturer, Zhang Ye has broken the record for being the youngest lecturer at Peking University. Even after taking private colleges into account, Zhang Ye would still be considered the youngest lecturer. Our reporter was unable to get an interview with the Dean of the Chinese department, but was lucky enough to secure one with the Chinese department's history professor, Professor Zeng. According to him, this could be considered as an attempt by Peking University, a breaking of new ground. Peking University believes that Teacher Zhang Ye has the ability to take up and fulfill his duty!"

There was only one history professor in the Chinese department and it was Professor Zeng. This was not the same as the history in the History department. It was also a field of study called "Historical Linguistic Studies". This subject was more inclined towards the Chinese department in terms of the subject matter, and as such fell under the jurisdiction of the Chinese department,

but the achievements of the subject actually fell under history, and if we go further into the details, a part of it also fell under the Archaeological department. Professor Zeng was also a joint appointment under the History and Archaeological departments.

An authoritative voice in the field!

A professor of high prestige in Peking University!

Professor Zeng had a high opinion of Zhang Ye in the media. After going on about it for a whole day, he still reiterated his admiration for Zhang Ye's "Analysis of the Three Kingdoms". He had helped to bring down the opposition against Zhang Ye's appointment. After all, Zhang Ye was really still too young and had a rather infamous reputation in the industry. As such, there were also many doubts about him.

Deputy Station Head Jia watched the news in bed and lay there stunned. He was shocked for a whole day, his expression showed disbelief!

"Station Head Jia!"

"Station Head Jia, we've come to visit you."

"Are you feeling better yet?"

A few radio station staff members had come to visit. Zhāng Yě and Jia Yan were also here.

However, despite them greeting him, Deputy Station Head Jia still did not say a word. Instead, he kept staring at the TV as his expression became darker and darker. Only then did they realize and then they turned their heads to see what was being reported. Then, they were also stunned!

“Zhang Ye?”

“Peking University invited him to teach at their institution?”

“What does that Zhang guy have that qualifies him for that?! It can’t be!”

Zhāng Yě and Jia Yan were also bewildered and looked at each other. Zhang Ye had once said when he resigned and left Beijing Radio Station. He said that one day, they were going to regret it. Right now, whether it was Deputy Station Head Jia, or any top level management leader of Beijing Radio Station, they were already experiencing this regret. Zhang Ye was really too talented. Back then, by not treating Zhang Ye with any respect, they now realized that they were in the wrong. If they had treated him well at that time, Zhang Ye might not have left. Then Beijing Radio Station would have created multiple record breaking legendary programs by now, but it was now too late to talk about what ifs. Zhang Ye had already left and did well wherever he went, whether it was at a television station, online television station, or a university. However, their Beijing Radio Station was going from bad to worse by the day!

Suddenly, a phone call came.

“Station Head Jia, your cellphone.....” His secretary reminded him.

Deputy Station Head Jia then came to his senses and checked his phone. He answered the call immediately. “Station Head.”

At the other end came the voice of Beijing Radio Station’s Station Head. “Old Jia, how are your injuries?”

“I’m OK. I will be discharged in a few more days.” Deputy Station Head Jia replied.

The Station Head acknowledged. “Rest well and don’t be in a hurry to leave the hospital. I’ve already arranged for someone over here to cover your duties. As for your duties, we will talk about it after you get better.”

“Station Head! This.....” Deputy Station Head Jia was surprised for a moment.

The Station Head said, “That’s it then.” And then he hung up.

Station Head Jia’s face turned white. He knew that he had been sidelined. Wait for him to get better before discussing? When he gets discharged, there would only be a side job for him to take over! He might even have to opt for early retirement! Deputy Station Head Jia understood it very well. The station has chosen to

sacrifice him!

In the ward, many of the visitors were feeling shocked. They had guessed from Deputy Station Head Jia's expression that something bad had happened. Zhang Ye was now reaching to even greater heights, and the facts had proven that Zhang Ye was indeed a person with a lot of ability, and the chief offender was Deputy Station Head Jia. In the past, no one saying anything about it didn't matter. After all Deputy Station Head Jia was from higher management, and Zhang Ye was just a tiny figure. Now, with Zhang Ye's reputation increasing and his prestige growing, to the point of him entering one of the best schools in the academic world, and how people were using "Dead Water" Zhang Ye recited at the Silver Microphone Awards again and again to smack their faces with incessant questioning of their actions, to which even many people in the industry mocked the Beijing Radio Station for lacking the foresight to chase away such a talent, the only way to rectify all these was to let Deputy Station Head Jia go towards the sidelines. This also demonstrated the Beijing Radio Station's attitude. Someone had to be responsible for this matter!

"Station Head Jia."

"About this...."

The people around him started feeling awkward. They couldn't stay, but yet they couldn't just go either.

Deputy Station Head Jia seemed to instantly age by a few more years. Once upon a time, Zhang Ye was like a speck-like figure that did not matter. He believed he could summon and use him as and

when he wished. He thought he could get rid of him at any moment, but the outcome was that he had belittled him. He had been smacked in the face time and time again. Furthermore, all the methods and tricks Deputy Station Head Jia used had been useless against Zhang Ye. Now that speck-like figure had climbed up to today's position, a spot even higher than him. The scores that Deputy Station Head Jia previously thought little of had finally caught up to him!

“Get out!” Deputy Station Head Jia finally said.

Jia Yan and Zhāng Yě looked at each other again. “Station Head Jia.....”

“I need to rest!” Deputy Station Head Jia was getting angry. He had given the order for them to leave!

Jia Yan was his relative, so he naturally felt depressed. The others were all Deputy Station Head Jia's subordinates, so realizing that he was doomed, they also did not plan on staying. Some of them didn't even bother with niceties and just left. Deputy Station Head Jia finally got a taste of the fickleness of human nature!

.....

Jiao Zi Hu Tong.

Xuanwu District Library.

It was only a few minutes drive away from Zhang Ye's home at Caishikou.

In this world, Xuanwu district still remained as Xuanwu district, but back in his previous world, Xuanwu district had already come under Xicheng district's jurisdiction. There were not many people. As the library was not very large, and was a bit old, along with the fact that a library card was needed before they could browse, many people did not like coming here. However, because this library was older, there was a lot of information that other places lacked. Zhang Ye had managed to find a lot of information regarding "Dream of the Red Chamber".

As he was going through the information, a flood of calls began coming in!

Yao Jiancai was the first, "Little Zhang, you're going against the heavens, aren't you!? Hahaha!"

Zhang Ye laughed and replied, "Old Yao, I have not asked you. Your daughter is also from Peking University?"

"Yes, I didn't tell you? Eh, how did you know then?" Yao Jiancai asked.

Zhang Ye said, "I've already met her, she's one of my students. It's Yao Mi, right? She looks just like you. She has recognizable features. I think her future might lie in being a comedic talent, why is she studying Chinese?"

Yao Jiancai said helplessly, “I, too, wanted her to join the acting department, but her looks did not qualify.”

Zhang Ye exclaimed, “They didn’t give you face?”

“Enough of that. I’m just a C or D-list actor. I don’t have much say about this when it comes to school. By the way, you must take care of my daughter.” Yao Jiancai said.

“Don’t worry. This doesn’t even need to be mentioned.” Zhang Ye said.

Following that, Hu Fei also called. “Little Zhang, you sure are capable. Peking University lecturer. I can’t even mention how envious I am of you. In the future, when my child does university applications, I’m going to look for your assistance.”

Zhang Ye said in an exasperatedly, “I don’t even know if I can keep this job. The contract isn’t even long term. I’m just considered a hired guest lecturer. If I don’t do well, they will definitely not want me next semester.”

Hu Fei laughed. “Enough of that. With your ability at lecturing about the Three Kingdoms, could it not be good?”

The call ended.

The next phone call came. It was his old classmate, Dong Shanshan. “Zhang Ye, congratulations. I saw the news!”

“Thank you. Hur Hur. There’s nothing to congratulate me about. I’m feeling the stress too.” Zhang Ye said honestly.

Suddenly, the voices of many people blared through the phone.

“Teacher Zhang, congratulations!”

“You have made us web hosts proud!”

“That’s right. Haha, I never expected that our web host would be able to enter Peking University as a lecturer. Teacher Little Zhang, do well. Maybe we will also gain some of that glow of yours!”

“Right, I’m anticipating the continuation of your ‘Analysis of the Three Kingdoms’.”

Suddenly, the WebTV department’s Deputy Director Wang Xiong’s voice transmitted over. He had apparently taken the cellphone from Dong Shanshan. “Teacher Little Zhang, your teaching won’t affect your work here, right?”

Zhang Ye said, “Leader, it won’t affect it at all. I’m just teaching for slightly more than ten days. Once the school goes on break, I’ll be heading back to Shanghai as well. If Peking University still wants me to teach next semester, it would also not affect my main job. I’ll have lectures whenever I’m free. I’ll have the freedom of

choosing my own time since it's just an elective class."

Wang Xiong laughed. "That's good. Do well! President Feng and the company are very supportive of you. With your reputation growing, it will also benefit our program."

"Thank you for your support." Zhang Ye said in a placating manner, "Actually I had just been confirmed to be teaching at Peking University. I was about to give you a call to inform you. The previous Professor Wang was hospitalized resulting in me filling in his spot. Hence, it was a bit of a rush, so I didn't have the opportunity to report it to you."

Wang Xiong comforted him, "You don't have to think too much. It's no problem at all. This is a good thing. I'm not being courteous when I said that I support your decision. The company is really supporting you!"

Following that.

Zhang Ye's former colleague from Beijing Radio Station, and also one of the pillars of the radio station, Wang Xiaomei called. She told him something. "Deputy Station Head Jia's position has been changed by the Station Head."

Zhang Ye was surprised, "Why?"

Wang Xiaomei said, "Of course it's because of you. They are settling old scores. Actually, the radio station's head was also

responsible for forcing you out, however there was a need for a scapegoat. Deputy Station Head Jia was the ‘main contributor’ who forced you away, so it’s natural for him to be put aside. Who else would be able to stand that bunch of fans of yours who post “Dead Water” on our Beijing Radio Station’s official website every day or two .”

When Zhang Ye heard this, he also gave a slight chuckle. Actually, if Teacher Xiaomei had not told him this, he had almost forgotten Deputy Station Head Jia existed. However, he was pleased to hear that such a person had finally received his retribution. “Thank you, Teacher Xiaomei. Is everyone still doing well? How’s Director Zhao? Xiaofang? How’s Big Sis Zhou and Auntie Sun?”

Wang Xiaomei smiled and said, “Everyone is fine. Now that you are back in Beijing, let’s find an opportunity to catch up. Oh, I forgot you will be busy during this time. Let’s see when there is an opportunity. Congratulations. You are no ordinary person now. Looking at the introduction on Peking University’s official website, there are probably like seven or eight items in that list of accolades, right? Each one of them has the words famous something. This word famous isn’t added on to anybody!”

Zhang Ye was amused as he said, “Teacher Xiaomei, there’s no need to flatter me. How would I not know how much I’m worth? Let’s meet up when I’m free.”

Wang Xiaomei said, “Alright. Let’s have a gathering then.”

Zhang Ye said, “Very well, also pass my greetings to Director

Zhao, Big Sis Zhou, and the others.”

Wang Xiaomei said, “Got it. I’ll pass it on. I’m looking forward to you lecturing on the ‘Analysis of the Three Kingdoms’ to the Peking University students. If there is a video posted online, I’ll definitely watch it.”

There were phone calls one after another.

They were all from old friends and former colleagues. They all said they were anticipating his new ‘Analysis of the Three Kingdoms’!

Three Kingdoms?

Everyone thought it would be Three Kingdoms?

Zhang Ye shrugged his shoulders. Even after hanging up the phone, he did not tell them that he wasn’t planning on doing “Romance of the Three Kingdoms”. He already had a better topic to teach. Also as a cultural hipster who dabbled in literature, Zhang Ye naturally could not sit idle while the world misunderstood “Dream of the Red Chamber”. Neither could he stand seeing them misunderstand Cao Xueqin. He had to publicly rectify it. As the only person on this planet who knew the truth about “Dream of the Red Chamber”, Zhang Ye had a responsibility to tell the truth to everyone!

It was like how Zhang Ye used the poems and songs from his

world. He was not plagiarising. He did not only want to use it to become famous. He was not trying to use the wisdom of the giants without using his brain. That really wasn't the case. In fact, Zhang Ye did not want the classic works from his world to be buried. As a bridge that connected these two worlds, as an ambassador of these two planets, Zhang Ye was shouldered with the mission to proliferate the arts!

It was an important mission!

Was it tiring? It really was!

However, he was not afraid. He could bear all the hardships that came with this responsibility!

Hai, it's to serve the people after all. There's no need to thank me, just call me Red-scarf Scout*!

*It's an online slang for being a person who does things without wanting recognition for it.

Chapter 302: Blasted!

It was late in the afternoon.

“Mister.”

“Eh, what’s the matter?”

“Please keep silent in the library.”

“Oh, I’m sorry.”

“Well, do not affect the others. Thank you for your cooperation.”

Xuanwu Library’s female staff member came by to remind Zhang Ye of the rules.

Thus, Zhang Ye stopped taking any calls. He had already answered all of them anyway. His research was almost done, so he prepared to leave. He drove home with the remaining information in his head, which was from his previous world. On the road, Zhang Ye brought up the game ring’s interface and checked his total Reputation Points — 1.7 million. It wasn’t bad, it was enough to for him to use it to organize his thoughts and knowledge of “Dream of the Red Chamber”.

Actually, Zhang Ye had almost spent all of his Reputation Points on the recording of “Zhang Ye’s Talk Show”, but with the

publishing of “To The Oak” and his new “Everything”, as well as the news of him joining Peking University, more people started to know about him. This had given him the opportunity to gain even more Reputation. This was probably how he had gotten his 1.7 million Reputation points.

At home.

His father and mother were still not back from work.

Zhang Ye was getting a little tired as he leaned back on his couch. He took off his shoes and sat cross-legged on it while going online to take a look with his cellphone. He wanted to see the reactions to his joining of Peking University. A few hours ago, when the news first broke, many of Zhang Ye’s fans were very excited. There were congratulations, admiration, and many other passers-by who expressed their disbelief, but there weren’t many aggressive comments, but now, a few hours later, the comments online became more and more extreme. Quite a few domestic newspapers had strongly questioned Zhang Ye’s appointment!

In the educational circle.

In the literature circle.

In the students’ parents circle.

They all seemed to be on steroids!

A certain Huaxi Daily, which had a sizable domestic circulation, had published the following headline “What’s up with Peking University?”. The article reported: Zhang Ye’s appointment as a lecturer in Peking University has already stirred up strong opinions in society. As the number one institution in the country, as a global educational institution, we do not understand what’s up with Peking University. To employ a person of only 23 years of age, who has even been put on the SARFT blacklist, who doesn’t meet any of the standards of a broadcast host. Why would they say that this is breaking new ground? A one time trial? It’s a good thing to have change and progress, but there are many ways to innovate. Yet Peking University had to choose the most shocking way to do this. By employing a person like Zhang Ye, who has a bad reputation in his industry, isn’t this being too irresponsible to the students of Peking University?

This report was not published physically in Huaxi Daily’s print edition, but posted online. Even so, a newspaper like Huaxi Daily has a larger influence than the smaller newspaper publishers. The publication of this online report was like adding oil to fire!

Many netizens were shocked with amazement.

“Yea, that’s too much!”

“Zhang Ye can teach? Then even I can become a professor!”

“Peking University’s playing with fire this time! If it goes on like this, I think they would soon be surpassed by Tsinghua University as the number one institution. What kind of nonsense is this!”

“What kind of person is Zhang Ye like? Yes, his literary qualities aren’t bad, but too bad he is also a literary hooligan. To let him teach young people at Peking University? What would he teach? Teach them how to scold people?”

“This is like sending a tiger into a sheep farm!”

“The Peking University students are going to be led astray this time!”

“What qualifications does Zhang Ye have? He’s not fit to be a lecturer!”

“That’s right, there are many others who can teach ‘Appreciation of the Classics’! Why does it have to be this Zhang Ye who can’t do sh*t! I guess Peking University’s the only institution who has the guts to do this! Are you all really not afraid that Zhang Ye would cause some big trouble? Did you not see what happened to Beijing Radio Station, the live broadcast incident at Beijing Television Station, the press conference at SARFT? Does that not show what kind of person Zhang Ye is? And yet Peking University dares to employ him?”

Following that, the opposing voices could also be seen on Weibo.

Some industry experts and professor also began to make their views known!

An old professor from Tsinghua University, who was very well-respected in the academia world, posted on Weibo, blasting him. “Peking University has been engaging in so-called innovative educative methods. There have been failures and successes, so no one would comment too much about it, but today’s matter is too drastic. In my forty years of teaching, the first ten years was me accumulating experiencing in a rural secondary school. The next five years, I attempted teaching at a provincial university. After all that time did I finally manage to cross into the gates of Tsinghua University to be a substitute teacher as lecturer. It was a gradual process. The teaching standards of a teacher is slowly accumulated, and not leapfrogged. I used fifteen years of experience to enter Tsinghua University, so I want to ask, what is Zhang Ye basing it on? Based on experience? He does not have any! Based on his educational background? He does not have any! Based on his resume? He also does not have any! He’s not even a person who came through the education system! Based on personal relationships? Whether there’s such a thing or not, I don’t know!” This sentence was rather strong. Not only was it targeted at Zhang Ye, it was also directed at Peking University!

With Tsinghua University’s old professor’s lead, many others could no longer hold it in!

Renmin University’s Professor Ma Hengyuan appeared once again. He was the one who was originally set as “Lecture Room”’s first lecturer, but later ended with conflict with Zhang Ye, Hu Fei, and their team, resulting in Zhang Ye replacing him. It could be said that Ma Hengyuan had a serious grudge with Zhang Ye. Besides, he was a professor in literature, so he had the right to comment on this matter. “I can definitely say that by inviting Zhang Ye to teach appreciation, this is the biggest mistake Peking University has made in recent years. Zhang Ye may be able to write

a poem or prose, but to evaluate the classics, he doesn't have enough qualifications!" He was disgruntled. Up to now, he did not believe Zhang Ye did a better job lecturing the Three Kingdoms than him.

Some students also started making their views known.

They were all students of either Ma Hengyuan or the Tsinghua University professor's students!

"Support Professor Ma!"

"Zhang Ye is going to Peking University? He's going to make a fool of himself!"

"Zhang Ye's a celebrity of the entertainment circle, what does he know?!"

"He had already been warned by the SARFT and can no longer stay in the entertainment circle, so now he comes to knock on the educational circle's door? This is not only being irresponsible to us students! It is also insulting the all educators and their predecessors!"

"I don't think Zhang Ye will make good on this appointment. He can present his program well, but to teach others? He does not even qualify! When did it ever come to his turn in this education world?"

Not long after, people from the literary circle also appeared!

Beijing Writer's Association's Vice President Meng Dongguo commented. He a grudge with Zhang Ye, far greater than Professor Ma Hengyuan. It was not only a single conflict. Back at the Mid-Autumn Festival Poetry Meet and at the Couplet Competition, Zhang Ye had previously used Guo Degang's limerick, "It's not like I'll come" back at him when Meng Dongguo said the Beijing Writer's Association would never want a person like Zhang Ye. Now with so many people questioning Zhang Ye's teaching ability, he was no longer alone.

Meng Dongguo posted, "A person who couldn't even get into the Writers' Association now wants to shamelessly teach 'Appreciation of the Classics'? 'Analysis of the Three Kingdoms' was just a variety program. It was only presented to the masses and only touches the surface of the topic. Basically in the literary circle, as long as anyone has done deep enough research, they would know that 'borrowing the east wind' did not exist, that 'the empty fort strategy' also did not exist. Did we even need Zhang Ye to tell us? With most people already knowing this, you now want to use this information to teach the gifted students of Peking University? Isn't that child's play? Everyone, get this clear. Zhang Ye's 'Analysis of the Three Kingdoms' is about history, not literature. If you use 'Analysis of the Three Kingdoms' to point out the logic of 'Romance of the Three Kingdoms', then would this still be called literature? Literature and history are two different fields. If you are in the field of literature, then naturally you would need to study this novel's value and significance and not make a fuss about it. This is really laughable, it'll totally improperly belittle oneself!"

Someone replied after that.

“Right!”

“”Analysis of the Three Kingdoms’ is based on history!”

“Come to think of it, in so many episodes of ‘Analysis of the Three Kingdoms’, Zhang Ye had never talked about the novel’s literary contributions and significance. It’s all him denying and bringing up what was real and what wasn’t!”

“You hit the spot!”

“I don’t expect much from Zhang Ye either!”

Of course, there were also people in the industry who supported Zhang Ye. For example, a not very well-known author said, “Someone who can speak so thoroughly about the Three Kingdoms, why would he only critique the novel? Not explain its literary significance? Zhang Ye had already done a thorough study on the ‘Romance of the Three Kingdoms’ from front to back and back to front. He could talk about it all the same. Doesn’t Zhang Ye already have a lot of works? Just citing the most recent ‘To The Oak’ and the new ‘Everything’, how can there still be people who doubt his literary level? I believe that a person who can produce so many outstanding poems would definitely be able to give a good talk about a famous classic. In fact, I feel that Peking University has made a very correct choice by inviting Zhang Ye to join them!”

But these words of support for Zhang Ye were quickly flooded over into nothing!

More and more educators began to repeatedly denounce Zhang Ye as a black sheep joining Peking University. They all expressed their outrage!

Deputy Station Head Jia, who had already been relieved of his duties, also jumped out to say “If you want to teach others, first you need to know how to be upright. Zhang Ye is a typical person who does not know how to be a person, so how could he teach the students well? I will be the first to distrust him!” Seeing Zhang Ye besieged on all sides, Deputy Station Head Jia also took the chance to add fuel to fire!

With so many famous predecessors and well-known people denouncing Zhang Ye, many parents of the Peking University students, who did not know better, also started to believe what was being said. After all, compared to those authoritative figures, Zhang Ye was only someone from the entertainment circle. The parents would, of course, choose to believe those teachers from the educational and literature world.

“What the heck is Peking University trying to do?”

“Don’t let that Zhang Ye contaminate the campus!”

“My child is one of those who had chosen to take the ‘Appreciation of the Classics’ elective! That Zhang Ye musn’t lead my child astray! I’ve watched an episode of his Talk Show before. He really has no bottom line!”

The discussions were totally one-sided!

Zhang Ye had once again become the topic of discussion!

Many neutral observers were now speechless. At the beginning, didn't everyone congratulate and were looking forward to it? In the end, everyone started to denounce him? This Teacher Zhang Ye, you really attract too much hate. Just how many people have you offended in the past! Every time something happens to him, why does it always become a gunfight!?

Honestly speaking, if it were somebody else, even if a host from the entertainment circle, who was even more unreliable than Zhang Ye, had been invited to Peking University to teach instead, they might not have caused such a controversy, but just because it was Zhang Ye who had been the one appointed to teach, there was no other way out. Who asked him to have offended so many people before? Whether it was in the entertainment circle, the literary circle, the education circle, or even a government unit, who had he not offended before!?

If there was a competition for “China's Best Tank*”, Zhang Ye would definitely have been crowned the winner without a doubt. Even if he were to stand there and keep quiet, he'd steadily attract hatred!

*Tank is a character role in gaming, mostly MMORPG's. They are mainly intended to take damage by drawing “aggro” or “hatred” from enemies.

Chapter 303: An Extremely Packed Public Class!

The next day.

Winter had arrived, so it was a little cold.

It looked like the sun was still doing its job, so the skies were still clear.

On this important day, Zhang Ye had gotten up very early. It was his first day as a teacher and also his first day conducting a lesson, so of course he had to make preparations. He showered and made himself up a little before selecting a few clothes. In the end, he chose a very basic suit of a neutral color. He did not wear something that would make him stand out too much. After all he was not recording a program, or appearing on TV, but rather giving lessons to his students instead. It was not wrong for a teacher to dress modestly, otherwise people might start saying things and that would affect his teaching quality.

“Dad, how is this?” Zhang Ye asked his father.

His father took a look, then nodded, “OK, this is fine.”

“What do you think, Mum?” Zhang Ye adjust his suit.

His mother who was just preparing breakfast, glanced over,

“Good, my son will look good in whatever he wears.”

“Hur Hur, then this will be it.” Zhang Ye sat down and began to eat, “Dad, Mum, I won’t wash the dishes later. I need to go after I’m done here. The department just informed me that my class will begin at 9:30AM. I will be late if I don’t leave on time, there’s always a traffic jam over at Zhongguancun.”

His mother threw another 2 dumplings into his bowl, “Alright, it’s not like I need you to wash the dishes anyway. Eat more, eat more. You’ve got to perform well today, so you can do your father and I proud!”

Zhang Ye smiled, “Sure.”

His father looked at him and asked, “Have you prepared your lesson already?”

“It’s ready. I worked till the wee hours last night.” Zhang Ye answered.

Although he did not sleep early last night, he was in good spirits as he still had enough sleep. He had already completed all the things he needed to do. The game ring’s reputation points had all been spent on buying “Memory Search Capsules”, which he used to retrieve knowledge of “Dream of the Red Chamber”. Of course, the main resources he used were Wang Xinwu’s novel version and his ‘Lecture Room’ episodes, in which he spoke about “Dream of the Red Chamber”. Old Wang was an authority in the world of Redologists. Although there were many disputes about his views,

his way of presenting could be said as a novelty as his perspectives were very unexpected. This was why when Zhang Ye listened to others speak at length about “Dream of the Red Chamber” in his previous world, he felt very uninterested or even sleepy, but when he heard Old Wang speak about it, he would listen to it with relish. As a host, Zhang Ye placed a lot of importance on the word “relish”. As a teacher, Zhang Ye felt the same. He has always thought that education and entertainment were inseparable. Entertainment was used to better education, to spread education in a better way. To this idea, he was going to put it to the test today.

.....

Peking University.

8:30AM.

As he drove to the school and upon passing the school’s main entrance, Zhang Ye noticed many people at Peking University today. He did not know whether they were here to visit, but a lot of people were walking in. Zhang Ye was not bothered by this and he drove directly to the grounds of the Chinese department. He parked his car at the designated spot for teaching staff, even though he had not applied for a pass yet, but it should be fine since everyone was friends now, so he just found an empty lot and squeezed his BMW in.

Upon getting off, he saw some familiar faces.

The doors of low-end car brand, that was of this world’s, opened.

He saw Professor Zeng and another Chinese department male teacher getting out of it. Maybe it was along the way, so they came to school together.

“Little Zhang.”

“Teacher Little Zhang, you’ve come?”

The two of them smiled and greet Zhang Ye.

Zhang Ye also walked closer, “Professor Zeng, Teacher Yan.”

Professor Zeng asked with concern, “How are your preparations?”

Zhang Ye said, “It’s OK, I’m ready for class.”

Professor Zeng laughed heartily, “I’m rather looking forward to it. I don’t have a class later, so Teacher Yan and I will go over to listen in to your class, are we welcomed?”

“That is my honor.” Zhang Ye smiled, “But don’t say that you will be there to listen, it’s making me nervous. If you join my class, it will be to invigilate my teaching methods. If I don’t do well in anyway, I hope you two can point it out to me.”

Professor Zeng pointed at him, “You’re being too modest. In this area, you are the real master. Old Yan and me are not qualified to

find fault with you. And you? Nervous? You look quite relaxed to me now.”

Teacher Yan also said joyfully, “Teacher Little Zhang, you have already been doing television for so long and even done a number of live broadcasts before. You didn’t even get nervous on those occasions, so how could holding a class be any pressure for you? Looking at you, I think you already have it all planned out. This is the look of confidence.”

They continued chatting as they made their way to the teacher’s office.

There were a few offices. Zhang Ye and Professor Zeng were located in the same office area, but being a professor, he had his own independent room. Zhang Ye, being a new teacher, had his work desk in the cubicle area. The department had given him a table by the window. Of course, the office cubicles here were different from those in a company. Every teacher’s work desk was much larger, up to 7 or 8 meters, and the partitioned areas were not too small. This was also due to the fact that there were not many lecturers in Peking University. Whoever could take a seat in here, even if they were just ordinary lecturers, whether or not they looked outstanding, were still the *crème de la crème* of the educational world.

“Good morning, teachers.” Zhang Ye greeted.

There were 8 or 9 teachers in this office area. When they heard him, they all looked over to him curiously.

Professor Zeng helped to introduce Zhang Ye to everyone, “This is Teacher Zhang Ye. He will be joining us officially today at Peking University.” Then he pointed out for Zhang Ye, “This is Teacher Sun, he teaches Modern Literature class. This is Teacher Liu, he teaches Classical Literature. That is....the soon-to-be Professor Wu, he teaches the Chinese language.”

“How are you, Teacher Sun?”

“Hello, how are you.”

“Professor Wu, how are you? Please give me your guidance.”

“Welcome.”

Zhang Ye said hello to everyone politely.

The teachers from the Chinese department also returned his pleasantries.

It could be seen that only a few people were interested in Zhang Ye. Most of them might not have known Zhang Ye well, so they just exchanged some words before going back to ignoring him. There were others who obviously did not think much of Zhang Ye. Their eyes shifted around with doubts and distrust and they did not make any attempt to speak with him. After the basic pleasantries, they busied themselves again. Someone even quietly shook their head while in their seat, but even though they had

doubts about Zhang Ye's teaching capabilities, due to the school's recruitment, they did not say too much. After all, he was the appointed by President Wu to be a lecturer and Zhang Ye was already now a member of their staff. This fact was cast in stone now.

After some time, the pleasantries were done. Zhang Ye went back to his desk to put down his belongings. He looked at his watch and stood up again, for he was prepared to begin class.

When he stepped out of the office area, he was met with the oldest Professor in the Chinese department — Yan Jiantao.

Zhang Ye quickly greeted, "Professor Yan, good morning."

Yan Jiantao did not even look at Zhang Ye and just gave a cursory answer before walking away..

Zhang Ye shrugged, but was not bothered by it. It's not the first time he was being doubted and taken lightly, he had gotten used to it, so he did not put it to heart. As for the denouncement from the netizens and newspapers, Zhang Ye had already seen them all yesterday. He felt the same way towards that. He had already been through so many storms, so he was becoming more and more ambivalent to the nasty words of others about him. He was also too lazy to bring it up to them, at least not now. All of this would be meaningless and he would use his actions to prove himself. Zhang Ye only cared about his lesson today, so that was what was most important to him.

Along the way through the teacher's building, many people cast weird glances at Zhang Ye. Their eyes exuded mixed feelings and they were looking at him in all sorts of ways. Some even felt like they were looking at him with contempt.

Almost no one in society felt that Zhang Ye was a good appointment for Peking University.

Even amongst Peking University's professors, almost none of them thought Zhang Ye was any good. They even felt that Zhang Ye would probably only last 2 or 3 lectures before being asked to leave. The university would not let him finish the semester. This was because teaching depended on experience and skills, everyone felt that Zhang Ye, as an outsider, would not have these points. Some of them even believed that if an industry outsider was giving lectures, the students would not even be interested to listen!

But yet, that was far from the truth!

When Zhang Ye made his way to the lecture theater, he was stunned!

When many of Peking University's teachers and professors passed by the 9:30AM class for "Appreciation of the Classics", they too were shocked!

People!

People everywhere!

“Aiyo, don’t push!”

“Let me in!”

“Who are you all? What are you doing in our class?”

“F**k, I’m registered for this class, but why can’t I even get a seat?”

The tiny lecture theater was packed with people. The 200 seats were fully taken. Some people even brought their own chairs from their dormitories and sat along the aisle. The groups of people had even nearly taken up the space around the podium. This was not even the end! Because the lecture theater was situated on the 1st storey, the windows facing the sports field were also packed with people outside. Numerous Peking University students just made themselves comfortable outside the windows. There were also reporters in there carrying video cameras. A rough estimate would say that there were about 30-40 journalistic workers present. They were all from the various television stations and newspaper publishers. How they managed to get in, no one knew!

A few hundred people!

A full several hundred people had filled up the entire lecture theater and the corridor outside it!

Zhang Ye nearly fainted. My elective class only has slightly over a

hundred people. Why the f**k are there so many here now? How am I supposed to conduct my lesson this way!

“Quick, look!”

“Zhang Ye is coming!”

“Teacher Zhang! Please accept our interview!”

“Right now, everyone’s doubting your teaching level, what do you have to say about this?”

“I’m the reporter for Beijing Daily newspaper, can you tell us.....”

Zhang Ye put out his hand and blocked them, saying with a straight face, “Sorry, this is not a public lecture. I won’t take any forms of interview right now, please go back. Please don’t disturb the students or their chance to learn!”

But the reporters did not listen, they just surrounded him.

The department Dean, Chang Kaige, and Secretary Zhen Shuquan were also startled. They brought along a wave of teachers and rushed over. There was even a security team dispatched to maintain order. None of them had expected this. Zhang Ye had already been denounced so badly, being scolded like he was a piece of dog turd. Why were there still so many people here to join in the hustle and bustle!?

“Reporters, please leave! This is a school!”

“Please come after the class to do the interview! Teacher Zhang Ye needs to start his lessons now!”

“Dean Chang! Can we observe the lecture? Everyone in society is very concerned about Zhang Ye’s lecture this time. We would also like to do a first-hand report about it to give answers to the society!”

“Let me say it again, please leave!”

“And those students who are not enrolled in ‘Appreciation of the Classics’ should leave as well! There aren’t enough seats for the class! If you’re not in this class, what are you doing here?!”

Chang Kaige and Zhen Shuquan were furious!

Not only did the number people not decrease, instead it increased. A number of Peking University students who heard also rushed over, as if they all wanted to listen to Zhang Ye’s lesson!

Chang Kaige said dumbfounded, “Why are there so many people?”

Zhen Shuquan said helplessly, “It looks like we’ve underestimated Teacher Little Zhang’s influence amongst the

younger generation.”

Indeed, there were many people who doubted and scolded Zhang Ye, but there were also a lot of people who liked him, especially among the younger generation. Zhang Ye had a certain appeal to them!

Yao Mi arrived!

Her dormitory mates and classmates also arrived!

When they saw the scene, they all exclaimed together at once!

Professor Zeng and a few Chinese department teachers had also arrived. They came hoping to join the class and listen in, but seeing the situation here, they were all stunned. Don't talk about listening in, it looked like they wouldn't even make it into the class with all these people!

“Secretary Zhen, Dean Chang, what should we do?” Professor Zeng had been stepped on quite a few times and his face was green. It wasn't easy just to squeeze in to come to the side of the department leader.

Chang Kaige and the other also had no ideas. The place was chaotic and they couldn't maintain order, so they ended up calling the management for instructions.

Two minutes later.

Chang Kaige called Zhang Ye over and brought him away from the people, “Teacher Little Zhang, there’s a last minute change. You can’t give your lecture here, so the management has specially arranged for you to use the auditorium. You will be giving a public lecture today. Would that be a problem?”

Zhang Ye smiled, “No problem, it’s all the same.”

“Alright then. Go to the auditorium to prepare!” Chang Kaige instructed. Then he and Zhen Shuquan addressed the students and reporters, “Everyone, please quiet down, quiet down. There will be a change in the lesson to become a public lecture. Would the reporters please proceed to Auditorium 3. We will arrange for someone to receive you all. Students, please also proceed to the hall for seating. Don’t jam up this place anymore. Please do not push and be careful, proceed to the next location in an orderly fashion!”

With that, everyone rushed out of the doors and cleared the lecture theater!

Many of the reporters were carrying their video cameras and running towards the auditorium!

Many of the students also rushed out after hearing the change in lesson plans. They had to be there early to get their seats. Whoever went there first would get the better seats in front!

Yao Mi was going crazy, “Why is it like this?!”

Yao Mi's dormitory mate pulled at her, "Let's go, quick! If we get there late, there won't be any seats left!"

"This is really amazing!" The brothers Li Ying and Li Li ran along while being at a loss whether to laugh or cry, "We're only trying to have our elective class! Why does it feel like we're at war?! Those who're less fit might not even make it in? I have known Zhang Ye to be quite popular in Beijing, but this is still too exaggerated.....Aiyo! Who bumped into me!" Li Ying nearly fell flat onto the floor as his shoes were trodden black!

This was the also what many of the Chinese department professors and lecturers wanted to say as well. It was just an elective class, how on earth did it attract so many people? From the looks of it, it seemed like many more Peking University students were intending to skip their classes to come listen to Zhang Ye's lecture? Not attending their own lessons? This made the Chinese department teachers a little angry!

If they had a 100 students in their classes and 95 showed up, it would be considered a very good turn out since there were surely some who would be late or absent.

But just look at Zhang Ye's class!

An elective class that initially had only a hundred over students was now attracting over 500 to 600 people?

How can it be! There was a damn increase of 500% in

attendance!!

Chapter 304: Zhang Ye's Dropping Of Atomic Bombshells!

Peking University.

An auditorium on the west side of campus.

The time was now 9:45AM.

The class “Appreciation of the Classics”, which had been scheduled for 9:30AM, was now delayed by a quarter of an hour.

This auditorium was usually only used for academic conferences or large public lectures. As it was not prepared beforehand, there was still a banner that wrote “Academic Conference For Education” in bright red hanging above the auditorium’s stage. Peking University’s staff quickly removed the banner, but could not find time to put one up for Zhang Ye, leaving it empty.

Everyone rushed in with one objective.

There were students, Peking University teachers, and also reporters.

“Friends of the press, please sit in this area. Kindly turn off your video cameras!”

“Why? No filming? Then what kind of public lecture is this?”

“I’ll repeat it once more. Please turn off you video cameras and camera flashes. Today’s public lecture does not allow filming to take place. Please cooperate, thank you.”

“Then can we do an interview after the lesson?”

“Not today.”

“How can you all do this? We came all the way here and you don’t let us do interviews or filming?”

“It’s the department that had given the green light, otherwise this wouldn’t even be a public lecture. So please try to understand, we have our rules as well. If you can’t cooperate, then please leave!”

“Alright, we understand.”

Peking University was very firm on its stand on such matters. They did not accommodate to any of their grumblings. The reporters knew what sort of place this was too. They knew that they being allowed in was already a very good gesture by the university, so they also did not push it too far. Just the name of Peking University alone was enough to make people mind their behavior.

The reporters took their seats.

Professor Zeng and a few other Chinese department teachers were seated in the front row. At last, the department dean and secretary also arrived and got seated.

Professor Zeng smiled, “This is the first time an elective class of our department has gotten so many of us gathered in full force.”

A Chinese department teacher shook his head and sighed, “I’m just afraid that when the time comes, we will be embarrassed. The bigger the turnout, the harder it is to keep it under wraps. We still don’t know how the media would report it.”

Professor Zeng said, “Teacher Zhang has the ability. Such a situation shouldn’t happen.”

“Hopefully.” The Chinese department teacher was still not optimistic about Zhang Ye’s lecture. He kept feeling like he was on tenterhooks.

Suddenly, a figure appeared at the auditorium’s entrance. It was Wu Zeqing. When she saw the almost packed auditorium, she smiled a little before walking over.

Chang Kaige stood up quickly, “President Wu.”

Zhen Shuquan also said, “What are you doing here?”

“I heard that there were many reporters here, so I wanted to take a look at it myself.” Wu Zeqing was wearing a long skirt today. She

gracefully walked in her skirt and took a seat in the front row seat herself.

After her, there were also a few other professors who came in, but they were not from the Chinese department, but instead other department professors and teachers. It was not known what reason they came for. Maybe it was curiosity, but they had turned up to listen to Zhang Ye's first public lecture. The few of them observed the situation at the entrance and secretly felt shocked. They had just heard that Zhang Ye's class had a situation of overcrowding, so much so that even Zhang Ye could not get into the lecture hall. They had not believed it, but now seeing all of this before their eyes, they finally understood the news that they heard had not been exaggerated at all. In fact, it was understated. This medium-sized auditorium could hold about 1200 people, yet all the seats had nearly been taken up by the students alone!

And people were still streaming in!

There were still Peking University students who rushed over upon hearing the news!

At this rate, nothing would stop the 1200 seats from filling up!

The few professors from the other departments were feeling quite envious. An industry outsider, a host, crossing fields into Peking University to give a lecture in front of the professionals. And yet he could attract so many Peking University students that wanted to listen in? They had even skipped their own classes to come listen to Zhang Ye's lecture? These well-known teachers and professors of the education world could no longer keep their faces.

But the Peking University students were very excited.

Yao Mi managed to get a good seat upfront. She had been extremely looking forward to this and said, "I wonder how Teacher Zhang would talk about the 'Romance of the Three Kingdoms' today. Is there still more to talk about?"

Li Ying said, "Would it really be the 'Romance of the Three Kingdoms'?"

"It will be for sure. Zhang Ye's not familiar with the others." Li Li said.

Yao Mi did not take it well, "Come on, there's nothing my Uncle Zhang doesn't know! He can speak about anything without problems!"

The straight A student, Senior Song, who was silently reading her book and sat just beside them suddenly said, "Among the famous classics, as long as he doesn't lecture about 'Dream of the Red Chamber', with Teacher Zhang Ye's literary background, he would surely be able to handle anything."

Yao Mi did not understand, "Why can't 'Dream of the Red Chamber' be lectured?"

Li Ying knew a bit more, "Hur Hur, it's not that it is prohibited from being lectured, but it can't be taught."

The provocative Senior Zhou, who was sitting a row behind them, added, “Looks like Junior Yao has never studied ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’? This is a novel that no one dares touch.” Then he explained to Yao Mi and a few others who did not understand as well.

After listening, Yao Mi understood it, “Damn it. Teacher Zhang had previously asked me what topic I thought we would like to listen to. So I told him that it would be ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’!”

Senior Zhou said with a gasp, “Surely not?”

Senior Song glanced at them, “Don’t worry. Teacher Zhang wouldn’t listen to you, he’s not that stupid.”

Yao Mi patted her chest and breathed a sigh of relief, “That’s good, that’s good.”

Many others in the auditorium were also wondering what topic Zhang Ye would be lecturing about.

The reporters interacted amongst themselves.

“Who knows what Zhang Ye would lecture about?”

“We did not get any updates from Peking University, so I don’t

know.”

“It’s a 99% chance that it would be the ‘Romance of the Three Kingdoms’. If not, then ‘Water Margin’ or ‘Journey to the West’?”

“It would not be the ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’ anyway. Hur Hur.”

“Nonsense, who doesn’t know that?”

From the start, everyone had already consciously left out “Dream of the Red Chamber”. No one had a doubt about it, they took it for granted that this would be the case.

Chang Kaige who was in the front row also asked, “What’s the topic that Teacher Zhang would be lecturing about? ‘Romance of the Three Kingdoms’ or Water Margin?”

The passing staff, who was being asked, was stunned, “Oh, I forgot to ask. Teacher Zhang Ye did not mention anything about it. He is still preparing backstage.”

Zhen Shuquan was at a loss for words. “We don’t even know what he will be lecturing on?”

Professor Zeng smiled, “Don’t worry, it will be fine as long as it’s not ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’.”

Suddenly, the Chinese department's most distinguished professor, Professor Yan Jiantao said, "Dream of the Red Chamber? Little Zhang would have to dare to speak about it first. No one in the industry dares to touch on this topic."

Chang Kaige laughed, "Little Zhang is not that muddle-headed."

Zhen Shuquan did not think that Zhang Ye would speak about "Dream of the Red Chamber". This thought had not even passed him.

A department teacher said, "Professor Yan is here too?"

Yan Jiantao nodded lightly to President Wu and the Dean politely as they freed up a seat for him. He sat down preparing to listen to Zhang Ye's lecture. Actually, he was not curious, but merely came to pick on him.

No matter what everyone's purpose of being here was for, this lecture was still highly anticipated!

The teachers were concerned, the students were concerned, the reporters were concerned, the education world was concerned, and even society was concerned!

Peking University's staff members had set up the video cameras, a total of three to face the stage. They did not allow the reporters to do filming, but Peking University would need to do so to keep a record. This was a public lecture after all.

.....

10 A.M.

The auditorium doors closed. No one was allowed in anymore.

The 1200 seats had been filled up completely and it was still not enough. About a dozen Peking University students, who barely arrived in time, had no seats. So they could only stand along the aisle as they did not want to leave. No one wanted to leave, even if they had to stand. Everyone's eyes were fixed on to the stage.

It was time.

A female staff member tested the microphone and then announced, "Please welcome Teacher Zhang Ye."

The reporters did not react. The professors and teachers of Peking University also did not stir much. Instead, the Peking University students were the ones who cheered and applauded loudly. They were very passionate!

Zhang Ye came out.

The female staff member handed the microphone over to him and went off stage.

He walked towards the podium and placed the microphone into the microphone holder. Then he observed the packed audience and smiled a little. He did not suffer from stage fright and spoke with composure, “Sorry for the delay. Because of a tiny situation, today’s lesson has been changed into a public lecture. As the first time speaking as a lecturer on stage, I am actually feeling very nervous.”

The students went, “Hahaha!”

Zhang Ye said in confusion, “But this is not the joke?”

The students went again, “HAHAHAHA!” They laughed even louder this time.

Zhang Ye was speechless. He was truly very speechless. “Alright then, you guys really have a low laughing point.”

This was a habitual reaction. Many in the audience had watched “Zhang Ye’s Talk Show” before and were accustomed to funny thoughts whenever they saw Zhang Ye speaking.

A proper class had become a Talk Show. Zhang Ye hurriedly withheld himself. Today, he was not standing there as a host, but as a lecturer. “I previously told my students that my classes aren’t too particular. Anyone can ask me questions or talk about their own opinions and theories. The more debate there is, the better. Of course, that is limited to my students. As for others, regardless of reason, please do not interrupt my class. Thank you for your cooperation. These are the ground rules I am setting for my

lecture.” These words were clearly meant for the reporters.

“Then....” Zhang Ye looked over to the dozen odd Peking University students, who were still standing, “Can our reporter comrades over there please let our students have their seats?”

The reporters were stunned.

“Ah?”

“Give up our seats?”

Holy sh*t! He’s chasing us off immediately after getting on stage!

Zhang Ye said in a matter-of-fact manner, “There are not enough seats, but we can’t possibly ask our students, who are here to listen to the lecture, to remain standing, right? This is a school, so we have to put the students at the forefront. Thank you.” You could offend anyone, but a reporter. These words were very popular within the entertainment industry, but Zhang Ye did not possess any such concept. He was now a teacher and the students were an utmost priority.

Chang Kaige nodded slightly. The other Peking University professors thought the same.

But some of the reporters did not move. They felt that Zhang Ye was being too hard on them.

An old reporter looked over to the students at the side and stood up saying, “Child, come and seat here.”

“Teacher Zhang is correct, come on.” A female reporter also stood up and gave her seat to the students.

More than ten Peking University students felt warmth rush up into their hearts. After exchanging some pleasantries, they also sat down, while more than ten reporters stood by the aisles.

Zhang Ye nodded and said, “Thanks. May I get the staff to move a few chairs for the reporters? Hur Hur. It’s best if everyone has a seat.” After saying this, he noticed the atmosphere a little tense, hence Zhang Ye chuckled and said, “Actually, I was hinting that someone should bring me a chair. Alright, treat it as if I didn’t say anything. I guess that wouldn’t be allowed either.”

“Hur Hur Hur Hur...” Everyone laughed.

How would it be allowed!? How many teachers have you seen sitting while lecturing!?

Zhang Ye had a perfect grasp of humor. This was not a Talk Show, and neither was it a television program, so he naturally could not use humorous joke segments. However, being too serious was also not Zhang Ye’s style. To combine education with entertainment, he had to lessen his humor, without emphasizing too deeply on it. It was all within a reasonable range.

After all these arrangements were done, the auditorium turned quiet. Everyone was waiting to listen to the class properly. The first question on their minds was of course the topic Zhang Ye was teaching.

Was he going to rest on his laurels and teach the ‘Romance of the Three Kingdoms’?

Or was he going to attempt at ‘Water Margin’ or ‘Journey to the West’?

Even President Wu Zeqing, who was sitting below, was very curious.

Following that, Zhang Ye held the podium and looked at everywhere. “Alright then, today’s class for ‘Appreciation of the Classics’ shall officially begin. When we talk about the classics, it is actually a very broad spectrum. However, I want to know what everyone’s first impression of this course is? Can someone tell me?”

A few people raised their hands.

Zhang Ye chose a person he knew.

Senior Zhou stood up and said loudly. “In my impression, this course is all about ‘Romance of the Three Kingdoms’, ‘Water Margin’ and ‘Journey to the West’. It will allow us to have a deeper

understanding of these classic texts, allowing us to examine the wisdom of the ancients, so as to be able to apply what we learn.”

“Alright, please take a seat.” Zhang Ye lowered his hand before carrying on. “Many people probably have similar thoughts. ‘Romance of the Three Kingdoms’, Water Margin, ‘Journey to the West’. These three famous works form the basis of the ‘Appreciation of the Classics’ course. This is not limited to Peking University. Other institutions of higher learning are similar. With that, I believe some people must be curious. China clearly has four works in the Four Great Classical Novels. Why of all things is ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’ not lectured on by people?”

Ah? ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’?

How could that even be lectured on!?

Of course no one touches it! Is there a need to ask!?

Everyone was stunned and from their eyes, they had taken it for granted. They did not know why Zhang Ye had suddenly mentioned this!

Yan Jiantao and Chang Kaige, Zhen Shuquan and company were also alarmed. They suddenly had a bad premonition. It can’t be?

Zhang Ye smiled and said, “Many people know the reason. Everyone seems to think that ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’ is a famous piece of work, but there are too many problems with it.

There are numerous mysteries and defects that cannot be solved. There are even serious lapses of logic in it. Hence, be it the lecture-style programs on television, or in literature courses in university, people try to avoid ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’ at all costs. It has even reached a point where not a single professor or lecturer will teach ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’ in an appreciation class. This is a taboo topic no one wants to talk to in literature! They try to avoid it out of fear!

“Uh?”

“What is that supposed to mean?”

“What Zhang Ye is saying is...”

Everyone was stunned for a while.

Chang Kaige’s face sank. “What does Little Zhang want to do?!”

Wu Zeqing’s eyebrows also jumped. However, she still hung that graceful expressions of hers as she remained silent.

“Everyone previously thought that I would be teaching ‘Romance of the Three Kingdoms’ again, however, I have already said all I wanted to say about it in ‘Analysis of the ‘Romance of the Three Kingdoms’”, so I don’t want to repeat myself.” Zhang Ye grasped the microphone and said something shocking, “Some people must have already guessed. Yes, this semester’s ‘Appreciation of the Classics’, I am purposely choosing to teach you the appreciation of

‘Dream of the Red Chamber’. I won’t be vaguely teaching you, but in detail. It will be so detailed that syllables and isolated words will be talked about, so detailed that we would ruminate upon the wording. It is not to be at loggerheads or to quarrel, and especially not revolting against the education and literary world. I just want to let everyone know that it’s not that no one dares to teach ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’. This massive masterpiece is not as simple as it seems. The currently 120 circulated chapters of ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’ has a huge shocking secret hidden within it!”

Chapter 305: The Later Parts Of ‘Dream Of The Red Chamber’ Were Not Written By Cao Xueqin?

The auditorium erupted into chaos!

Many people began to discuss!

A female reporter, who was sitting by the temporary chairs along the aisle, said in a shocked manner, “I thought Zhang Ye was going to lecture about the ‘Romance of the Three Kingdoms’? I thought someone said that he would rather die than dare to lecture on ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’? What’s going on? Is he really teaching it!? And to teach for a whole semester? Which means the classes for the next ten days and more from today will all be about ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’? F**k! How can it be! If ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’ was so easily lectured, others would have long had such public lectures about it!”

Another male reporter said, “And to lecture about it in detail? Ruminating on every syllable and word?”

An old reporter wiped his sweat. “There will be big news today!”

“That’s right. This lecture of his will definitely be filled with all sorts of errors!” A young reporter, who had quite an appreciation and liking for Zhang Ye, said in a speechless manner.

The other side.

Professor Yan Jiantao said with a gloomy face, “President Wu!”

Wu Zeqing pretended not to hear him as she lowered her head to play with her cellphone.

Yan Jiantao said, “...Zhang Ye thinks too much of himself! No matter how you teach ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’, it will be all wrong! The logical errors in it cannot be redeemed!”

“Dean Chang, this!” Another teacher from the department said.

Chang Kaige remained speechless with his breath held in for a long time!

Zhen Shuquan was furious, “What is this Little Zhang doing!? If we knew he was going to lecture on ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’, then we shouldn’t have made it a public lecture! Won’t this be too shameful!?”

Professor Zeng was also dumbfounded. He never expected Zhang Ye to actually lecture on ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’.

A female teacher from the Chinese department sitting beside him nearly fainted, “This Zhang Ye really catches you off guard!”

The Peking University students were also equally shocked!

Yao Mi covered her face. “I bought a big golden watch last year! Senior Song! Didn’t you say Teacher Zhang wouldn’t be dumb enough to lecture on ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’!?”

Senior Song was also speechless. “Who knows what Teacher Zhang is teaching? Ignoring the Four Great Classical Novels, ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’ is the hardest to digest amongst all the ancient classical texts. Why must he...he start from ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’? Even those Redology experts, who have studied it for decades, can’t explain it, so how can Teacher Zhang do so? And to talk about it in detail?” She was also stunned by Zhang Ye’s ambitious words. “And that ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’ has a huge shocking secret?”

Li Ying was trembling with excitement as he said, “I’d like to hear how Teacher Zhang shall teach it! I’m looking forward to it!”

Li Li said, “That’s right. What huge secret is there? Why haven’t I heard of it before?”

Senior Zhou wiped his sweat. “He sure is bold to say such things. Zhang Ye is doomed. If he teaches something wrongly, his glorious reputation will be ruined!”

Yao Mi was almost about to cry, “That can’t be? It’s all my fault. Why did I mention ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’ to Teacher Zhang!?”

.....

Upon seeing everyone's expressions, Zhang Ye was not surprised. He said with a smile, "I believe almost everyone present has read 'Dream of the Red Chamber', right? Has anyone not read it?"

The moment he spoke, everyone turned quiet.

There were seven or eight people who raised their hands.

Zhang Ye acknowledged. "There should be a few who lack the nerve to raise their hands. However, it seems a large majority of people here have read 'Dream of the Red Chamber', or have at least seen the television dramas. They are all very familiar with this novel. So despite there being a lot of so-called logical errors or plot points that didn't make sense, many people still like 'Dream of the Red Chamber' greatly. Is this not the case?"

The students below nodded their heads.

Zhang Ye chuckled, "Then, we shall discuss 'Dream of the Red Chamber' in detail from the beginning. I want to announce something, which is also that shocking secret within 'Dream of the Red Chamber'. Everyone believes that Cao Xueqin was not in a good condition to perfect this masterpiece due to a serious illness near the end of his life, resulting in many plot holes and flaws? But, now I want to tell you something. Maybe many will find it unacceptable, but I still have to say it. And I can very definitely tell you..." Zhang Ye wasn't himself if he did not let them die from his shocking words. The next sentence of his was like an atomic bomb to them, blasting everyone present into oblivion, "The truth is, for the 120 circulated chapters of 'Dream of the Red Chamber', the last 40 chapters were not written by Mr. Cao Xueqin at all!"

The moment he said this, the entire lecture hall went silent!

Including the Peking University workers, the more than one thousand strong crowd in the auditorium immediately became silent. Everyone stared with their eyes popping out. They were all completely dumbfounded!

One second...

Two seconds...

Three seconds...

Finally, a female reporter, who looked shy, suddenly stood up, “F**k” A vulgarity came out of her mouth without any concealment!

Then, there were shouts!

“Holy motherf**king sh*t!

“What did Zhang Ye just say?”

“Who can repeat that to me once again? I think I didn’t hear it clearly!”

“The later parts of ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’ were not written by Cao Xueqin? Is he mad? This Teacher Zhang Ye wants to send the literary world into an upheaval! How does he dare to say that!?”

“If it was not Cao Xueqin who wrote it, then who wrote it!?”

“Can you not be so stimulating?”

“What makes you say that!?”

“This is definitely Teacher Zhang’s style! He won’t settle for not scaring you to death!”

“This is one of the Four Great Classical Novels! Is it really alright to just say that?”

Chang Kaige, who was sitting right in front, smacked himself in the forehead, “We’re finished!”

Zhen Shuquan also nearly vomited blood. Peking University’s fine reputation was ruined today!

A shadow was cast above the eyes of Professor Zeng and the other Chinese department teachers. Many of them nearly fainted from shock after hearing Zhang Ye’s words. Teacher Zhang Ye! Stop messing around! Seriously, stop messing around!

Professor Yan also nearly cursed. He glanced at Wu Zeqing. “President Wu! We can’t leave it at that! If this carries on, there won’t be anything left of Peking University’s reputation!”

Wu Zeqing was playing with her cellphone with her head down. She seemed to be deaf to his pleas.

Yan Jiantao was overwhelmed with thoughts of how the fire was already reaching one’s eyebrows, but she was still pretending to ignore it!

Yao Mi, “...”

Senior Zhou, “.....”

Senior Song, “.....”

All the Peking University students were stunned from shock!

As the bombshell thrown by Zhang Ye was too earth-shattering, this was no longer a simple academic debate. This was also not any simple academic discussion. If what Zhang Ye said was true, not only was the f**king academic world exploding, even a portion of history had to be rewritten!

How could this be true?

How can that be? No one believed!

A male reporter shouted, “Teacher Zhang Ye! Don’t spout nonsense!” He was an avid reader of “Dream of the Red Chamber”, so he naturally could not accept Zhang Ye’s remarks.

Zhang Ye looked at him. “I had previously said that only my students can speak at anytime or raise questions. I don’t want to repeat myself a second time! If you are going to affect the orderliness of my class or interfere with my teaching, then please leave. I won’t see you out!”

No matter what Zhang Ye said, this was his class. A few Peking University security guards were already staring at the male reporter. The guy leered before angrily sitting down and no longer said a word.

After throwing out such a shocking statement, Zhang Ye appeared very calm and casual. It was as if what he had done was no big deal. He then said into the microphone, “I know many people cannot accept it from an emotional point of view. That is not surprising, but what I say is the truth. And why do I dare to say that? It is because there is a lot of evidence supporting this, and can be easily inferred. This is the type of stuff we will be talking about this semester. Everyone can comment and give your own opinion, but hear me out. We can discuss amongst ourselves before deciding whether what I said is right or wrong.”

Right or wrong?

Of course it’s wrong!

Isn't that just nonsense!?

Everyone had such thoughts. Even Yao Mi and a small number of students, who especially liked Zhang Ye, or were considered Zhang Ye's diehard fans could not believe after hearing what he said. There was no way about it. This was a challenge to all their understanding of history and literature! In the textbooks over all the years, the 120 chapters of "Dream of the Red Chamber" was stated to be written by Cao Xueqin. It was already entrenched in everyone's minds. Even if "Dream of the Red Chamber" was filled with errors, no one questioned that this book was written by someone else!

Someone raised his hand. "Teacher!"

Zhang Ye glanced over. "Please speak."

The person who stood up was a freshman. He gritted his teeth and said, "I completely disagree with what you said. This is impossible!"

Zhang Ye chuckled and said, "Why is it impossible?"

The freshman was stunned, "There is no why... it's just impossible!"

Zhang Ye lowered his hands. "Hur Hur, I research in academia. It is based on verification. It has to have historical evidence and

logical proofs. Yet you insist that it is impossible without giving a proper reason. Then how are we to carry on this conversation? If we want to argue on this, I can also ask a question. Who can tell me which historical book in history, or any other literary information provides proof that “Dream of the Red Chamber” has a total of 120 chapters? And that all the 120 chapters were written by Mr Cao Xueqin? Is there?”

“That...” The freshman was stumped.

The others could not answer it immediately. Right, in terms of records and validation, there was really nothing about the 120 chapters, but...but...

Many people felt suffocated. They all felt Zhang Ye was wrong, but had no way to retort!

“This student, please take a seat. It is worthy of praise to dare to speak up.” Zhang Ye smiled and did not criticize the student. He said, “My class is as such. Everyone might need to be mentally prepared in the future. What I say will shake the foundations of your traditional knowledge. I do not request for you to accept my viewpoints immediately. What I want you to do is just to let go of your so-called logic and calcified understandings. Let go of those preconceptions and mental conflicts. Why don’t all of you try to imagine it. If the last 40 chapters of ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’ were not written by Cao Xueqin, then what would happen when we study ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’? Could those ‘logical errors’ or ‘major flaws’, that could not be explained, be understood?”

What he said was very intriguing.

Wu Zeqing even raised her eyes when she heard this, “Oh?”

Professor Zeng was exclaimed. He suddenly put aside his mental conflicts and became interested. He wanted to hear what Zhang Ye had to say!

Redology enthusiasts and experts had already studied “Dream of the Red Chamber” for numerous years. They had proposed numerous theories, but none of them made much progress. This resulted in few Redologists and Redology enthusiasts existing in present day!

However, Zhang Ye’s earth-shattering theory had never been proposed before!

Chapter 306: A Lecture That Subverts All Understanding!

Outside the auditorium.

The chaotic commotion from inside spread outside.

A few Peking University teachers from the Mathematics department walked past.

“Hmm? Why is it so chaotic inside?”

“What happened? Isn’t this a public lecture?”

“That host, Zhang Ye, is having a public lecture, right? Why is it so noisy? And there is even screaming?”

“Man, is this a class or the filming of a horror film? Must there be so much shouting? What’s the fuss all about. Isn’t it just a lecture?”

The few of them left after passing the auditorium by.

Many students, who were on the floor below, also heard the commotion from the auditorium. They were also extremely curious. No one knew what was happening inside.

Only those present in the public lecture knew that shocking view thrown out by Zhang Ye!

He was bold!

Simply bodacious!

People who dared to propose such ideas were either geniuses or madmen!

Standing behind the podium, Zhang Ye, who saw the shocked expressions on the students and reporters' faces, subconsciously stood up straight. He felt extremely dignified and was also a bit honored. As Zhang Ye's world had a person, whose name was Hu Shih. He was formerly Peking University's President, and during the early years of the People's Republic, Hu Shih and Yu Pingbo had suggested that the last 40 chapters of "Dream of the Red Chamber" mismatched the first 80 chapters in artistry and ideology. They had made a bold guess that the last 40 chapters were continued on by someone else, causing quite an uproar. Zhang Ye was actually replicating what Hu Shih and Yu Pingbo did back then. And fate had it that he was doing so at Peking University, who Hu Shih had been President of. At least the superstitious Zhang Ye believed in such matters, so he wanted to do a good job. He wanted to reveal the truth that everyone from his world knew to this world. This was a show of respect to Mr Cao Xueqin, as well as to the work, "Dream of the Red Chamber"!

"Teacher Zhang!" Someone raised a hand.

Upon looking over, it was straight As student Senior Song who was in Year 3.

Zhang Ye said with a smile, "Please speak."

Senior Song stood up. She also wanted to let go of her prejudices and calcified knowledge from before, but she could not do so. She really could not accept Zhang Ye's conjecture. "According to your inference, if the last 40 chapters were not written by Mr Cao Xueqin, then who wrote it? Who can pass off the spurious as genuine?"

Everyone pricked up their ears to listen.

Zhang Ye looked at her and answered, "Your question has two slight problems. Firstly, what I said just now was not a deduction, but a certain fact. As for why I say so, I will explain and analyze it one step at a time later on." Regarding this matter, Zhang Ye was very certain and definite, hence he said it with conviction. There were still disputes as to who finished up the work, but the last 40 chapters were definitely not the work of Cao Xueqin. This was indisputable. "Secondly, I think the words passing off the spurious as genuine is inappropriate. Maybe some people feel that the last 40 chapters and the first 80 chapters match very well, and the plot has proper contrast, but I don't think so. In fact, I find it incongruous. Of course, this will be slowly talked about later on as well. As for you asking who wrote the last 40 chapters, I can answer you right now."

Senior Song asked, "Who?"

Zhang Ye smiled. This time, he was not that certain, but said it with precise words, “I presume it is Gao E!”

Who?

Gao E?

How could it be Gao E!?

Many students gave him looks of suspicion. Clearly, they did not know this name, but many Peking University professors and students knew of this person!

Senior Song was rendered even more speechless. “Gao E was the collator and conservator of ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’. He made a great contribution by conserving and spreading ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’. How can he be the author? This is a groundless statement! Besides, Gao E was not of the same era as Mr Cao Xueqin! How could the both of them create ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’ together?” Through her explanation, many Peking University students who did not know now knew who Gao E was.

The collator became an author?

Department Dean Chang Kaige wanted to turn away. What this Little Zhang was saying was becoming more and more preposterous!

Zhang Ye still had a calm expression. “I never said Gao E and Cao Xueqin had produced ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’ together. In my opinion, due to various unknown reasons, the original chapters of ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’ after Chapter 80 were lost. As a fan of ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’, Gao E continued the story with his own 40 chapters!”

The reporters stared. The original manuscript was lost?

Senior Song exclaimed, “That’s impossible!”

Li Ying also stood up and said, “That is unfounded!”

“That’s right Teacher Zhang.” Senior Zhou also said, “Why do you say that?”

Zhang Ye chuckled. “It’s not unfounded. There is actually a reason behind it. However, with everyone’s preconceptions, no one noticed it, so many things were missed before their very eyes. What I want to do now is help to open everyone’s eyes. I want to let everyone see what you should have seen and discovered.”

Saying that, Zhang Ye flipped open the lesson plan in his hand and took out a piece of paper before walking to a projector. He projected the information to let everyone see it, “Here I have a poem. Of course, it was not written by me. It was written by an outstanding poet, scholar, and artist in the Qing dynasty, Zhang Wentao. This poem is titled “Dedicated to Gao Lanshu, My Contemporary Examinee”. Well, the content of the poem is not important and is just average in standard. It does not have much

literary value either. However, the important part is the note following the poem, ‘Chapters after the eightieth were all supplemented by Lanshu’.”

This world’s history and famous people were different from Zhang Ye’s world; however, important historical figures, especially figures and history related to the Four Great Classical Novels, did not have many changes. If these were to change, then this world might no longer have the Four Great Classical Novels. There was only information and proof that was lost. For example, many of the information and poems to prove that “Dream of the Red Chamber” were not complete and were lacking in this world. For example, “Folk Tunes From the Capital” was a crucial piece that Zhang Ye never managed to find. It might not have been discovered by others, or was hidden in some desolate corner or time had destroyed this vestige. There was, after all, no way for wishing that this world’s historical evidence was exactly preserved the same way that it had been in Zhang Ye’s world. Zhang Ye had struggled so much just to find that tiny bit, so although it was somewhat lacking, it had enough information to support his viewpoint.

“Chapters after the eightieth were all supplemented by Lanshu?” Many people were surprised when they saw the poem’s note. They shook their heads, “What can this tell?”

Zhang Ye pointed to the projected image, “This poem might not be famous, and might not even be found in today’s advanced search engines. It can only be found in libraries, but I want to remind everyone. Don’t look down on this tiny piece of information. In the research of ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’, this poem is extremely valuable. Who is Lanshu? He is Gao E, whose

pen name is Lanshu. A Qing dynasty poet, Zhang Wentao, has already told us that the chapters after the eightieth chapter of 'Dream of the Red Chamber' were supplemented by Gao E!"

Senior Song mulled over it before shaking her head, "This word 'supplement' has a lot of meanings. Finding something that is lost can also be considered as a 'supplement'. If there are missing words or pages, filling in the blanks can also be considered 'supplement'. This word 'supplement' is similar to 'patching', so it can't explain anything." As a straight A student, she was truly talented.

Professor Zeng nodded upon hearing this.

The other Peking University teachers and students similar agreed with Senior Song's points.

Zhang Ye smiled. "I believe I'm not the first person to see this poem. I also believe that in ancient and modern times, there have been an extremely small number of people who have discovered this. However, everyone without exception would have the same views as Miss Song. They would conclude that Gao E had arranged and conserved 'Dream of the Red Chamber', but have you thought of something? The word 'supplement' has another meaning. That is to add to something in order to complete it!"

Everyone, "..."

Senior Song was also speechless, "About that..."

Teacher Zhang was f**king bent on going down such a treacherous path. If he insisted on explaining the word ‘supplement’ that way, it was of course alright, but...

Zhang Ye carried on, “And according to my analysis, and according to relevant information and records, if it was as everyone else said, Gao E was only doing a ‘patching’ job. He is not the only one arranging ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’, right? Then why would there be a note given to Gao E that attributes the role of all the supplementing to him? Why would the word ‘all’ be used? Was everything arranged by him? No one else was involved? Let’s not talk about anyone else. I would like to ask what happened to Cheng Weiyuan? What happened to Cheng Weiyuan, who was with Gao E? Hur Hur, clearly this is illogical and does not match what we know. Hence, the meaning of ‘supplement’ really means adding to something in order to complete it. It also means continuing the writing, and he alone wrote the rest!”

This view and analysis method was groundbreaking!

Professor Zeng took a deep breath!

Yao Mi was shocked from hearing this!

Senior Zhou disagreed and immediately put forward his doubts, “Teacher Zhang, even if your analysis is correct, who can prove that the Qing dynasty poet knows the truth? Even if we take ten thousand steps back, who knows if Zhang Wentao learned it from hearsay and thought that was how it was. Hence, without any validation, he added this note. That is all possible.”

“Right!”

“He’s after all not some particularly important poet.”

“Right. I’ve never heard of Zhang Wentao. Is what he said reliable?”

A few students argued.

Zhang Ye smiled. “So you think Zhang Wentao was engaging in hearsay? Alright, then let me show you the next set of information.” Saying that, he switched to another piece of A4 paper. “Everyone, take a look. This is a poem Zhang Wentao wrote as a eulogical tribute to his younger sister. There is a small note here: ‘My sister married a Han military officer of Gao descent’. It means that his sister was married to a ‘Han military officer’, whose surname was Gao when she was alive. Hence, if I boldly infer from this, Gao E is very likely to be Zhang Wentao’s brother-in-law!”

“Ah?”

“Holy sh*t!”

“It can’t be?”

Everyone was amazed!

Brother-in-law? Your sister, that can even work?

Zhang Ye carried on. “If that is truly the case, then how would Zhang Wentao not know about the accomplishments of his own brother-in-law? What hearsay was there? Hence, what he said was somewhat believable!” However, he did not close the case on the matter. “Of course, as there is limited information, you cannot put a nail in the coffin on whether Zhang Wentao and Gao E are relatives or not. To follow academic rigor, this is just an inference on my part. I am just giving everyone a new perspective.” In his world, there were people who overthrew the argument according to Zhang Wentao’s family history. Some people even speculated if Zhang Wentao knew Gao E when he wrote “Dedicated to Gao Lanshu, My Contemporary Examinee”. Everyone had their own justifications, and there was still a huge controversy.

However, ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’ was always mysterious. This masterpiece had so many mysteries that even in Zhang Ye’s world, not every one of them had been unearthed!

Having controversy was normal. It would be odd if there wasn’t!

A lot of history could no longer be verified, unless there was new historical data or documents discovered. If not, many mysteries would be forever left unsolved, resulting in endless debate!

The reason why Zhang Ye mentioned this was to tell everyone that his words were backed by information and documents. It also agreed with logical inference. He had not blindly spoken guesswork without any evidence.

Over here.

Chang Kaige, who wanted to leave because he could not stand anymore of it, sat back down!

Many of the Peking University teachers, students and reporters, who had previously shrugged off Zhang Ye's idea, all turned silent!

Of course, they found it impossible to agree with Zhang Ye's audacious conjecture, but after a round of demonstration by Zhang Ye, they realized they had no way to retort him. Just like Zhang Ye, they could not provide any evidence or documents to prove the problem about Gao E!

Chapter 307: Speechlessness!

A brief period of silence.

“It’s still not right!”

“This opinion does not hold water!”

“Right, it definitely can’t be written by Gao E!”

“Although there’s no proof, but, but is there even need for proof?”

Many people who were not taking the “Appreciation of the Classics” elective class began to stir. However, at this moment, everyone also felt that they did not waste this trip and it had been worthwhile. Because no matter what Zhang Ye’s perspective was, anyone easily knew that this public lecture would cause a stir in the education and literary world!

The straight As student, Senior Song just remained standing at her seat. Even if she were to sit down, she would soon stand up again to raise her questions. It was too troublesome as she had too many doubts and questions about Zhang Ye’s perspective. She raised her hand again and asked her questions directly this time, “Sorry, Teacher Zhang. I still cannot accept your perspective. Your proof that the last 40 chapters were written by Gao E is still insufficient to explain the problem. There’s too little information and too much left to our own imaginations. Besides, Gao E was just an arranger and collator of the manuscripts, he would not possess

the literary skills to continue writing ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’ to such a good extent.”

Zhang Ye wagged his finger saying, “Little Song, then you’d be wrong to think that.”

“Why?” Senior Song asked.

All the other Peking University teachers looked towards Zhang Ye.

Zhang Ye said confidently, “Gao E had the qualities and conditions to carry on writing ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’. In that era, I believe that only Gao E was up to the mark! Hur Hur, everyone don’t look at me like that. You might not have much understanding of Gao E, and just believe him to be someone who just collated and arranged the work. However, you do not know his background. If everyone does not believe me, then fine. I had first started my argument from an angle using information. Next, I will use a psychological standpoint to talk about it. Well, actually it’s not very important. It’s fine if I don’t mention it, but do you want to listen to it?”

“Yes!”

“Of course!”

“It’s a must!”

Senior Song also nodded her head.

Even if they did not agree, they still wanted to hear it.

Zhang Ye acknowledged, “Alright, then I’ll speak briefly about it. Gao E had always been assigned the title of the publisher and collator, but many people actually do not know that Gao E’s literary level was his most dazzling accomplishments.” He noticed Professor Zeng was nodding slightly his head as he said, “Looks like Professor Zeng is aware of this.”

Professor Zeng affirmed, “Teacher Zhang is right. Anyone with eyes would appreciate him. That was the evaluation of Gao E’s contemporaries.”

Zhang Ye smiled as he continued to explain, “This is how it was. Gao E was an extremely talented man. ‘Often distressed by his frustrations, his talents exceeded everyone else’ could be used to describe Gao E’s life. Never short of experiencing ups and downs, this made his life very similar to Cao Xueqin’s. In his early years, he would be held back in the Imperial examinations while his later years were spent on a dull career that left him emotionally distressed. This put him very close to Cao Xueqin’s emotional experiences and allowed him to complete that captivating tragic ending of the novel. Additionally, we just need to look through the information and we’d know that Gao E was an honest man, often encouraging and advising his disciples about filial piety and striving for the Imperial examinations. He was very skilled in writing eight-legged essays, was a creative thinker, and had great penmanship. In poetry, he would often describe the sentimental feelings of life as if it were embodied in a dream, adding a touch of

Buddhism within. All of these can be experienced in the text contained in the last 40 chapters of 'Dream of the Red Chamber'. So from the angle of sentimentalism, Gao E was the most suitable person in that era to continue writing the 'Dream of the Red Chamber'. He was also the only one that was capable of doing so!"

With a moment's pause, Zhang Ye continued on, "When I mentioned that Gao E's continuation of the writings of 'Dream of the Red Chamber' was mismatched with the earlier chapters, what I meant was the personal style of writing was different. I did not deny Gao E's talent. On the contrary, I really respect him as he had given an ending to 'Dream of the Red Chamber' and facilitated the spread of the novel. Gao E made a huge contribution!"

F**k!

Why does it sound more and more like this was the truth!

A straight As student from the History department suddenly raised his hand to speak, "What you have just said, was built on the assumption that after the first 80 chapters of 'Dream of the Red Chamber', somebody had to continue to write it. I feel that it's not the time now to argue whether it was Gao E or an unknown person who continued writing, but...what do you base it on when you say that only 80 chapters of the original manuscripts were written by Mr Cao Xueqin? Based on what are you saying that the 120 chapters consisted of someone else continuing the writings and were not the original works of Mr Cao Xueqin? Just based on a bet that a Qing dynasty's poet work had mentioned the words of '80 chapters'?"

Zhang Ye lost it and said laughingly, "You're getting pretty

agitated.”

The history department student was at a loss whether to laugh or cry, “How can I not be agitated? What you have said undermines all our knowledge of the novel. Have our history classes all these years been wrong? Has such a stupid mistake been committed for all these years by our country’s education world? Not even getting the author of one of our Four Great Classical Novels correct?”

This was also the main reason why everyone did not believe Zhang Ye!

So many experts, so many enthusiasts, are you telling me that all of them had been wrong? That’s impossible!

Even though the saying goes that the truth is often in the hands of only a few, but regarding this method, this wasn’t even fewer than a few! You’re the only one with such a perspective!

One was the education world, and the other was the academic world. Both were the authorities amongst authorities!

The other was Zhang Ye, the hooligan of the literary circle. The thorn in the broadcasting circle.

Who do you think deserved to be trusted more? The answer was clear, there was not even a need to ask!

“We might not have any proof to refute you with....”

“Right, but neither can you refute our views!”

Take for example, “Journey to the West”. If you wanted to say that this novel was not written by Wu Chengen, but instead written by his twin brother, and that his twin brother also took up the name Wu Chengen since he was young enough to impersonate him and only his family knew that Wu Chengen was not Wu Chengen, but his brother instead, but no one else knew that this Wu Chengen was not that Wu Chengen, and took it that Wu Chengen was just Wu Chengen — If you really wanted to insist, couldn't it be said in that way too? If someone had made such a claim and even if there was no proof, no one could refute it. Then would that mean that the author for “Journey to the West” would also have to be changed?

If that was it, then the literary world would be in a mess!

Instead, Zhang Ye said, “Who says that I do not have evidence to refute?”

The third year student from the Chinese department, Senior Zhou said, “But the information you had earlier were.....”

Zhang Ye said with a snigger, “That was just the opening to bring everyone up to speed and get them into the mood. Since I dared to make such a claim, I would obviously have my own evidence and information to back myself up. So then, I would first like to ask everyone about something. Other than Gao E's version, did the earliest manuscripts for ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’, whichever

version it might be, have records of the novel after the 80 chapters?”

Everyone was dumbfounded.

“Is there?”

“I don’t know.”

“Oh, let me do a search!”

The students had all taken out their cellphones to go online to check.

Professor Zeng also frowned and closed his eyes, trying to remember.

A department of the literary arts student suddenly exclaimed, “There is! There’s an ancient manuscript here that is 120 chapters!”

Zhang Ye smiled, “This student, could you check once more to see which year that manuscript was printed in? I can tell you that this ancient manuscript was originally only 35 chapters and had been edited and added on after 1791, when it was republished. It had been edited to fit in Gao E’s intact edition.” He had also done his homework.

The liberal arts student checked and then did not speak anymore after that. It was true.

Professor Zeng, Chang Kaige, and Zhen Shuquan all realized it too. It was strange, but there really wasn't any!

Zhang Ye said, "So the most complete ancient manuscript that everyone has read before would be Gao E's compilation, which was printed and published in the year 1791. And with that, I have a question. Why is it that before this version, all the ancient manuscripts that existed did not have any version that exceeded 80 chapters? If it were just one version, it might pass, but why were nearly all the versions like this?"

Yao Mi spoke, "Because the ancient manuscripts were lost and damaged badly?"

This world's ancient manuscripts for "Dream of the Red Chamber" were really in tatters.

But Zhang Ye said, "Isn't that too much of a coincidence? Doesn't anyone have a suspicion about this? Some manuscripts only had a little over a dozen chapters left. Some others had a little more and managed to have 40-50 chapters intact, but all of these manuscripts that were much older than Gao E's version did not have any records of anything over 80 chapters. Then in 1791, a full version, that had 120 chapters, suddenly emerged. This does not make sense from a logical point of view, isn't that a little too strange? If the last 40 chapters had been written by Cao Xueqin, then why didn't anyone besides Cheng Weiyuan and Gao E manage to copy it out? And no one managed to buy any of it off the gray

market? With so many chapters, even if not all the chapters were copied, at least a portion of it could have been copied, but why was it that before Cheng Weiyuan and Gao E, no one had managed to copy even one chapter of the last 40 chapters?”

With this question asked, everyone was stumped!

Even a few Peking University teachers, who had studied and researched about “Dream of the Red Chamber”, momentarily choked!

Chapter 308: One Bombshell After Another!

Senior Song spoke, “It might be a coincidence, and not considered evidence.”

Zhang Ye shook his head, “Coincidence cannot explain it. The only explanation is that only 80 chapters of Cao Xueqin’s ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’ were transmitted and seen by Gao E. He seriously studied it and then carried on writing the story. Gao E was very lucky. He saw a more complete ancient version of the 80 chapters that none of us have ever seen. Of course, there are things that he modified and filled in the blanks, but there were no major changes.”

Senior Song insisted, “Then why couldn’t it be Gao E obtained the 120 ancient chapters of ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’ before arranging and publishing it?”

Zhang Ye did not answer the question, but rather asked, “Has anyone heard of a person known as Zhiyanzhai (Red Inkstone)?”

Senior Song shook her head.

Many Peking University students also shook their heads.

Only a History department junior said in a crisp voice, “I think there was an ancient text. I remember the name as ‘Zhiyanzhai’s Second Annotations to The Story of the Stone’. However, this ancient book only had a few rounds of circulation only. It is extremely incomplete. The comments in it are all baffling, so many

expert scholars and Redologists do not count it as an ancient text. They find that it lacks the authority, and might have been blindly written.”

The students checked on the internet, and indeed, there was such an ancient text.

“Well said.” Zhang Ye smiled. “Zhiyanzhai’s ancient book is not looked up to by people because of two reasons. First, it’s because it’s too incomplete, and second, because it’s hard to understand. Hence, no one has seriously researched it. Even if one were to research it, it would be in passing, without paying close attention to it. Hur Hur, but I have something to tell everyone now. You can’t say he blindly wrote it just because you can’t understand it. This would be disrespectful to academia in itself. Actually, Zhiyanzhai’s ancient text is the only version of ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’ that has been spread down with the greatest authority!” In his previous world, Zhiyanzhai’s ancient text was passed down with the most complete and detailed evaluations. He had seen the original version before!

“How can it be!?” Senior Song refused to believe.

Many Peking University students also shook their heads.

Zhang Ye said with a mocking smile, “You say that Zhiyanzhai was just blindly writing? It is only because the people who researched Zhiyanzhai’s ancient book could not understand what he was saying. Others might not understand, but I do. I believe if everyone keeps thinking based on the establishment that ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’ only has 80 chapters, you will also be able to

understand it.” He took out another piece of information. It was information readily available in this world. Although Zhang Ye had seen the original versions of Zhiyanzhai’s ancient text, most of it had been lost in this world. He could not use that as proof, and could only use available evidence.

Everyone looked up.

Zhang Ye pointed to the projector, “Zhiyanzhai had this comment, Jia Baoyu later ends up ‘choking on sour porridge in the dead winter, sobbing in a winter night covered in rags’. I want to ask, in the first 80 chapters of the 120 circulated chapters of ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’, was there ever such an episode? No! Was there any such an episode in the last 40 chapters? Also no!” He then pointed, “Zhiyanzhai’s comments also included the fact that Xiaohong ‘had helped Baoyu’ in the ‘The Temple of the Prison God’, but was there such an episode in the last 40 chapters? Also no! Even ‘The Temple of the Prison God’ did not appear in the last forty chapters! In addition to this, Zhiyanzhai even mentioned in his comments a title of one of the chapters after the eightieth. It was called, Xue Baochai, borrowing phrases, admonished; Wang Xifeng, reckoning fate, made a heroic stand. Was there such a title in the last 30 chapters? Still no!”

Senior Zhou said, “This evaluation itself is not authoritative.”

Zhang Ye retorted, “Then what is authoritative? An ancient piece of literary information is not considered authoritative, but a Redologist’s research ends up being authoritative? Is there any logic to that? When we study ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’, we need to rely on existing information. Also, do you think an ancient

person like Zhiyanzhai had nothing better to do? He wrote some brainless things just to mislead everyone?”

“Uh, about that...” Senior Zhou was stumped.

Senior Song argued, “Maybe Zhiyanzhai interacted with Cao Xueqin before and thought that Cao Xueqin would write it in this manner. A plot and title was revealed to him, and in our present day language is considered an outline, but it is very possible that Cao Xueqin did not write in accordance with his original intentions!”

Zhang Ye looked towards her and said, “Don’t you feel that Zhiyanzhai’s tone in his comments were too affirmative? His tone was not talking a bit about Cao Xueqin’s ideas in some hearsay manner, but like he had read or known the story after the first 80 chapters! Zhiyanzhai was very sure! Hence, Zhiyanzhai’s comments cannot be understood by people. This is because in this story, after the first 80 chapters of ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’, it was not the original intent or written by Cao Xueqin, but followed up by Gao E. Zhiyanzhai is a key person in the study of Redology. ‘He’ might have been Cao Xueqin’s wife or Cao Xueqin’s father, or even Cao Xueqin’s close friend. We do not know the specific details, but we can be sure of one thing. This Zhiyanzhai was not a person who copied ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’ after simply borrowing it! You can tell from the comments! Zhiyanzhai was involved in the entire creation process of ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’! He had read, communicated, and discussed with Cao Xueqin before writing those comments!”

Another bomb!

It set off once again in the auditorium!

Zhiyanzhai, who was never really paid attention to by Redologists, actually ended being said by Zhang Ye to be the most authoritative person who had participated in the creation of ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’?

You just won’t give up unless you say something astonishing!

The Peking University students were once again pelted by bombshell shrapnel. They looked blankly at each other!

A Peking University female student from the History department argued, “Even if what you said is reasonable, there is no historical records of a person like Zhiyanzhai. It is just a pen name. He comes from unknown origins. We don’t even know if he is male or female. Of course, we can’t believe his words. We cannot use it as evidence.”

Zhang Ye was amused, “I can’t accept what you just said. From the comments, we can already tell that Zhiyanzhai and Cao Xueqin are extremely close. We just do not know the exact identity of Zhiyanzhai. He is not someone of unknown origins. If we consider Zhiyanzhai to be someone of unknown origins, then according to what you said, then Cao Xueqin himself is also a person of unknown origins. In academia and Redology, no one actually knows if Cao Xueqin is Cao Yong’s son or Cao Fu’s son. Hence, identity cannot be used as rhetoric to deny evidence.”

Cao Xueqin's identity was also unknown?

The face of female student from the History department changed colors before she finally sat down crestfallen.

“Furthermore, I believe many people have not discovered, and even numerous Redologists have not noticed this.” Zhang Ye projected another piece of information, “As you can see, this is one of the ancient texts of ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’. It was copied by handwriting and has many more mistakes. The typesetting also seems problematic. Compared to many ancient texts, it is not worthy, but this ancient text contains a very important bit of information. Look at this. Do you see it? This line seems to be a mistake. There seems to be an additional few words. These words, if just read simply, would seem incomprehensible, but what if you do this?” Zhang Ye took another document and placed over it.

Everyone gasped.

“It matched!”

“Why is this line the same?”

“This is Zhiyanzhai's comments?”

“Holy sh*t! Why are Zhiyanzhai's comments in other ancient texts?”

Professor Zeng and company looked alarmed. The strokes and

writing was clearly different, and was written by two different people, but...they were exactly the same!

Zhang Ye maintained his smile. This was a smile of self-confidence, because he knew he had control of every piece of information. The research of “Dream of the Red Chamber” had already reached a point where almost nothing could come out of it. Many things were already fact. Zhang Ye was also a broadcasting host by training, so his eloquence was excellent, so everyone present or even everyone in the world could not win a Redology debate with him.

He said, “Now, it’s very clear, right? The person who wrote this ancient text also referenced Zhiyanzhai’s version. Here, his mind might have wandered and ended up making a mistake while copying. He lifted it without any modifications of Zhiyanzhai’s comments in a baffling manner. It has nothing to do with the following text. Many people have seen it and thought it was a typo or a mistake, so no one paid much attention to it. However, I have studied it, and everyone can see that this line was actually a sentence Zhiyanzhai injected into one of the chapter titles. And it was the original words!”

Zhang Ye projected another piece of information, “If everyone still does not believe this ancient text, there’s also this paragraph. This is even Gao E’s version, and is also the 120 circulated chapters.”

The information wrote:

They continued on their way to Xi-chun’s apartment. Being

younger and more immature than the other cousins, Xi-chun was much more frightened by this visitation and, at first, seemed to be quite bewildered by it. It took all of Xi-feng's efforts to calm her down. Unfortunately, while they were searching in Picture's trunk, they came across a large packet containing thirty or forty silver medallions. So instead of evidence of immoral conduct, one had found stolen goods. There was also a carved jade belt-buckle, a pair of men's boots, and a pair of socks.

Zhang Ye looked at the audience, "There's this line 'so instead of evidence of immoral conduct, one had found stolen goods' in there. If a meticulous person were to flip through the ancient text of 'Dream of the Red Chamber', he would realize there was no such line. Only Zhiyanzhai's edition has it. This line is in no way Cao Xueqin's original text. So instead of evidence of immoral conduct, one had found stolen goods—This is simply Zhiyanzhai's own comment!" And coupled with the previous information, I want everyone to take a clear look, "Look, the origins come from here! And clearly, Zhiyanzhai's ancient text was many years before Gao E's edition. Of course it couldn't be Zhiyanzhai erroneously copying Gao E's ancient text. That is illogical. Hence, this is how a mistaken portion from Zhiyanzhai entered Gao E's version. This was because Gao E was using Zhiyanzhai's ancient text as a template!"

"This..."

"It's really true!"

"What does this say?"

“Right, what does this represent?”

A few students could not help but ask.

Even Professor Zeng spoke up, “What is your opinion?”

Zhang Ye smiled. “For this situation, I believe or can even say that I’m certain that all the ancient texts of ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’ were actually copied from ‘Zhiyanzhai’s Second Annotations to The Story of the Stone’. This includes Gao E’s version and all the derivative ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’ versions. All this came from Zhiyanzhai’s evaluations! And as previously mentioned, the most complete ancient text Gao E had which no one had seen before can, in fact, be concluded to be Zhiyanzhai’s version. It’s just that one of Zhiyanzhai’s versions was too incomplete. It did not hold much meaning even when we discovered it. However, what Gao E obtained was Zhiyanzhai’s most complete edition of the first 80 chapters of ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’! So by inference, Zhiyanzhai’s comments are too valuable, and can be considered very reliable. Hence, the Zhiyanzhai comments about things past chapter 80, that I previously mentioned, have been established. That is to say, the last 40 chapters of ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’ was in no way written by Cao Xueqin!”

“Are you serious?”

“Holy sh*t!”

The Peking University students rioted!

Even Professor Zeng and a few teachers, who had a relatively deep understanding of 'Dream of the Red Chamber', clearly showed a look of shock! Through Zhang Ye's evidence and information, along with his analysis and reasoning, it did sound possible!

Wu Zeqing smiled. She no longer pretended to play with her cellphone!

The Chinese department's Chang Kaige and Zhen Shuquan were also visibly shaken!

Chapter 309: This Is The Precursor Of Rewriting History!

The auditorium hushed up!

It was yet another comment that challenged everyone's knowledge!

A lot of them were busy thinking and digesting this argument of Zhang Ye's!

Offstage in a corner, a Peking University Economics and Management department male teacher in his fifties couldn't help but ask, "Where did this Zhang Ye come from?"

Beside him, a history department's female teacher said, "You don't know him?"

The male teacher said, "I don't really follow the news nor pay attention to the entertainment and literary circles."

The female teacher said, "This Zhang Ye has a bit of a name in Beijing. His literary qualities are very high."

The Economics and Management department male teacher said, "I can see that, that's why I'm curious as to where this genius appeared out of. I like 'Dream of the Red Chamber' very much too and have spent a portion of my time reading up about reviews and

analysis of ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’, including some expert scholars and Redology talks, but to question who the author of ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’ was, only Zhang Ye alone dares to offer this view. He’s really not simple.” Watching Zhang Ye, who was in a relaxed state on stage, he said, “Have you all realized? Up until now, he has not used a script. He’s only brought some information up on stage and the rest was done off-script. It seems like he has already fully digested the knowledge of ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’ right into his bones!”

The female teacher did a slight kowtow saying, “This opinion is really a novel way of thinking. If Zhang Ye did not mention it, then no one might ever consider it or question who the author of ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’ was.” Blinking, she added on, “But even though his arguments make sense, I still have reservations on it.”

The male teacher acknowledged, “We will still need to continue listening on. Just this bit of evidence alone won’t do. To reverse the widely-accepted view of the novel, he would have to offer solid proof that no one would be able to doubt and use extensive literary evidence and multiple points of view to prove it. Otherwise, no one would accept it!”

Behind them was a new trainee teacher who said, “I think that’s all to it. After all, the Redologists have already researched ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’ for so many years without progress. All the literary evidence would have been looked through more than once already. Would evidence be so easy to find? The fact that Zhang Ye has managed to find these evidences to support his argument is already a miracle!”

The reporters were also whispering among themselves.

The Peking University students were all speaking in hushed tones.

“That’s too godly!”

“This perspective is too scary!”

“If it’s real, then....then the literary world will become a mess!”

“This is the first time I’ve witnessed that a lecture on ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’ could be given this way!”

From before Zhang Ye arrived at Peking University. From the time when Zhang Ye was first announced to be joining Peking University’s Chinese department. Many people had doubted his standard and qualifications. The students might have been interested in Zhang Ye and were hoping for such an unique style of teacher, but that was mainly from the perspective of entertainment. If they were to seriously consider how good of a teacher Zhang Ye would be in ‘Appreciation of the Classics’? Then I’m afraid that these Peking University students did not expect much either, not to mention the members of the education and literary world. Even Peking University’s Chinese department’s colleagues, the professors, and teachers kept a doubting and even distrustful attitude towards him. They were all very judgmental of Zhang Ye! And when Zhang Ye mentioned that he would be speaking about the “Dream of the Red Chamber” that no one else would dare to touch? It had caused another shocking reaction.

Everyone's distrust towards him had become stronger and stronger, like Professor Yan of the Chinese department, like Dean Chang Kaige, and company. They all took Zhang Ye to be a maniac!

But as the hour passed!

At this moment right now!

As the first lesson was coming to a close!

Many people had now reversed their contempt and looked seriously at Zhang Ye as a person for the first time, to consider the 'inconceivable' viewpoint! Whether or not Zhang Ye was correct, however much they did not want to believe his view, they could only put down their resistance and pride now and admit that Zhang Ye's understanding and research of "Dream of the Red Chamber" had reached a pinnacle!

Professor Zeng?

Professor Yan?

Teachers of the Chinese department?

Even Professor Wang who had previously taught this class?

Without a doubt, they knew they could not stand up to Zhang Ye in the field of "Dream of the Red Chamber" research. In this field,

Zhang Ye's alternative way of handling the issues had left a majority of them convinced! Just the evidence that all of the manuscripts originated from Zhiyanzhai was enough to cause a stir in the world of Redology!

This was a big discovery!

This was a breakthrough for Redology research!

Even that poem dedicated to Gao E by the Qing dynasty poet was valuable research information!

Having listened to Zhang Ye's lecture until now, many people were left feeling incredulous. Why? Why was it that such key information and documentation had not been discovered by anyone until this moment? Was it that it had been discovered before, but not taken to be important? Why did it have to be Zhang Ye alone who realized this point? This meant that he alone had f**king disproved the whole Redology world!

.....

More than ten seconds passed.

People finally came out of their pondering states.

Senior Song breathed in and raised her hand, "Teacher Zhang!"

Zhang Ye kept the projector transparencies and smiled. “Little Song, go ahead.”

“Your discovery indeed seems very valuable, but...” Senior Song stubbornly insisted, “Even if many ancient texts of ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’ originated from Zhiyanzhai’s edition, if we want to force it, it still doesn’t answer the problem. We can’t use Zhiyanzhai’s comments to say that the last 40 chapters of ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’ were not written by Cao Xueqin. Even if Zhiyanzhai was extremely close with Cao Xueqin, and might have participated in discussions and the creative process, I still have the same thing to say. It is possible that when Zhiyanzhai wrote those comments, ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’ was still not completed yet. Later on, Cao Xueqin changed his mind and did not follow his original intentions. You previously refuted me saying that Zhiyanzhai’s tone was very affirmative, and said that he had seen the entire ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’, that still lacks evidence.”

Professor Zeng nodded. Little Song’s sharp question was good. Academic research had to be as such. By continuously picking at flaws in an argument, and continuously searching for problems, only then could you see things clearer.

As Senior Song was saying, her thoughts became clearer, “So although many things make sense according to Zhiyanzhai’s words from inference, and people of that era had never seen the entire ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’, while Zhiyanzhai, who was very close with Cao Xueqin, only had a general idea and outline of the story, resulting in Zhiyanzhai having such comments. This also led to the ancient texts being passed down without the complete 120 chapters of ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’. They could not record it down because no one had seen the ending plot. After Cao Xueqin

finished writing ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’, the manuscript was for some reason sealed and saved, but was found many years later by Gao E. Only then was it spread during that period! As for why Gao E referenced Zhiyanzhai’s comments, and had erroneously included it in the circulated version, this also indicates the level of Gao E’s academic rigor. When he ‘supplemented’ ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’, he studied Zhiyanzhai’s comments, and maybe even the complete 120 chapters of ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’ that was passed down contained in Zhiyanzhai’s comments. As a collator, he ended up making a mistake, so the 120 chapters of ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’ was still written by Cao Xueqin!”

“That’s right!”

“That was well said by that student.”

“Mighty Senior Song! Well said!”

“If we depended on guessing like that, then everything would be able to make sense! Teacher Zhang Ye’s opinions can’t really hold water! That’s indeed our Straight A student, Senior Song!”

The students of Peking University were suddenly enlightened!

A few Peking University teachers also looked towards Senior Song and thought to themselves what a smart student she was!

However, Zhang Ye did not mind, and instead smiled. He looked at Senior Song and said, “Then according to what you say, people

from that era have never seen the complete ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’?”

Senior Song affirmed, “It has to be so. According to this inference, your opinion will be overturned. If the complete 120 chapters of ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’ was first spread by Gao E, the comments of Zhiyanzhai would not be able to hold.”

Zhang Ye smiled as he shook his head.

“You don’t agree?” Senior Song leered at him.

Zhang Ye said, “Hur Hur, actually I’m very happy. Why? Because when I first put out my views, everyone was thinking that I was making excuses. They thought that I was using some unreliable information with biased assumptions to make my arguments, but it seems that you all have realized that this situation is now switched?”

Senior Song immediately blushed, “But I’m not forcing my argument and using biased assumptions. It might be a possibility, no, it has to be like that!”

“Are you sure?” Zhang Ye asked.

“I’m sure!” Senior Song insisted firmly.

“Then you must put a question mark to the word sure. Actually, people from that era had read ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’!”

Zhang Ye had already finished all his preparations, so how could he be stumped by a student? He pulled out a document and projected it, “Everyone, please take a look at this.”

What is that?

Poem? Another poem?

Everyone stared at it with rapt attention!

Do not ask about the marriage of the gold and jade, for it is like a spring dream when gathered, or smoke too soon departed.

Its magical spirit lost, the stone returned to the foot of Greensickness Peak, where even its ability to speak was all in vain.

Everyone looked at each other. What poem is this? Why haven't we heard of it before?

Zhang Ye said, “This document took me a long time to find in the internal system of Beijing Library. The person who wrote this poem is named Fucha Mingyi. Trusting my word, he was a small noble of the Qing dynasty, however, he was not very successful. By his time, his family had declined. His poems were also not that great. It was lower in quality than your average poems. He was not famous. The poems he wrote were mostly for his own pleasure, or spread amongst his relatives and friends. The poem anthology's name is ‘Anthology of Green Smoke and Locked Windows’.”

Everyone was baffled. Who was this person?

Some people searched on the internet, but found nothing.

Zhang Ye scanned everyone's expression and said, "From the looks of it, no one knows this person, but please remember Fucha Mingyi. When studying 'Dream of the Red Chamber', this person plays an important role. If everyone looks at the poem projected on the screen, it's clear that it is writing about 'Dream of the Red Chamber'. What's the meaning of the poem? 'Dream of the Red Chamber' has a story of a marriage of gold and jade. He was saying, don't ask about it, it's unbearable to recall it. Why? This was because Fucha Mingyi had seen both the marriage of gold and jade that 'was like a spring dream when gathered', then he had also seen the part of how 'smoke too soon departed'. Fucha Mingyi had seen a complete version of 'Dream of the Red Chamber'!"

Someone raised his doubts, "Is there such a person in history?"

"That's right, why hasn't the Redology world verified this poem before? Is this really writing about 'Dream of the Red Chamber'? Then why has no one discovered it before?"

"What's so surprising for him to have read 'Dream of the Red Chamber'?"

"Right, I have also seen the 120 chapters. It too has a beginning and an end!"

Senior Song also raised many doubts, as people threw questions at Zhang Ye.

In this world, Fucha Mingyi was someone no one paid attention to. As his poetry standard was mediocre, and was not considered famous, no one paid him attention. Besides, the “Anthology of Green Smoke and Locked Windows” was incomplete. The original words “Mentioning Dream of the Red Chamber” no longer existed. Out of the twenty poems that wrote about ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’, only three or four were left on this planet. Without a title, without any fame, and it being too obscure, it caused the Redologists of this world to not discover it. However, Zhang Ye, as a person who had crossed universes, knew the importance of this person and these poems. If no one else could discover this poem, then Zhang Ye, who knew the truth, could easily find it.

It couldn’t be said that he was of a higher learning than this world’s Redologists. It could only be said that Zhang Ye had seen more than them and knew about things that they didn’t!

Zhang Ye said, “I see that all of you have many questions. It’s alright. I will answer them one by one. First, let’s talk about when Fucha Mingyi wrote this poem. According to my verification and research, Fucha Mingyi’s ‘Anthology of Green Smoke and Locked Windows’ would list down his poems according to its year.” A piece of information was projected on the screen. “Take a look. This is all verified information. Everyone can see clearly that the poems at the end of ‘Anthology of Green Smoke and Locked Windows’ were completed in 1781. And the poem that was about ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’ I showed everyone was before this. And that is to say, Fucha Mingyi had finished reading a complete ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’ before the year 1781. However, when

did Gao E's 120 circulated chapter version of 'Dream of the Red Chamber' appear? It was 1791!"

Senior Song was stunned!

Many other people were also stunned!

Zhang Ye chuckled and said, "So the point Little Song inferred and guessed could not be established. Before Gao E, there was someone who had seen the complete 'Dream of the Red Chamber'. However, that was not the 120 circulated chapters!"

Senior Zhou supported Senior Song by saying, "Even if someone else had seen it, that's not considered proof. This Fucha Mingyi might have seen it, but it might be some ancient manuscript that was not copied by others. So others had seen it, and that complete version of the manuscript was obtained by Gao E. Only was it released by Gao E many years later."

Zhang Ye chuckled. "Did you notice? The grounds on which you are arguing are narrowing, and are becoming more and more subjective."

Senior Zhou denied with his neck tensed. "But that's the case."

"Alright, then let me show everyone else a poem. It is also a poem written by Fucha Mingyi about 'Dream of the Red Chamber'." Zhang Ye said, "If the previous poem was incomprehensible or you could not understand that it was about 'Dream of the Red

Chamber', then this poem will be irrefutable proof."

The information was projected.

How many Springs, indulging in gold and jade, last, the young scion of a noble house ends in emaciation.

Where did the powdered rogue go, letting down Shi Jilun of yesteryear.

Zhang Ye explained, "What does it mean? He says the Jia clan lived a life of opulence, but it would not last many Springs. It meant such opulent lives could not last long, not more than a few Springs. Then we would immediately remember the first 80 chapters of 'Dream of the Red Chamber' that we have read. It clearly states that when the three springs have gone, the flowering time will end, spring griefs and autumn sorrows were by yourselves provoked. It says the life of luxury only lasts three years. Clearly, Fucha Minyi had seen such a prophecy in the first 80 chapters, but at the same time, he had also seen the novel's main character, young scion of a noble house, Jia Baoyu. And what was the final impression? Emaciation! Which means reduced to skin and bones!"

Many people were deep in thought.

Professor Zeng and a few others were still constantly savoring that poem.

Zhang Ye looked at everyone, “Then, I would like to ask, in the 120 circulated chapters of ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’, did Jia Baoyu ever end up in that state? Was he emaciated? Not at all! Hence, the complete version of ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’ Fucha Mingyi read is completely different from the 120 circulated chapters of ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’ that you have all read! This is because the last 40 chapters everyone of you have read was continued by Gao E! It was not Cao Xueqin’s original work!”

This proof was indeed rather important!

A few Peking University professors looked at each other!

“Old Li, what do you think?” A Chinese department teacher asked another History department teacher.

The History department teacher pondered for a moment, “I will need to verify it first.” As he said so, he picked up his cellphone and made a call to a few friends. “Hello, can you help me to check out some information? Regarding someone named Fucha Mingyi.....” Zhang Ye’s shocking remarks no longer only affected the literary and education world. Even the history world could not escape its clutches.

A 3rd Year History department senior said, “Are the words of this Fucha Mingyi reliable?”

Zhang Ye laughed, “I have some information here about Fucha Mingyi. Please take a look before you decide if he’s to be trusted or not.” After he put up the information for everyone to see, he said,

“The information shows that Fucha Mingyi was born later than Cao Xueqin, but that they still belonged to the same time. They had a time where their lives crossed, meaning to say when Cao Xueqin was alive, Fucha Mingyi was also alive. The information also adds on to say that the both of them had lived in the grounds of the capital, in the same suburbs, so it was very likely that these 2 people had met each other before!”

Senior Song no longer said anything.

Many others were trying hard to digest all the evidence that Zhang Ye had presented!

Zhang Ye said, “Everyone can think about it as you listen to me speak. The second half of the poem is also a very important piece of evidence. Where did the powdered rogue go? It talks about the young women in the book, who disappeared in the end. In the phrase, ‘letting down Shi Jilun of yesteryear’, the ancients liked to use allegories. Shi Jilun was a person from the Western Jin dynasty. His name was Shi Chong, and he was a wealthy politician who led a licentious life. However, this person’s fate ended up very tragic. He lost a power struggle, and when his political rivals surrounded his manor, his concubine, named Lu Zhu, made her move. To express her resistance and loyalty to Shi Chong, she ran to the top of the mansion and jumped off, killing herself. This became a famous historical event, known as Lu Zhu’s Jumping. Shi Chong was actually a terrible person and was not worthy of being pitied. From our current day viewpoint, what Lu Zhu did was nothing to sing praises about, but it’s because of this, when Fucha Mingyi saw the ending of ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’, he felt mixed emotions. When the Jia clan was annihilated in the end, there was no character like Lu Zhu that appeared. None of those

powdered young women stood forward to show any bit of resistance, so what Fucha Mingyi saw was a tragic ending. It was an ending with the Jia clan leaving the landscape desolate and bare. This was Cao Xueqin's original intent and word of 'Dream of the Red Chamber'!"

Everyone was once again riled up!

No one could think clearly anymore and did not know how to rebut him.

So Zhang Ye said, "So putting two and two together, the answer becomes clear. If we had to force it by saying that Zhiyanzhai had only heard of Cao Xueqin's outlines and ideas when 'Dream of the Red Chamber' had not been completed in writing? And after that when it was finished, it was sealed away? And thus no ancient manuscripts covered the novel after the first 80 chapters? Then how do we explain the existence of these poems by Fucha Mingyi? Isn't this already detailed enough? He had obviously read the ending of 'Dream of the Red Chamber' with his own eyes! And it was a different version to that of the 120 chapters that we have read today! And he even read it many years before Gao E! Against this backdrop, who could explain as to why such a strange situation came about?"

Silence.

"Anyone? If not, then I will explain! The current version's last 40 chapters of 'Dream of the Red Chamber' were not written by Cao Xueqin!" Zhang Ye asserted once more!

At this moment, that History department teacher's friend had gotten back to him. He clearly had a friend who worked in a library. He had called them to check for him internally, so they managed to get the information very quickly!

“Old Li?”

“How was it?”

“Does this person and those poems really exist?”

When the History department teacher got off the call, he nodded solemnly at his colleagues saying, “Zhang Ye's speaking the truth. At least all of that information can indeed be verified. Fucha Mingyi really wrote those poems. His life and background were also as Zhang Ye had put it.” Then he proceeded to show them the cellphone with the information that his friend had sent to him, “And it's not only these 2 poems, but there are others too. Although these poems did not mention explicitly ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’, their phrasings and meanings were clearly referring to ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’, but because this information was too obscure, if you did not pay close attention to it, you'd miss this information!”

Professor Zeng, who was seated further away, shifted seats when he heard them. He also took a look at the information, “This....”

The Peking University teachers nearby were convinced at once, not at Zhang Ye's perspective, but at his ability to do research!

Such obscure information!

A person like that who wouldn't raise an eyebrow of others!

You could even find them? You were even able to discover such a source of information?

From this alone, those Peking University teachers and professors thought that Zhang Ye was really crazy! They had already known this host named Zhang understood the Three Kingdoms rather well and could speak about it rather interestingly, but who would have ever thought that his research and study of 'Dream of the Red Chamber' would be so meticulous! It didn't even matter if his research was correct or wrong. To them, Zhang Ye was already way ahead of all of the Redologists!

Wu Zeqing smiled elegantly once more, "Looks like Teacher Little Zhang is able to carry out his responsibilities for this course?"

The Chinese department's Professor Yan Jiantao said with a heavy expression, "Many of these arguments and the evidence still needs to be verified." He still despised Zhang Ye, who came through the ranks of broadcasting rather than history or literature.

But others did not feel the same.

Anyone present could tell that if Zhang Ye could provide even stronger evidence later, wouldn't this be a precursor to rewriting History!?

Chapter 310: The First Lesson Is Over!

Peking University.

In the auditorium.

Many of the reporters were trying their best to take photographs!

Many of the Peking University students were hungry for more! Compared to those experts or teachers, the students were much more receptive to fresh perspectives or opinions that subverted their understanding. They could accept and understand much more easily, and thus a group of such students were already hooked by interest towards the research and logical reasonings of Zhang Ye's argument. They all were thinking how Teacher Zhang Ye would continue on from here.

“Teacher!”

“Do you still have more evidence?”

“Teacher Zhang, I have a question!”

“Are you really able to explain all of the logical errors in ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’?”

The Peking University students said one after the other, all scrambling to get their questions answered!

It was already 11:30AM.

The school had initially planned for Zhang Ye to have one hour to give his lecture for “Appreciation of the Classics”, but it had already exceeded the time slot by quite a bit.

Zhang Ye looked at his watch and spoke into the microphone, “Sorry everyone, I cannot answer everyone’s questions during today’s lesson due to time constraints. Those students who are interested can look for me after class to discuss. I also welcome any students, who are not in my elective class, to come and listen in on my second lesson. I welcome anyone who seeks to learn more about literature and those who love classical novels to join me as well. So then, we will be ending today’s lesson here. Class dismissed!” With that, Zhang Ye started packing his teaching materials from the projector and left the stage.

There was no applause.

There was not a single applause.

Instead, it was replaced by a surge of students rushing forward. The moment Zhang Ye got off the stage and was preparing to leave via the aisle, he was surrounded by a large group of Peking University students!

“Teacher Zhang!”

“What will we be tested on for our elective class?”

“Will we be tested on ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’? Can you give us a clue about what’s examinable!”

“Teacher, I still don’t really understand your perspective, could we discuss it?”

At this moment, the students of “Appreciation of the Classics” class had already recognized Zhang Ye’s position as their lecturer. Zhang Ye had used his knowledge to shake up these students! If the students had only respected Zhang Ye because of his Talk Show, his poems, or just because he was such a straight talker, then now the students were convinced by his solid and impressive lecturing skills!

Even if someone did not agree with Zhang Ye’s views or did not like his behavior, no one would be able to cast any more doubt that Zhang Ye did not know how to give lectures!

Who said that as a host, Zhang Ye would not know how to teach students?

Who said that an outsider of the education world would not know how to give a lecture?

The netizens, industry insiders, and experts of the education world that had cast doubt on Zhang Ye before now seemed quite laughable!

From the beginning, he threw out his argument and enticed the audience through his speech. The details were slowly revealed as he spent the entire lecture pushing out his logical reasoning in order of succession. What's more, Zhang Ye was doing all of it off-script in front of them and without even a backup script highlighting his lecture pointers. The lesson was even done in a Q&A format, taking questions and debating about them. No one would know when and what these students would ask, yet Zhang Ye had countered them with extremely well thought out answers. He even managed to pull them back to his original main argument and drive his point home! He had used the questions from the students to reinforce his views and created a more visual and impactful understanding of them. What was key, was that this lesson was very interesting and no one had fallen asleep from the beginning till end. Not a single person in the more than thousand strong audience lost focus. The entire lesson was all within Zhang Ye's control. They were all led by the nose by Zhang Ye's bombshell. As such, the students had a very memorable lesson and gained more knowledge as well!

The education world experts still looked down on this host, Zhang Ye?! They were still biased against a person who was not from their industry? Bullsh*t! With the standard set by his performance today, even a professor with more than 10 years of experience....would not do better than this, right? They couldn't possibly deliver the lecture better than Teacher Zhang Ye right? Alright, even though there were professors in Peking University and Tsinghua University who had the same standard as Zhang Ye's lecture delivery and could do it with such interest, logic, and impact, would they be able to do so for a whole hour? Surely they would not be able to do so without a script, but Zhang Ye could! From this alone, no one in the education world would dare say

they could do better than Zhang Ye!

This teacher was too interesting!

This was why the students had all surrounded Zhang Ye!

Of course, the group of reporters were even crazier than them!

More than twenty reporters rushed forward and squeezed in trying their best to take some pictures while others held out their voice recorders!

“Zhang Ye!”

“Please accept our interview!”

“I’m a reporter with the Beijing Times!”

“Teacher Zhang, do you realize that your lecture today is going to cause a huge stir?”

“This is only your first time giving a lesson as a lecture, but you’ve already thrown out such a shocking theory! How many people do you think will accept your views?”

“Teacher Zhang!”

“Please tell us about your thoughts!”

“What you said today was too shocking to the people! No! It’s too shocking to the world! Why did you not raise these views before? Did you just discover the shocking secret to ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’ recently?”

Zhang Ye raised his hand, “Please let me through. I will not be giving any interviews today. If there’s a need, you may contact the relevant agencies in Peking University and if they allow it, I will give an interview. Sorry, please excuse me.” He was not here as a host, but as a teacher of Peking University. He would need to handle the issues of interviews carefully. The system and characteristics here were different from a television station, the school’s principles did not encourage a teacher to do informal interviews.

The security team had also come to maintain order.

After being tussled left and right, Zhang Ye was finally escorted out safely after 7-8 minutes. It was only giving a lecture, but it felt like he had gone to war. Zhang Ye was at a loss at whether to laugh or cry. He had intended to interact for a short while with President Wu and Dean Chang. The university and department leaders had come specially to listen in on his lecture, so it would have been rude if he just left without saying anything, but there was no other way now, as he could not find them anymore, even after looking left and right. He could only avoid the people and quickly walk back to his office.

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At the other end.

The auditorium's dedicated staff doorway.

Wu Zeqing, Chang Kaige, and company were walking out together with a camera crew member as well as the website administrator. They were discussing as they walked.

“Did you get the whole lesson?” Wu Zeqing asked.

The cameraman, who was in his forties, said, “Yes, I’ve recorded everything.”

The website administrator said respectfully, “President Wu, it is standard practice for all our past public lectures to be uploaded onto the Peking University website and also a publicity and showcase for us, but this time, Teacher Zhang Ye’s lecture on ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’, should we.....not post it up?”

Wu Zeqing laughed gently, “Why not?”

Secretary Zhen Shuquan said, “There is quite a bit of information overload for this lecture and much of Zhang Ye’s views have not been verified yet. If we post this, it will inevitably cause a commotion? Right now, only a small group of students are slightly convinced by Zhang Ye. They still do not fully believe, let alone others. What more, those education and literary circle’s experts. They would surely make a fuss!”

Chang Kaige sighed, “There’s already a big fuss going on now. Even if we do not post it, when those reporters get back, they will still publish it. We should take the initiative and post it first instead. At least, Zhang Ye’s views will be presented with details, rather than letting the reporters take his arguments out of context and have the possibility of an even greater negative reaction!”

Wu Zeqing said, “Dean Chang is right. Just like Zhang Ye said himself, the more truth is debated, the less obscure it becomes. Having some controversy is a good thing.”

Yan Jiantao raised his eyebrows in disagreement, “Will that really not be a problem? If it is not handled properly, our Peking University will become the target of criticism! After all, Zhang Ye is now a lecturer of Peking University. If his views are made known, then whatever trouble that comes along with it will also have to be handled by Peking University? And furthermore Little Zhang’s point of view has not been perfected or elaborated in full. He’s still so young and wouldn’t be able to handle the pressure from outside. What if the lessons turn out to be a mess later? Wouldn’t it be better if we delayed it for a few more days before posting? To see if Zhang Ye has anymore new evidence to show for?”

Wu Zeqing said flatly, “Hur Hur, there’s no need to wait a few days.” To the website administrator, she said, “Clean up the recording and post it up.”

“Yes, President Wu.” that person acknowledged.

Then, Wu Zeqing said to Yan Jiantao, “Professor Yan, I know that you have always been very stringent towards academic issues, but issues related to ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’ are not something that we can be overly stringent with. There are already all sorts of unsolved mysteries to it and at this point of time, being stringent is no longer the single most important factor. A daring questioning and view of it would be the most important thing. I believe that Teacher Little Zhang also wishes to be doubted from the outside world and the world of Redology. Only if that happens would there be more analysis and more debates. With more opinions and views, we will be able to finally gain a clearer understanding and solve this mystery. This should be a good thing.” She smiled as she was saying, “As to whether Teacher Little Zhang will be able to handle the pressure from outside, I don’t think that we should even be worried about it?”

You could worry about anything, everything has a chance to go wrong, but when it came to resisting pressure, a person like Zhang Ye would definitely have no problems handling it!

Professor Zeng was jubilant when he heard these words. “Professor Yan probably does not know the background of Teacher Little Zhang. Back then, during the hijacking of plane, Zhang Ye, who had never piloted a plane, stood forward at the most critical moment and landed it safely. He saved over a hundred lives. We can not use logic to deduce what this man is thinking.”

Chang Kaige, the other teachers and Peking University staff, who were present, had also heard a little about Zhang Ye’s miraculous stories. Their expressions broke out into wry smiles.

Of course, everyone tacitly knew that there was no reason to worry about Zhang Ye about handling pressure! In two live broadcasts, he had scolded his leader once and criticized the SARFT in the other. With all that pressure from the second incident, Zhang Ye could still scold the SARFT with a poem a day in a carefree manner. It could be said that he was the type who fought even harder the more pressure there was. This was the sort of literary hooligan he was. If he couldn't take the pressure, then no one in this world would be able to take it either!

Chapter 311: Poked A Hornet's Nest!

It was lunch break.

Peking University Chinese department.

In a teachers' office.

Some lecturers brought lunchboxes in. Beside the water dispenser, there was a microwave oven, so a simple reheating would do. There were other lecturers who were heading to the canteen to get their meals.

At this moment, Zhang Ye returned.

A young female lecturer glanced at him. "Teacher Zhang, your class is over?"

Zhang Ye nodded and said, "I just finished."

The female lecturer smiled and said, "How did your first class feel?"

Zhang Ye said with a hearty laugh, "It was not bad. It was quite fun having so many people listen to my lecture."

"Fun?" The female lecturer gave him a thumbs up and said with amusement, "With your hosting background, you must definitely

have the proper nerves for it. You must also have seen all sorts of situations. Thinking back to my first class, it was even some small, ordinary class. There were only about thirty or forty people, but I was so nervous that I began stammering. I nearly screwed up the class. By the way, I heard there were too many students coming to listen to your class? And there were even quite a few reporters, making you run a public lecture in the end?”

Zhang Ye acknowledged. “It was held at the auditorium.”

“You sure are popular. Normal teachers like us do not enjoy such treatment. Let’s not talk about having so many people attend the class, it would be a something worth rejoicing if students don’t skip class.” The female lecturer said in a self-deprecating manner.

The other Peking University teachers did not pay much attention to Zhang Ye. Some ate while others busied themselves with work. There were at most a few people who glanced at Zhang Ye before lowering their heads again. Only this female lecturer, who was about the same age as Zhang Ye, chatted with him. One could see how unpopular Zhang Ye was.

“Oh, what did you lecture today?” The female lecturer asked, “Three Kingdoms?”

Zhang Ye sat back at his seat and said to the neighboring female lecturer, “No, I taught ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’.”

“Ah, ‘Dream of the’...What? You taught ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’?” The female lecturer was stunned and felt her mind

spinning.

The other Chinese department teachers in the office also became speechless upon hearing that. They all looked towards Zhang Ye. All of them had classes in the morning, so they did not know what had happened in the auditorium.

Teacher Wu, who was about to become an Associate Professor, said, “You can even teach ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’? Little Zhang, this is a university, not a variety program. You have to be rigorous in academic stuff.”

Zhang Ye said casually, “I know.”

The female lecturer was at a loss for words, “You sure are bold.”

Professor Wu and the other teachers all shook their heads slightly.

Zhang Ye kept his documents and was about to go downstairs to get food. However, he guessed that many reporters were gathered in the canteen or somewhere nearby to lunge at him. So he did not go there. Instead, he went to a small nearby grocery store to buy a hamburger. He heated it in a microwave oven before returning to the office to eat it.

As he chewed on his hamburger, the other teachers were enjoying their meals.

Just as people were having their lunch, Peking University's official website posted a recording of Zhang Ye's lecture. There was nearly no cuts, and the entire lesson was uploaded.

Zhang Ye did not watch it, but was searching for information on the internet while eating. He was preparing for tomorrow's lesson.

The female lecturer sitting beside him was very curious. She wanted to know how Zhang Ye lectured on 'Dream of the Red Chamber', so she loaded the video, since she had nothing to do.

Following that, she constantly cried out.

“F**k!”

“Ah?”

“Aiyah!”

“This is.....”

“Eh? What's up with this information?”

Su Na's exclamations made all the other teachers in the office speechless.

“Teacher Su.” A female teacher in her forties put down her

teaching material, saying, “What are you watching? Why the commotion? Hur Hur, my heart nearly jumped out because of you.”

Su Na was still in a state of shock. “I’m watching a recording of Teacher Little Zhang’s public lecture. Hurry up and watch it. It’s no trifling matter. No one has ever talked about ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’ in this way!”

“Little Zhang’s class?”

“Really?”

“Alright, let me take a look.”

“I have read ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’ several times. There are so many logical inconsistencies. There’s no way to teach this class, right?”

From the ruckus caused by Su Na, the curiosity of the other Peking University teachers were piqued. They all loaded the video up.

The video was a bit long. Some people jumped to the main points, while others watched from start to finish. It would not have mattered if they didn’t watch, but everyone showed the same expressions as Su Na!

“This...”

“What is the situation?”

“Holy sh*t! This class is defying the heavens!”

“How can ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’ not be written by Cao Xueqin!?”

“But what Teacher Little Zhang says make sense. The evidence provided is also very strong!” Su Na supported Zhang Ye.

Professor Wu and another teacher shook their heads. “That doesn’t explain anything. It has not been verified, so how can you speak rubbish!”

The female teacher in her forties said, “Little Zhang, your class is going to cause chaos!”

Zhang Ye lifted his shoulders and smiled. “It’s alright. I’m already mentally prepared.”

A debate was launched in the office immediately regarding Zhang Ye’s public lecture. A teacher felt Zhang Ye’s evidence was very reasonable. Teacher Su Na had her reservations, while the other teachers were adamant. They felt Zhang Ye was being too irrational. How could you teach something that was not verified? If that were the case, couldn’t you have rested on your laurels and taught Three Kingdoms? It might not be interesting, but it would not have stirred such a controversy. This theory of yours is enough

to f**king poke holes in the world of History and Literature!

.....

Indeed, the external world went into chaos!

No, it would be more appropriate to say that the heavens were overturned!

Once the Peking University's official website posted the video, many people rushed to watch it..

For example, Zhang Ye's old friends and colleagues, or his hardcore fans, or those experts and professors from the academia world who doubted Zhang Ye's lecturing ability. There were also netizens who liked to join in a bustle. After all, the news of Zhang Ye joining Peking University was still hot. Many people knew about it. Although people did not care much about Zhang Ye's classes, they also wanted to take a glance at it once the video was out.

Yes, a large number of people only wanted to glance at it, but after this glance, none of them were able to close the video!

His new friends were stunned!

His old friends were also stunned!

“Holy motherf**king sh*t!”

“This is crazy!”

“My titanium dog eyes are blinded!”

“I feel like Earth can no longer stop Teacher Zhang Ye!”

“Dear, Dear, hurry up and watch this. Face-smacking Zhang has caused trouble again. This time he is not smacking his Leader or unit’s or relevant department’s face, but he’s smacking the entire world’s face!”

“I’m completely convinced by Teacher Zhang! He is too good at stirring up trouble!”

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Beijing Television Station.

In a small office.

Xiao Lu, Dafei, and the Hou twins finished watching Zhang Ye’s public lecture recording in shock. Then after staring all day blankly, they either smacked themselves in the forehead or fainted!

Hou Di shouted “f**k” before saying, “I’ve finally realized that if Teacher Little Zhang does not cause a commotion a day, he won’t be able to sleep well that night!”

Xiao Lu said, “This time he’s doomed!”

Hou Ge said, “That’s right. Zhang Ye is going to cause public outrage!”

Xiao Lu said in a panic, “When he took up teaching duties at Peking University, many industry insiders were not optimistic about it. They were all scolding him. Now with this, wouldn’t Teacher Zhang Ye become the target of public censure!? Everyone’s firepower will be focused on him? No, I have to give him a call! He can’t say that or he won’t be able to carry on in the industry anymore. How many people is he offending!?”

Dafei stopped her. “Don’t make the call. Don’t you already know Teacher Zhang’s temper? When has he been afraid of offending others? He would ignore it even if others criticize him. That temper of his probably is afraid that he offends too few. Teacher Zhang is the kind of person who gets more excited the more people he offends!”

.....

Beijing Radio Station.

Wang Xiaomei had finished her work late at noon, and had just

returned to the office to eat.

The moment she stepped in, Big Sis Zhou and Auntie Sun shouted, “Xiaomei! Hurry up and watch this!”

“Watch what?” Wang Xiaomei leaned over. And she saw Zhang Ye saying calmly in his public lecture, “the last 40 chapters of ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’ was in no way written by Cao Xueqin!”

Wang Xiaomei exclaimed and returned to her seat with a calm expression. She continued eating, but as she ate, she began to lose her appetite. She clutched her hair, at a loss whether to laugh or cry and muttered to herself, “This Zhang Ye!”

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Shanghai, Weiwo company.

Zhang Ye’s colleagues were all dumbfounded!

After watching the video, Zhang Han shouted three times, “Holy sh*t! Holy sh*t! Holy sh*t!”

After Dong Shanshan finished watching, she did not say a word. After half a minute’s silence, she stood up and went to the recording studio to record her program. She was already at a loss as to what to say!

.....

A hospital in Beijing.

Deputy Station Head Jia, who was in an orthopedic ward, was watching Zhang Ye's video on his cellphone. He did not have the patience to finish watching it. He only watched the first ten minutes before stopping. He closed the video and took a deep breath, and suddenly erupted in laughter. "This Zhang Ye has really sent himself to his death!"

.....

On the web.

On the newspapers.

All the relevant news reports came out one after another. It was all rushed out by the reporters who had personally attended the public lecture!

"Zhang Ye has once again launched his missiles!"

"Zhang Ye's Peking University Public Lecture! Questioning 'Dream of the Red Chamber's' Author!"

"A person challenging the entire Literature world—Peking

University Lecturer Zhang Ye!”

“The last 40 chapters of ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’ were written by someone else?”

When Zhang Ye kept a low profile, he did it very well, but whenever he rose up, it would always be stunning. For example, it could be said that he poked a hornet’s nest today!

The Literature industry was stunned!

The Education industry was stunned!

The History industry was also stunned!

The people who held authority in these industries publicly criticized Zhang Ye. They also believed that Zhang Ye was not suitable as a lecturer, and guessed that there would be problems with his first lecture. Zhang Ye’s notoriety was already not something a few people knew. However, no matter how they thought of it, they never expected Zhang Ye to publicly challenge what the entire country, or even the entire world had considered conclusive!

Numerous industry insiders appeared!

Some were from the education industry, some from the literature industry. There were even people with authority in the field of history. As for those Redologists and Redology enthusiasts, who

had disappeared for a long period of time, they also could not sit idle. They all appeared to point their spears at Zhang Ye!

Chapter 312: Zhang Ye's Response—Let The World Laugh About Me

On Weibo.

It immediately became a war zone!

“Zhang Ye, can you not speak nonsense?”

“Don't insult my ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’!”

“How can the 120 chapters of ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’ be continued on by someone else?”

“Zhang Ye, I can ignore what you had previously said. I can treat it as funny musings. I also acknowledge your literary standard, but don't you mess with ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’! This is a classic in my heart. This is one of the Four Great Classical Novels of our country. How can you doubt it?”

“Peking University is really blind to invite such a lecturer!”

“I already said that Zhang Ye wouldn't do. As a host, how is he to teach!?”

“Let Zhang Ye get lost. Don't lead our children astray! What is he teaching!?”

The army that denounced Zhang Ye drummed up their war gongs. Many parents of Peking University students appeared and collectively protested on Weibo, requesting Peking University to fire Zhang Ye!

However, there were people who supported Zhang Ye.

“Have you seriously watched what Teacher Zhang Ye taught in his class? Don’t just boo along with others, alright? Just a look at the news on the newspapers and you came here to scold? Just a scan of the opening parts of the video, and you came here to shout? I implore you to watch it carefully once more. See if what Teacher Zhang Ye said was reasonable for yourself! If you don’t think it’s right, you can step forward to scold him, but you don’t even know anything before coming here to boo. What sort of people are you!?”

“That’s right. I really suggest everyone to watches it carefully. What Teacher Zhang Ye says is reasonable. The evidence he produced was very strong!”

“Supporting Zhang Ye!”

“Unconditional support for Teacher Zhang!”

“Although I don’t believe that the last 40 chapters of ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’ was not written by Cao Xueqin, I still brainlessly support Zhang Ye! So what if I’m a braindead fan, are you biting me?”

“Don’t scold anymore. Teacher Zhang really has the ability to teach. Are there any doubts after watching what he covered in the lecture? Literature has always been like that. It allows for controversy. You can’t just insist everyone thinks the same way that you do because you think it so, right? Just because they think differently from you, you begin to insult them? What sort of logic is that!? Don’t be fooled by those so-called experts!”

“‘Dream of the Red Chamber’ really has something fishy going behind the scenes?”

“I don’t know. Compare to those so-called literary experts, I believe Teacher Zhang Ye more!”

“I am a person who especially likes ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’. I have read it four or five times. Although everyone is scolding Zhang Ye, I think what Teacher Zhang Ye says is not without reason. What if it’s true? What if ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’ was really continued on by someone else? Wouldn’t all the logical errors in the book be explained? The only thing I have on my mind is listening to Zhang Ye’s next lecture!”

“Ditto!”

“I want to listen to it too!”

“Regardless if Teacher Zhang Ye’s opinion is right or wrong, this lecture is too interesting. Even those old professors can’t teach a class of this standard! Everything is linked, and full of suspense.

It's really great. Watching Teacher Zhang Ye's programs or listening to his lectures are sometimes a form of enjoyment!"

"The country needs someone like Zhang Ye who dares to raise opposite viewpoints. This is a good thing. Besides, there is no problem with the evidence provided by Teacher Zhang. Not only are there no problems, but it is also an important discovery in Redology. It has allowed Redology research to take a big step forward! Just this discovery from Zhang Ye and the contributions of those documents should make him impervious to criticism. In my opinion, Teacher Zhang Ye is a real scholar and Redologist. He knows his point of view will be attacked, but he still insisted on talking about. This is something worthy of our respect!"

However, the people who supported Zhang Ye were just a small minority. Furthermore, there were people amongst this small minority who did not fully believe Zhang Ye's point of view. They were all reserved in their beliefs. They were very interested in the evidence brought forward by Zhang Ye, but that was all. Hence, their voices were slowly bombarded by others!

The people who opposed this viewpoint were all heavyweight opponents!

Renmin University's Professor Ma Hengyuan came out. "I already had a hunch that chaos would ensue before Zhang Ye took on his teaching responsibilities. I never expected to be right. Peking University, the best school in the country, a benchmark in the education sector, actually dared to take in a layman like Zhang Ye. What were you thinking? And indeed, the outcome is out. Peking University will have to pay the price for this mistake. From

the attitudes of the students and their parents, everyone has feelings of mistrust towards Peking University because of rat sh*t like Zhang Ye. If we let Zhang Ye carry on his nonsense, the consequences will be disastrous!” Back then for “Analysis of the Three Kingdoms”, Zhang Ye had confronted Ma Hengyuan during the recording and smacked his face. Hence, Ma Hengyuan did not hold back this time by adding insult to injury. He was an old foe.

Following that, another old foe appeared.

Beijing Writer’s Association’s Vice President Meng Dongguo criticized, “I watched the entire public lecture. I am now very angry and consumed with rage. How dare Zhang Ye question the Four Great Classical Novels? The evidence you provide might seem reasonable and logical, but if you analyze is carefully, these evidence is not authoritative. It is all from people of no importance. Is this considered a contribution to literature? Even this can be considered as informational records?”

Someone from the Beijing Writer’s Association also said, “Zhang Ye? What a joke. What a joke!”

Yao Jiancai said on Weibo, “Hahaha, supporting Zhang Ye’s viewpoint!”

The person Beijing Writer’s Association said with disdain, “As an actor in the entertainment industry, what do you know of literature?”

“I do not know, but I know Zhang Ye knows.” Yao Jiancai

retorted, “As a small author with sales of ten thousand, you dare to compete with Zhang Ye’s literacy? Nice, if you are indignant about it, why don’t you compete with him to let me see!? Don’t you also know a lot? Then show me how much you know!”

That person immediately stopped speaking.

Poems...

Couplets...

Zhang Ye was invincible in this area!

Elder Qian, the judge who Zhang Ye got to know at the Beijing Couplet Competition, and also the country’s Writers’ Association veteran suddenly stood forward to support Zhang Ye. “The information Little Zhang provided is very important in the study of ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’. This is undeniable. All of you think it doesn’t make sense? You think the information isn’t reliable? I’m actually taking the opposite view from you. I am now beginning to doubt the author of the last 40 chapters of ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’. Little Zhang’s explanation is completely sound and supported by evidence and logic. It can definitely stand. Those who criticize Zhang Ye, you can always take out your own evidence to refute him. If you can’t refute him, don’t shoot your mouth and incur the ridicule of others. Besides, I understand Little Zhang as a person. He would not say something without evidence. We have to carry on listening to what he has to say later.”

However, the criticism remained unabated.

“Get Zhang Ye to get lost!”

“Don’t let him pollute the campus!”

“What is Peking University doing, they are not looking into this matter?”

Finally, Peking University’s official Weibo was forced to make a statement. It openly supported him by saying, “Peking University’s trust in Teacher Zhang Ye’s literary attainments have never wavered. It is impossible to eliminate controversy in academia. This is an important part of the process to advance academic research. We welcome external bodies and industry insiders to scrutinize this process. We also welcome academic experts and scholars to listen in. Teacher Zhang Ye’s second lesson of ‘Appreciation of the Classics’ has been decided to be held tomorrow at noon. It will still be a public lecture. The venue will be Peking University’s Grand Auditorium that can hold 5000 people.”

Peking University’s attitude surprised many industry insiders. Some industry insiders, who had good relations with Peking University, also stopped speaking. They never expected Peking University to support Zhang Ye that much. Peking University actually still tolerated him despite saying such “treason and heresy”?

However, there were even more who remained unconvinced!

A few publicly-recognized Redologists could not stand hearing this!

“Alright, since you welcome us. Then we will attend the lecture tomorrow. I want to broaden my horizons. I want to see how Zhang Ye will lecture!”

“I’m going too!”

“Young people these days really do not know the immensity of heaven and earth.”

“It’s pointless to keep talking here. Let’s meet tomorrow at Peking University. We will make Zhang Ye take back his words that insult Mr Cao Xueqin!”

Many Redologists and industry insiders expressed their intentions to attend the lecture!

It could be predicted that there would be a fierce struggle between two equally matched forces tomorrow at Peking University!

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However as one of the involved parties, Zhang Ye, who had caused such an uproar, did not appear online. He did not watch any news either. By the time he finished arranging his information, it was already past two in the afternoon. He was

planning on returning home. His contract with Peking University was as an external hire, so he did not need to sit in the office all day. Once he finished his lecture and whatever business he needed to do, he held no other responsibilities. Even the class time was up to him to choose. The class at noon tomorrow was naturally suggested by Zhang Ye. The reason why he did not arrange for the class to be in the morning was to leave some time for society and the industry to digest the content he lectured. This time, Zhang Ye was not trying to fight them, nor was he challenging those who doubted him. Zhang Ye really wanted to reveal the truth of “Dream of the Red Chamber”. He did not want everyone to carry on being left in the dark. This was his responsibility, the responsibility of a person who had crossed universes. He had to contribute to this world after all. And he was also up to the task.

“I’ll be leaving first.” Zhang Ye got up.

Su Na, who did not have a class to teach in the afternoon, looked at him. “You are leaving, Teacher Zhang?”

Zhang Ye smiled. “I need to go home to prepare for class tomorrow. I’ll see you tomorrow.”

“I was planning on going downstairs to get a drink. Let us go together.” Su Na accompanied him out. “I also wanted to ask you some things regarding ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’. There are still a few questions I haven’t figured out.”

However, just as they went downstairs, an unexpected scene happened!

It was unknown when numerous journalists had arrived, nor was it known how long they had waited. The moment they saw Zhang Ye, they charged forward with their cameras and zoom lenses, surrounding him!

“Zhang Ye!”

“Teacher Zhang!”

“I’m from Jinshi television station!”

“I’m from Beihe province daily news! Please hold on!”

Jinshi? Beihe province? Why did the media from those places come?

It was not surprising. These member of the media were stationed in Beijing. As the video released this afternoon caused such a huge stir, everyone had come here without thinking. Back when Zhang Ye made his Talk Show, it had only attracted the attention of youngsters, but this time, it was the garnered the attention of the entire society. There was no other way about it as ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’ was too influential in China. Too many had seen this famous piece of work, and with Zhang Ye openly shelling “Dream of the Red Chamber”, this not only caused unrest to the literary and historical world, but had also attracted eyes from the whole society!

Su Na was also dumbfounded seeing this.

In a blink of an eye, she and Zhang Ye were already surrounded by three or four rows of reporters!

With the commotion over here, many Peking University Chinese department students also came over to join in the bustle!

Yao Mi, Li Ying, and Li Li, who had just finished classes, also ran over to take a look upon seeing this situation!

Today's Zhang Ye was no doubt the center of attention at the Peking University. The students were staring at him, his teacher colleagues were staring at him, as well as the entire society!

Zhang Ye apologized, "Sorry, I'm not accepting interviews!"

"Please say a word or two!" A female Beijing Times reporter said loudly.

Another reporter, who held a microphone, said, "We just received news that your public lecture tomorrow will be held in Peking University's largest auditorium. This is now the focus of all attention, and there has been more than one academic or Redologist who has expressed intentions to cause trouble for you. What are your thoughts on this matter?"

Another reporter stirred the pot, "Now that society is scolding you for leading people astray, saying that you don't understand

‘Dream of the Red Chamber’, and are speaking nonsense. Do you have anything to say?”

“Teacher Zhang, we have been waiting for three hours. If you don’t say a word or two, we really can’t answer to our superiors!” A young female author tried soft methods after noticing that hard tactics had failed.

The reporters refused to leave as they surrounded him.

Professor Zeng was still having class, but he could see Zhang Ye from the window. He only had a wry smile on his face.

The other Chinese department teachers also glanced down from the teacher’s office windows. They also wanted to hear what Zhang Ye had to say in response to the criticism. As Zhang Ye’s hot temper and hooligan nature of scolding people was known by everyone, they wanted to know what surprising words he had to say this time.

There were more and more people gathered on the field!

Dean Chang Kaige noticed that the commotion here was too great. It was already affecting the lectures in many classrooms. He could not help but turn gloomy. “Hurry up and disperse! Please disperse!” However, his words were useless.

Su Na leaned her head to the side and whispered, “Say a few words? Or we won’t be able to leave.”

From the eyes of these reporters, one could tell they were willing to grab onto Zhang Ye's legs, in order to not let him leave.

“Teacher Zhang!”

“Many parents of students are requesting that you be fired!”

“I heard there are students who doubt the contents of your lecture!”

“Now the entire education sector towards you is filled with veiled criticism. What are your thoughts on that?”

The reporters were full of energy. Regardless if Zhang Ye answered, they just kept throwing questions at him.

When he realized that he would not be able to leave if he did not say anything, Zhang Ye calmed his expression and said, “I don't really think much of it, nor have any thoughts about it.”

The female reporter from Beijing Times said, “How can that be? Almost everyone is doubting you. If it were me, I would also be infuriated!”

“I have nothing to be angry about.” Zhang Ye looked at those reporters and calmly used a very famous Buddhist gatha from his world, as he said softly, “Let the world slander me, cheat me,

humiliate me, laugh about me, treat me lightly, despise me, dislike me, and swindle me.” With a slight pause, he then narrowed his eyes and said, “Only to endure it, let it be, let it have its way, avoid it, beat it, be reverent towards it, and not care for it... Wait for a few years and then have a look at it again!’

With the gatha out, the entire field tuned silent!

Su Na suddenly stared at Zhang Ye’s face!

Chang Kaige and the surrounding reporters were filled with looks of astonishment!

The female reporter from Beijing Times, who was closest to Zhang Ye, gave a look of pleasant surprise. She hurriedly confirmed that the voice recorder had done its job in excitement. It was recorded! She had a feeling that these two lines would definitely become hot! She was not wrong. Zhang Ye was a person who gave polished impromptu speeches the moment he spoke! Every line and poem of his were poetic!

“Is this a poem?”

“No! It’s a Buddhist phrase!”

“It’s a gatha! A Buddhist gatha!”

The students on the field were also stirred up!

Yao Mi shouted, “This saying is so f**king relieving!”

“So empowering! Teacher Zhang Ye is indeed superior to others! He is a person with great spirit!” Li Ying exclaimed, “This is the style of a literary master!”

Zhang Ye smiled. “Reporters, can I leave? I still need to go home to prepare for my class.”

“Ah, alright. Thank you for this interview.” A television station reporter said subconsciously.

The other reporters did not want to let Zhang Ye go, but they had all been stunned by Zhang Ye’s gatha. In their daze, no one dared to stop him.

Zhang Ye drove off.

A group of people were left behind as they reminisced the two lines!

Chapter 313: Losing All Decorum With The Literary World!

Afternoon.

On the way home.

There was a major intersection up ahead, and there, the traffic light lasted very long. As he waited, he hesitated while holding his cellphone before sending Zhang Yuanqi a short message.

Zhang Ye: Sister Zhang, I'm back in Beijing.

Slightly more than ten seconds later, a response came back: You just arrived?

Zhang Ye smiled and typed: I got back a while ago. You must not have been following the news.

Zhang Yuanqi: I'm out of the country.

Zhang Ye: Out of the country? Alright, when you return, we can have a meal together. We haven't seen each other in such a long time. I expect myself to be in Beijing until the Lunar New Year.

Zhang Yuanqi: We'll see.

Zhang Ye: Alright. Go busy yourself.

Zhang Yuanqi: OK.

With the traffic light turning green, Zhang Ye stepped on the accelerator.

However, he did not keep his cellphone. He gave Rao Aimin a call. After leaving Beijing for a month, he missed Rao Aimin somewhat.

Du, du, du, the call connected.

Zhang Ye said with a chuckle, "Hello, Landlady auntie. It's me."

Rao Aimin's familiar voice sounded, "Oh it's you. I'm carrying groceries on the way up. My hands aren't free, so quickly speak like you are letting out a fart." The sound of plastic bags rubbing against each other could be heard.

"You bought groceries?" Zhang Ye said, "Perfect. I'll be there in a while. Set aside some food for me. I haven't tasted your cooking in a while. I miss your food so much when I'm in Shanghai. Then, let me look at the time. Eh, 4 PM. I'll be there at 4PM punctually. Alright?"

Rao Aimin curled her lips. "Other than scrounging for food, what else can you do?"

Zhang Ye flattered her, "It's because your food is too delicious."

"Alright, alright. Come on over. I won't be going out then. Help me pick Chencheng up while you're at it. She will be ending school in a while." Rao Aimin told him.

Zhang Ye exclaimed, "I just finished classes, and had a tiring day."

Rao Aimin gave a light laugh. "You want to eat without doing any work? Dream on. Do as I say and stop spouting nonsense with me."

Zhang Ye began to negotiate. "Alright then. I'll just pick her up, but I want Red Braised Pork tonight. I'm not doing anything if there's no Red Braised Pork!"

"Take it or leave it. Hurry!" She hung up.

Just thinking of the food made Zhang Ye salivate. After sending Mom a short message informing her that he was not returning home, he drove over to Beijing No.2 Experimental Primary School.

When his car arrived, school was not over yet. With nothing to do, Zhang Ye smoked in his car while waiting. After a while, there were more and more cars. The parents had arrived. Following that, the school gates opened, and the children began coming out. Zhang Ye threw the cigarette butt and alighted from the car, waiting by the entrance.

“Eh, Teacher Zhang!”

“Isn’t this Teacher Zhang?”

“You came to fetch the child?”

“Teacher Zhang, I heard you’ve become a Peking University lecturer?”

Although Zhang Ye wore sunglasses, he had previously brought Chenchen to a Parent-Teacher Meeting. A few parents of Chenchen’s classmates recognized him. They greeted him. As they were all considered parents or guardians, they did not treat Zhang Ye as a celebrity, and began chatting with him casually.

Zhang Ye also smiled and began to casually chat with them. “Hai, I was just fooling around. With my standards, Peking University will probably fire me before next semester. Hur Hur.”

A pretty figure suddenly appeared.

Zhang Ye had sharp eyes and immediately waved his hand. “Chenchen, over here!”

Chenchen turned her head to look in the direction of the voice. “Zhang Ye?”

“Your aunt is at home cooking. She asked me to come pick you up.” Zhang Ye stretched out his hand.

Chenchen acknowledged before bidding farewell to two of her classmates. She then walked slowly over to Zhang Ye. Seeing his stretched out hand, she curled her mouth and very reluctantly put her little hand into Zhang Ye’s. “Zhang Ye, can you not keep holding my hand? I really lose face from this.”

Zhang Ye smiled while rubbing her head, “Little thing. How old are you to know what face is?”

Chenchen rolled her eyes and smirked. “...Hur Hur.”

“What kind of expression is that? Smile nicely.” Zhang Ye brought her into the car before entering from the other side. Then, he buckled up Chenchen’s seatbelt before driving off.

“Chenchen.”

“What?”

“Don’t you miss Uncle?”

“Hur Hur..”

“You miss me? Nice, I didn’t pamper you for nothing.”

“ ... ”

In the district.

The duo held hands before riding an elevator upstairs.

“Hold on.” When he came by his rented apartment, Zhang Ye stopped and looked for his keys before opening the door. “It’s been awhile since I’ve stayed in here. I should open the door to air the room.” However, when he opened the door, the moist air he expected was lacking. The tables and chairs were all clean, with not a speck of dust. “Eh, what’s the matter?”

Chenchen said while carrying her little schoolbag. “My aunt cleaned it.”

Zhang Ye smacked his lips. “Hehe, Landlady auntie sure is nice. Just perfect!”

The landlady’s door was open. The fragrance of the dishes that were being cooked emanated out. He heard Rao Aimin’s voice say, “Who’s speaking behind my back?”

Zhang Ye brought Chenchen into her house. “Thank you Landlady auntie. You even cleaned my house. Alright, I’ll wash the dishes after we finish dinner today. I need to reciprocate your kindness.”

The crackling of flames could be heard from the kitchen.

Rao Aimin was serving the dishes in the living room. She heard him, but did not look at him. She said, “Kid, when have you ever taken the initiative to wash the dishes. I might as well depend on Chenchen rather than you.” Saying that, she gestured with her chin to the bathroom. “Go, go wash your hands. It’s time to eat. Wash your hands clean with soap. Don’t mess around. Nowadays, there is so much bacteria and disease floating around. No one is to eat unless their hands are washed clean first.” After saying this, she went into the kitchen to check on the fire of the braised pork.

“Got it.”

“Got it.”

Zhang Ye and Chenchen said at the same moment.

In the bathroom, Zhang Ye skillfully lifted Chenchen up. Chenchen lowered her body to turn on the tap to wash her hands with soap. After she was done washing, Zhang Ye put her down and began to wash his hands. After that, he got a dry towel and wiped his hand dry, while Chenchen used the lower end of the towel to wipe her hands. They had great synergy.

After they came out, the duo sat by the dining table.

Chenchen banged on the table. “I’m hungry!”

Zhang Ye rubbed his stomach. “Hungry.”

Chenchen smacked her lips. “When can we eat?”

“Why don’t we eat a bit first?” Zhang Ye urged.

Rao Aimin finally carried out the last dish and said in an exasperated manner, “What torture! I worked so hard all afternoon to cook these dishes and have not even tasted them. As freeloaders, you even want to eat first? Go, do some work. Little Ye. You go scoop the rice. Three bowls. Chenchen, go get the chopsticks!”

This scene had happened before. Zhang Ye liked this warm feeling. It felt like a family, and the bickering was also quite interesting.

It was mealtime.

Zhang Ye devoured the food.

Every time he was around, Chenchen would also have a good appetite. It was as if she was competing with Zhang Ye. She did not use chopsticks to eat the chicken wings, and instead used her hands to directly grab it.

Rao Aimin leered at the two of them. “Chenchen, don’t use your hands. Use your chopsticks and eat properly. And you, how can you become a Peking University lecturer with such table manners? What are you teaching? Physical education!?”

Zhang Ye said, “It’s delicious! Landlady auntie, you saw me on the news?”

“Who wouldn’t know the commotion you’ve stirred up.” Rao Aimin did not eat at a very fast speed but in fact, during every meal, she usually ate a bit more than what Zhang Ye and Chenchen ate combined. There was no other way about it. As a martial arts practitioner, she was particular about nutrition and her food intake.

Chenchen suddenly raised her head. “Zhang Ye, does ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’ really only have 80 chapters?”

Zhang Ye smiled and said, “How do you know about this? You watched my lecture?”

Chenchen said in an adultly manner, “I overheard the teachers at my school mention it in the afternoon. My form teacher is your fan. Others did not believe, but she said you must be right.” With a shake of her head, the little rascal said with a sigh, “Hai, brainless fans sure are scary.”

Rao Aimin stared at her. “Stop speaking like an adult.”

Zhang Ye smiled and said, “Help me thank your form teacher. The truth is usually in the hands of the minority. As to the matters of ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’, I’ll explain it bit by bit in my future lectures. Chenchen, Landlady auntie. When the time comes, you must punctually watch Teacher Zhang Ye’s lecture. See

Teacher Zhang's prowess!" With him back home, he did not need to pretend to hold back. He was also not as particular with his words compared to what he said in the office, school, or in public. Here, Zhang Ye was completely relaxed. It did not matter what he said. This was his true state of mind. Besides, the landlady knew his true persona, so it was pointless to act in front of her.

Rao Aimin said in amusement, "You still have the mood to brag? Haven't you gone on the web? Kid, you've been labeled as stinking dog sh*t. The entire literary world is denouncing you."

Zhang Ye said magnanimously, "It's alright. I won't pick on them. Time will prove everything."

Rao Aimin exclaimed and said sarcastically, "You sure are magnanimous."

"Of course, this bro is now a teacher of the people. I'm a person with stature, so I can't be bothered with arguing with the likes of them." Zhang Ye said with a person of exemplary conduct.

But after the meal.

When Zhang Ye first went on the net for the first time today and saw the assessment of the outside world, he could not help but jump up and curse. "F**k! I thought you guys were just fanning the flames! You bunch of grandsons really dared to scold me!? Meng Dongguo? Ma Hengyuan? And who were the rest? Redologists? Even vulgarities were used? I f**king ignored all of you, but you came challenging me!? Just because I'm f**king trying to be a

person of exemplary conduct, you really think I'm easily bullied!?"

Initially, he did not read the comments.

But after reading them, Zhang Ye found it unbearable!

The educational world was better and was of higher quality. They criticized Zhang Ye's teaching from an objective point of view. The historical world was fine too. These academics were particular about evidence. With Zhang Ye listing the documents, some historians were even supportive of his view.

Only the literary world!

This bunch of people who loved to curse!

With a few Redologists leading the way, and Meng Dongguo and the Beijing Writer's Association aiding them, and Literature Professor Ma Hengyuan chiming in, a bunch of people were trying to grill Zhang Ye. It was as if they hated him to the bone. A literary author even swore at Zhang Ye directly!

In just a short span of a few hours, Zhang Ye had experienced increasing amounts of attacks!

It was as if anyone who dabbled in literature needed to curse at Zhang Ye or they would not be able to face others on the street!

“An insult to the classics! Death is not sufficient for such a crime!”

“Zhang Ye is a black sheep!”

“Strongly suggesting the literary world to begin banning Zhang Ye!”

“Right, this kind of demagogue is an insult to the literary world. As a Chinese national, he dares to touch the Four Great Classical Novels? What state of mind do you have!?”

There were more and more people from the literary circles who were denouncing Zhang Ye!

On the web, many people could not longer sit idle seeing Zhang Ye being condemned so badly.

The Shanghai childrens’ program host, Teacher Chen posted on Weibo: “I’m curious, how did Teacher Little Zhang offend you? He just offered a different viewpoint and has sound reasonings behind it. Whether it’s true or false, Zhang Ye has provided the necessary evidence. What about all of you? A bunch of people who deal with literature aren’t even looking at the evidence, but shooting their mouths off? You just want Zhang Ye dead? And even asked what state of mind Zhang Ye has? I want to ask you what states of mind you people have!”

Another Hong Kong station host spoke, “Hur Hur, since ancient

times, cultured people tend to scorn each other. As a host, Zhang Ye has stole the thunder of the literary world ever since he debuted. Who wouldn't envy him?"

A middle-aged man, whose Weibo verification was that of National Taiwan Normal University lecturer, said, "Having an academic discussion is fine, but don't resort to personal attacks. I do not know people like you who dabble in literature, but we research on History. The most important thing is the evidence and the documents. The rigor in academia is what supports an argument. I personally think Zhang Ye's theory is very reasonable. I do not understand why the spears are pointing at him? And it is an attack with no reason?"

People tended to sympathize with the weak.

Many netizens also saw this and began to question their methods!

"Take out your evidence before speaking!"

"Teacher Zhang Ye has cited relevant evidence. What about you?"

"The literary circle sure is a mess."

"Teacher Zhang Ye is too good at pulling aggro!"

"That's right. I have never seen the literary world hate a person that much. It's almost unanimous. This must be because Zhang Ye

had offended too many people in the past.”

“What sort of state of mind does the literary world have?”

Finally, Zhang Ye logged onto Weibo in Rao Aimin’s house. He did not say any superfluous words and immediately began typing a limerick. This was a line in Guo Degang’s crosstalk, but had been slightly amended by Zhang Ye!

Rao Aimin sat over. “Let me see what you wrote.”

Chenchen stood behind Zhang Ye with blinking eyes. “Zhang Ye, are you scolding people again?”

“If I don’t scold them, they might really not know what their surname is!” Zhang Ye grunted, “Here, look at this bro’s limerick!”

He typed extremely fast!

Tap Tap Tap!

Very quickly, Zhang Ye’s Weibo posted something!

“‘Eight Things to Look Forward To’.”

“The frosty Winter looks forward to Spring.”

“The dead of the night looks forward to the morning Sun;”

“The beautiful looks forward to sugar daddies.”

“The leisurely mistress looks forward to hooligans;”

“The scholar studying at night looks forward to a female ghost.”

“A single old man looks forward to an aunt.”

“A person in acting looks forward to awards.”

“A person in literature looks forward to the death of his peers!”

Rao Aimin: “.....”

Chenchen: “.....”

In Zhang Ye’s world, Guo Degang had offended the entire crosstalk world, and had thrown out such a limerick! In this world, Zhang Ye, who was still mindful of influence and face, could no longer endure it. He finally lost all decorum with the entire literary world!

Thinking of the past and thinking of now.

When I wrote a poem, you said that poem was bad!

When I talked about a matter, you said it was wrong!

They were completely concerning themselves with the individual and not the facts. Almost the entire literary world despised me?

Go f**k yourself! This bro shall fight it out with all of you from today!

Chapter 314: Curse Him Curse Him Curse Him Curse Him!

Rao's house.

The two girls were stunned seeing what had happened.

Rao Aimin said in an amused fashion, "Kid, you are stirring up trouble again?"

"They were going to far. Hur. They really think that I'm afraid to mess with them?" Zhang Ye said in a gallant manner, "I even dare to curse the SARFT, would I be afraid of offending them?"

Chenchen said, "Zhang Ye, you are a Peking University lecturer."

Zhang Ye tsked, "So what if I'm a Peking University teacher. Even a rabbit will bite when things turn nasty!"

Rao Aimin chuckled and said, "But at least he didn't have any vulgarities in it."

Zhang Ye had already made his preparations as if he were staking everything on it when he decided to lecture on "Dream of the Red Chamber". He knew there would be a lot of objections, but he never expected it to be so huge. Furthermore, the objections did not come from the education or history world. It still came from the literature circles that had a prolonged grudge with Zhang Ye. It

was again them, still them, and always them. They did not even look for a reason to rebut Zhang Ye and did not provide any evidence or logic. They just used so-called morals or stood on ethical high grounds to attack Zhang Ye, while deliberately misinterpreting the context. How could he endure this?

Indeed, Zhang Ye wanted to contribute to this world, but you can't do this to this bro! You aren't making me feel good? Then don't think I'll make you feel good!

This time let us drop all decorum!

Since all of you are so shameless, then I shall be also!

Ha, anyway, this bro is already so notorious, and has always been shameless anyways!

After being magnanimous for slightly more than an hour, Zhang Ye immediately returned back to his ruffian ways. In the end, it was this fellow's natural behavior!

.....

On Weibo.

Zhang Ye's Weibo post did not immediately appear. There was a new regulation from the relevant authorities. As the limerick had words like "mistress" and "hooligans", this world's Weibo and discussion forums would not censor the words, but would be sent

to the backend for review by a specialized auditor. Now, with the new governmental policy, things were stricter. However, there was no need to wait too long. A public figure like Zhang Ye would naturally have priority in reviewing his Weibo posts. Although the Weibo post was not released, as there were no words temporarily, the update notification still existed.

People noticed it.

“Heyo, Zhang Ye posted on Weibo!”

“Let me see, let me see. Eh? Why is it blank?”

“Are there banned words? Hahaha! I’m slightly looking forward to it!”

“It definitely has to be something important. Everyone, hurry and prop it up!”

Immediately, a Weibo post from Zhang Ye, which had no words displayed, was forwarded more than 900 times in a short time span of five minutes by his fans and busybodies! There were already more than 2000 comments!

Upon seeing this number, many people were alarmed.

“Holy sh*t! A blank Weibo post is so fierce?”

“Well it’s Teacher Zhang Ye’s Weibo after all!”

“That’s right, Zhang Ye does not shoot his mouth off easily. Every time he speaks, it’s f**king earth-shattering. I wonder what he is going to say this time!”

“Didn’t Zhang Ye recite a gatha in the afternoon to reporters? It was quite magnanimous.”

“I also saw that gatha. It was really classic. It has already become my signature. I’m really convinced of Zhang Ye. Everything he says is classic!”

“I have no idea why that bunch of literary people looks down on Zhang Ye so much. What sort of qualifications do they have to do that to Teacher Zhang? If they have the ability, come out and compete with Teacher Zhang!”

“That’s right, the literary world is going too far this time!

“You can criticize Zhang Ye, but you can’t criticize everything about him!”

“That’s right. Even though Zhang Ye has a bad temper, he has never committed a heinous crime!”

Many people from the literary circles and Weibo certified VIPs also paid attention to the post. They did not comment and were waiting to see what Zhang Ye had to say.

At the sixth minute.

Zhang Ye's Weibo post finally appeared!

Everyone felt it was quite ordinary when they saw the first two lines. They did not understand the meaning behind it. However, in the middle, when the words “looking forward to sugar daddies” or “looking forward to hooligans”, many people were tickled. They could tell this was another limerick and carried on reading. Everyone already knew Zhang Ye's limerick style. The front was usually not important, but the key was the very last line. And indeed, when the final line reflected in their eyes, they were not disappointed!

“A person in acting looks forward to awards.”

“A person in literature looks forward to.. the death of his peers!”

When this line was seen, the blank Weibo post, which was already soaring in popularity, ushered in an explosion once more after a pause!

1500 forwards!

3000 comments!

“Hahahaha!”

“Teacher Zhang Ye’s limerick is still so f**king brilliant!”

“A person in literature looks forward to the death of his peers? That’s so funny! I’m dying of laughter! This sarcasm is peerless!”

“I laughed too. To think those bunch of people are from the literature world. Compared to Teacher Zhang Ye, their standards of scolding others are so low. Look at how Teacher Zhang Ye scolds others! Learn from him!”

“As expected of Zhang Ye! Awesome!”

“He can scold people with new tricks all the time! And it’s so artistic and characteristic! You can’t find another person like him in China!”

Many netizens were rolling around with laughter!

Many public figures, who had grudges with the world of literature, chuckled and appeared to support Zhang Ye when they saw someone standing up front to challenge the entire world of literature. For example, there was an author who was marginalized by the literature world, forcing him to develop himself in Hong Kong and Taiwan. There was also another literary author who was unrecognized by the world of literature. It was as if they were injected with stimulants!

“Teacher Zhang Ye, well done!”

“The world of literature is fraught with problems these days. They are too conceited. It is time for someone to make a stand!”

These side figures, who had been cast aside by the mainland’s literary world, were not that famous. They also lacked the strength. Despite resisting when they were ostracized, they did not manage to succeed, but today, Zhang Ye stood forward. What was Zhang Ye’s standing in the literary world? Although there were others who acknowledged him, the literary world never gave him a proper place, but even so, the literary circles still had to admit Zhang Ye’s influence. Giving him the title of an uncrowned king was not too much. With a top celebrity like him standing forward to lose all decorum with the literary world, it was extremely meaningful! Because this was no other person! But Zhang Ye! Zhang Ye, whose poems could even shock ghosts and gods!

Some people were joyous, while others were infuriated!

When many people from the literary world saw Zhang Ye’s “Eight Things to Look Forward To” limerick, they were enraged by Zhang Ye’s last sentence!

We look forward to the death of our peers?

Your sister, Zhang!

How could you speak in that manner!? Are you never willing to

stand down!?

These people began to attack Zhang Ye because of his poem. Things such as what sort of literary scum! What sort of breeder of chaos! How Zhang Ye doesn't know anything about literature! They all appeared!

However, Zhang Ye's fans and many onlookers did not sit idle. With Zhang Ye leading the way, everyone's forceful stance increased. Immediately, they "besieged" those people from the world of literature, who led the way in scolding Zhang Ye. What sort of standards did Zhang Ye's fans have? They were all...They were all of extremely low moral standards! Don't forget what Zhang Ye's fanclub was in its former state. They were actually a bunch of ultra-nationalists who cursed people on Weibo all day. This troll army was like a group of bandits. They had no standards to mention of. The moment they went over, they just shot off their mouths. As the saying goes, what sort of general leads what sort of army. Fans of a darn hooligan like Zhang Ye were rarely gentlemen. They were all extremely fierce!

The war of words could be described as utter chaos!

People like Meng Dongguo and Ma Hengyuan, were no match for Zhang Ye's troll army. Due to their identity, they could not use vulgarities. They began to lose their ground repeatedly as their Weibo private message inbox began overflowing from curses!

Many neutral spectators did not show any sympathy for them. This was because back when Meng Dongguo, Ma Hengyuan, and company scolded Zhang Ye, they did so without reason. They

never mentioned any of the evidence Zhang Ye provided in class. They just used other stuff to criticize him. They did not talk about things when Zhang Ye used facts to reason with them. Now, Zhang Ye's fans also began to scold them without any reason. They deserved it. The bunch of people from the world of literature asked for it!

After the war of words, the internet briefly calmed down.

Someone suddenly pondered aloud, "Brothers. I remember there was an article on the evening newspapers. Teacher Zhang Ye recited a gatha, saying let the world slander him, cheat him, humiliate him, he would let them have their ways and avoid it?"

"Hahaha, you really believed that?"

"In the midst of laughing. OP, you are too naive!"

"What sort of rotten temper does Zhang Ye have? Just one glance at that gatha, and you know he's just doing so in pretense! If he could let them have their ways and avoid them for a few years? Then I won't be eating mutton for the rest of my life!"

"Balls to letting him avoid them! He will curse if he's unhappy! This is Teacher Zhang Ye!"

In the afternoon, numerous people had seen Zhang Ye's gatha. Many people, who did not think nicely of Zhang Ye, immediately looked at him in a different light when they saw the gatha. A few

of Zhang Ye's old friends like Hu Fei, Zhao Guozhou, Wang Xiaomei, Xiao Lu, Hou Ge, and Hou Di all nodded their heads slightly. They felt that Zhang Ye had matured. He had matured after becoming Peking University's lecturer!

What magnanimity!

But now, everyone nearly vomited blood!

Endure it, let it be, let it have its way, avoid it, beat it, be reverent towards it, and not care for it! Were all those words just a bluff? They were all nonsense!

Those reporters who heard Zhang Ye's gatha in the afternoon when they interviewed him were all stunned. They never expected that Zhang Ye was still such a hooligan after becoming a honorable teacher of the people!

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Then.

Zhang Ye posted another message on Weibo.

“Let the world slander me, cheat me, humiliate me, laugh about me, belittle, despise me, dislike me and swindle me.”

“Only to..Curse him, curse him, curse him, curse him, curse him,

curse him, curse him, curse him, curse him, curse him. Wait for a few days and then have a look at him again!”

Zhang Ye chuckled. What do you mean endure it, let it be, let it have its way? That was the original words from his world, but this line represented Zhang Ye’s true thoughts!

Weibo blew up again!

“Teacher Zhang, can you not be so amusing!? Hahahaha!”

“Teacher Zhang, the way you curse others is so cool!”

“Hahaha, endure my ass. Teacher Zhang, nicely done. Keep your personal style. No matter how others evaluate him, I still like such a Zhang Ye!”

Chapter 315: The Landlady Auntie On A Blind Date?

The sky was getting dark.

It was around 6 PM.

After having a kick from his scolding, Zhang Ye got off the internet in a content manner. He did not look at it anymore. Since he had lost all decorum with the world of literature, there was nothing better to be said. It was easy to tell who was the donkey or the horse by drawing it out to run. We shall have the real fight tomorrow at Peking University. This bro will let you know why the flowers are so red!

Rao Aimin leered at him. “The number of people you have offended is really increasing.”

“Once you have too many lice, it doesn’t itch.” Zhang Ye said in a ruffian-like manner, “There’s nothing to worry about when there are too many debts.”

Rao Aimin suddenly stretched out her hand. “Oh right. Kid, shouldn’t you be paying rent? You earned quite a bit of money in Shanghai. Pay up the entire year’s rent.”

Zhang Ye said nervously. “Don’t talk about money. It hurts my feelings.”

Rao Aimin looked at him with squinted eyes, “Talking about money hurts feelings, but not talking about money might harm you physically. Your Sister Rao has been practicing a mystical powered fist, and was worrying about not having someone to practice it on.”

Zhang Ye immediately said happily, “Fine, fine. It’s just rent. I’ll transfer it to you tomorrow.” After the hijacking, Zhang Ye had eaten another ten books of Taiji Fist Skill Experience Books, but he knew himself. Even so, he was probably still no match for Rao Aimin. Chenchen had previously mentioned that when Rao Aimin brought her to the rural mountains, a few wolves ran helter-skelter after seeing the landlady. Even f**king wild wolves avoided her, so even if there were a hundred Zhang Ye’s, they were still probably not her match in a direct head-on fight.

“Are you still practicing your Taekwondo?” Rao Aimin asked.

“Hai, it’s the same old.” Zhang Ye said.

Rao Aimin curled her lips, saying, “Lessen your practice on that. Foreign techniques are just for show. If you really want to strengthen your body, you might as well do some jogging. It’s more useful.”

Zhang Ye acknowledged and did not tell anyone that he knew Taiji Fist. “I’m exercising everyday now. Running, push-ups, etc. Right, when are you going to teach me the Eight Trigram Palms?” Back then, Rao Aimin had easily bent a pair of pure iron scissors with her bare hands had taken Zhang Ye aback too greatly. It was said to be called hidden force? As for the details, Zhang Ye was not

very sure. He always wanted to learn it.

Rao Aimin did not even look at him and poured some tea for herself. “You lack the talent and are too old. You won’t be able to learn it even if I teach you. Do your running instead.”

Zhang Ye smacked his lips. “How do you know I won’t be able to learn it without teaching me?”

Chenchen interrupted. “Zhang Ye, I’ll teach you, but you need to do my homework for me.”

Zhang Ye rolled his eyes. “Your Uncle Zhang is a famous writer. You want me to do your homework? I can’t afford to lose such face. Even if I do it for you, will your teacher even dare face it?”

Chenchen noticed that he was boasting again, and let out a laugh. “Hur Hur.”

Ding Dong.

The doorbell rang.

“Who is it?” Rao Aimin shouted.

It was a young man’s voice. “Senior Sister, it’s me!”

Chenchen blinked her eyes. “It’s Little Lu (Xiǎo Lǔzi).”

Rao Aimin smacked Chenchen on the head. “She’s your aunt’s junior brother. You must call him Uncle Lu. Show some respect.” As she said, she opened the door, “Little Donkey (Xiǎo lǔzi).”

Zhang Ye nearly fainted. Why is your addressing even more derisive!?

Two people were standing outside. One of them looked like he wasn’t even in his thirties. He was probably the landlady’s junior brother. The other person looked like he was in his early thirties. He looked quite handsome.

Lu Yuhu smiled and said, “Senior Sis, I came uninvited. Am I welcome?”

“You aren’t.” Rao Aimin was not polite to anyone. After sizing him up, she said, “I haven’t seen you for a few months, and you’ve already fattened to become a pig.”

Lu Yuhu said embarrassingly, “No, I only gained about four or five pounds.”

Rao Aimin frowned. “Have you given up kung fu?”

“No, I just haven’t been practicing that much recently.” Lu Yuhu entered the house. “I’m now at the police academy, so I have more opportunities to practice with guns. After all, it’s a new era.”

Chenchen waved listlessly at him. "Little Lu."

Lu Yuhu was not upset and was probably accustomed to it. "Haha, Chenchen, you've grown taller again. Not bad. Eh?" Looking at Zhang Ye, he asked, "This is?"

Rao Aimin said, "My tenant."

"He rents?" Lu Yuhu nodded.

Zhang Ye also looked at him. He had never seen the landlady have any friends, nor had he ever seen her interact with others, so he was quite curious. Since this person was the landlady's junior brother, then he too practiced the Eight Trigram Palms? And from their conversation, he was also a policeman?

The two men entered the house.

"Miss Rao. Nice to meet you." Chen Feng stretched out his hand to shake hers.

Rao Aimin gave him a casual glance before ignoring him. "Find a seat."

Chen Feng's hand dangled in midair, and became a bit embarrassed. He then turned towards Chenchen, hoping to get out of the predicament. He said, "You must be Chenchen. Nice to meet

you.”

Chenchen leered at him, “Who are you?”

Zhang Ye pinched the little rascal’s head. “Speak properly.”

Chenchen pouted and said reluctantly to Chen Feng, “Nice to meet you too.”

When Lu Yuhu heard this, he stared at Zhang Ye in disbelief. Holy sh*t, who was this person? Little Chenchen actually listened to him? It can’t be! However, it was not time for him to bother about this. After easing the situation, Lu Yuhu said with a smile while putting his arm around Chen Feng’s shoulder. “Haha, don’t mind her. My Senior Sis has quite a temper. She’s cold on the outside, but hot on the inside. Let me tell you. My Senior Sis is such a homely person. You have not tasted her cooking, but it’s delicious.” After saying that, he said to Rao Aimin, “Senior Sis, this is my good buddy, Chen Feng. He’s younger than you by a few years. However, it’s not much different. His family runs a business and he is not starting his own business and doing quite well. As for him as a person, he’s also quite handsome.”

Chenchen pouted her little mouth. “Hur Hur.”

When Zhang Ye heard this, he also realized what was going on. It was a blind date!

Rao Aimin did not seem interested. “Hey, Little Donkey. Do you

have nothing better to do? You dare to come care about your Senior Sister's matters?"

Lu Yuhu played the fool. "What? Why don't I understand what you are saying? Senior Sis, I only mentioned you to my buddy. He heard that you like ancient classical culture and like to read things like 'Classic of Mountains and Seas', making him wish to have a cultural exchange with you. He's in the cultural business and also likes traditional culture. I think you have things in common, so I brought my friend to get to know you. Nothing else."

Rao Aimin leered at him and smiled. "I'll leave some face for you in front of outsiders. We'll talk later."

Lu Yuhu cringed and began sweating. "Don't. I can't talk to you again. I was injured after my last mission. I haven't even recovered yet."

Rao Aimin said to Zhang Ye, "Little Zhang, bring Chenchen inside to do her homework."

"Okay." Zhang Ye dragged Chenchen to a small room off to the side. He opened the door and entered. As he closed the door, he looked at Chen Feng. He did not feel good. He had been admiring the landlady for so long, but this grandson dares to come for a blind date? It would be strange if Zhang Ye liked him. However, just thinking of the impatient attitude of the landlady, Zhang Ye was relieved. He knew Rao Aimin was not interested.

In the room.

“Zhang Ye.”

“Ah?”

“Help me do my homework.”

“Nope. Your aunt doesn’t allow me.”

“My aunt isn’t around.”

“I can’t do that even if she’s not around. Do it yourself!”

Zhang Ye’s mind was not here as he pricked his ears to listen to what they were talking outside.

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Outside the room.

After Chen Feng took his first look at Rao Aimin, his eyes had stared straight.

With the heating turned on, the temperature was just right. Rao Aimin also did not wear too much, so she was wearing a long gray skirt that reached her ankles. Her top was a tight knitted sweater. The color looked quite old-fashioned and wasn’t very bright.

However, there was no way to hide her extreme beauty. Chen Feng was very surprised. Such beauty was difficult to find even in the entertainment industry. Especially Lu Yuhu's Senior Sister's figure. With the knitted sweater by her waist, it was evident that there was not a bit of flab on her tummy. Her arms were also not muscular like those who usually practiced martial arts. They were in fact very slender and slim. Well, she probably wasn't up to mark in her kung fu.

From Chen Feng's point of view, Rao Aimin probably did not know much kung fu or how could she not have any muscles? He was pretty familiar with Lu Yuhu, but he did not learn too much about his Senior Sister from him. He only knew Lu Yuhu had a very beautiful Senior Sister, who practiced martial arts. She was in her thirties and unmarried. She did not work, but survived on the rent from quite a number of properties. That was the limit to his knowledge.

Lu Yuhu laughed and said, "I'll go boil some water. Have a chat." He then went into the kitchen.

Chen Feng repressed his restlessness and said to Rao Aimin, "It's our first time meeting, so I'm sorry for my sudden intrusion. I brought some fruits and a toy for the child. I'm also not sure if she will like it."

Rao Aimin directly said to him, "She doesn't play with toys."

Chen Feng acknowledged and quickly changed the subject. He too had heard from Lu Yuhu that Old Lu's Senior Sister's mouth was quite disparaging. He had finally gotten a taste of it. Your

sister. How bad are you at chatting? Can't you say something to go along, or else how are we to carry on chatting?

But he did not know Rao Aimin was always like that.

Noticing it didn't work, Chen Feng immediately tried to show his good points. He was actually fond of Rao Aimin, and despite that mouth of hers being so venomous, he felt that it was very characteristic. "What books do you usually read? Just the 'Classic of Mountains and Seas'? My company deals with culture. so I have quite a collection of ancient books at home. If you are interested, I can bring them with me next time. If you want any other ancient books that I do not have, I can let my Dad know. He can help me find it since he has quite the influence in the cultural circles. It would be easy for him to find ancient books."

"I don't like the ancient books."

"Do you have Weibo?"

"No."

"Shall we exchange chatting IDs?"

"I don't go online. Don't have one."

Lu Yuhu was done with the water and came out. He eased the situation. "My Senior Sis isn't interested in technology. Her cellphone is also bought from a long time ago. She prefers the

traditional arts. Right, Old Chen, didn't you bring a couplet, hoping to find someone to match the second half? Get my Senior Sis to do it!"

"Right." Chen Feng immediately got his bag and spread out the couplet he had written on the table. "Miss Rao. Please take a look. I haven't been able to match the first half of this couplet in a while."

For once, Rao Aimin lowered her head to take a few glances with interest.

Lu Yuhu said with a smile, "It's not bad right, Senior Sis? This couplet is very interesting. It was figured out by Old Chen himself. However, he does not have a second half. The couplet might look simple, and it's possible to match it, but it's not easy to match it nicely. Don't you like studying such things? Give it a try."

Chapter 316: Compete With Zhang Ye In Couplets?

In the room.

Chenchen muttered.

“What are you muttering about?” Zhang Ye asked.

Chenchen looked towards the door as she mumbled in her mouth, “Someone more pretentious than you is out there.”

“You can hear them too?” Zhang Ye was not angry this time, instead he said happily, “This person is really a little pretentious. Talking about his company, ancient books, and his dad and what nots. How’s that even interesting?”

Chenchen said while doing her homework, “My aunt would not be interested in him.”

Zhang Ye coughed a little, “Little rascal, then do you think your aunt would be interested in me?”

“You?” Chenchen looked at him for a while, “But you can’t beat my aunt in a duel.”

Zhang Ye shrugged, “Then if your Uncle Zhang can beat her in a fight one of these days?”

Chenchen's mouth twitched. "...Hur Hur. Let us talk when you actually beat her. Stop boasting. You never practiced martial arts. You can't even beat Little Lu."

Zhang Ye smiled, "That might not necessarily be true." He would definitely not be able to beat Rao Aimin, that was for sure, but her junior was obviously far more lacking than her. Without trying, Zhang Ye also did not know what his kung fu levels were like, he totally had no concept of his strength.

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In the living room.

Rao Aimin said, "The first half isn't bad."

Lu Yuhu urged, "Senior Sis, give it a try?"

"I don't know such things, I've never learned about them." Rao Aimin only cared about drinking her tea.

Chen Feng's smile appeared on his face, "That's alright. I couldn't match the second verse myself either. We should discuss it together, who knows when inspiration might strike while we are at it."

Rao Aimin put down her teacup, "I'm not interested to discuss

such things. It's getting late, Little Lu, Senior Sis won't be sending you off."

Lu Yuhu lamented. "Senior Sis, why are you so uninteresting? We're already here, at least give us some face. Old Chen's literary level is very high. You'd know it if you had a chat with him. Didn't you use to say that you appreciated talented people? Old Chen is one of the best out there. It's not that I am boasting for a buddy, but you won't find a few who could match his literary level in Beijing. He has even published an essay compilation before."

Chen Feng put on a false front of humility, "I'm not that great."

Lu Yuhu said, "Come on, this is not the time to be modest. My Senior Sis has even said before that she only appreciates two types of people. The first would be anyone who could beat her in a duel, another type would be those who are talented."

Chen Feng smiled a little, "I did do a few years of judo before."

Rao Aimin laughed, "Young man, are you meaning to spar with me now?"

Young man? Chen Feng knew that she did not treat him as an equal, so he got a little angry. He really did mean it now, if you want to spar, then let's spar. A guy like me can't beat you? Even if you had practiced the Eight Trigram Palms before, this Senior Sis status was still just a status. You don't even have muscles, of course I don't fear you. He had learned judo since he was young, but took a break in the middle for some years. His skills were still

there. He had gotten to know Lu Yuhu at a gym and would admit that he was probably not his match, in fact he would be far below his level, but Rao Aimin was just a woman, of course he did not think he wouldn't win.

But when Lu Yuhu heard their conversation, he nearly vomited blood. He saw that Rao Aimin had already stood up, so he quickly stopped her, "Senior Sis, cool down, cool down. Old Chen doesn't mean it like that. Of course he's not intending to spar with you. Quickly, sit down. You really make me panic when you are like this!"

Chen Feng was stunned, "Old Lu."

Lu Yuhu was at a loss whether to laugh or cry. He looked back to him, "Old Chen, just forget it. With those judo moves of yours, you still want to spar with my Senior Sis? You're really great. Didn't I tell you before? She is our generation's Senior Sis of the Eight Trigram Palms. This is not a rank based on age, get it?"

Not ranked by age?

Then could it be ranked by skills?

Chen Feng did not really believe this. How could this woman be even stronger than Lu Yuhu?

Of course, Lu Yuhu also did not tell Chen Feng regarding some of Rao Aimin's things. He could not say it either. The Chinese martial

arts world was not something that Chen Feng could understand anyway. After all, he was not from this circle and would not know what the three words, Rao Aimin represented in the Chinese martial arts world.

Rao Aimin sat back down.

Lu Yuhu wiped his sweat. “Let’s not rough it out, we will get to know each other through culture, through culture.”

Rao Aimin rebuked, “I do appreciate people with talent, but he’s far from it. Do you think your Senior Sis has never seen the world? Am I so easy to fool!?”

Chen Feng could not take it anymore, he was raging by now!

Lu Yuhu immediately said, “If this brother of mine lacks the literary talent, then you won’t be able to find anyone in Beijing. Of course, I’m talking about the younger generation.”

Rao Aimin was getting frustrated, “So are you guys going to scram? Are you asking for a beating?”

Lu Yuhu knew his Senior Sis’ temper, she had a sharp mouth but was very soft hearted. So he cheekily said, “Match the first verse and we will go. It’s about getting to know each other through culture, so you should try to match it.”

Rao Aimin glanced at him at him, “Alright, you’re getting bold

now, are you? Still trying to impose yourself here?”

Lu Yuhu said, “I brought a buddy along thinking that we could have supper with you, but we’ve just been here for a few minutes, so how could you ask us to leave? I’ve haven’t tasted your famous Tremella porridge in such a long time, I really want to have some and also bring some back too.”

“You said you wanted to discuss literature just now, right?” Rao Aimin sat with her legs crossed.

“Yes, my buddy’s talent is not something you’d know nor understand. That’s why I suggested it this way, if you....” Lu Yuhu was still intending to boast for Chen Feng.

Rao Aimin cut him off directly, “Little Zhang, come over!”

The door opened. Zhang Ye had heard what they were talking about initially, but then later on as he was chatting with Chenchen, he did not hear what came after, “Landlord auntie? What’s the matter?”

Chenchen also followed along out to witness the commotion.

Rao Aimin sneered at Lu Yuhu, saying, “Kid, didn’t you say you want to eat supper? Sure, if your friend’s literary talent can match my tenant, I’ll feed you the Manchu Han Imperial Feast, let alone Tremella porridge!”

When Lu Yuhu heard this, he was pleasantly surprised, “Senior Sis, you said it yourself, don’t go back on your word!”

“Yea, I said it!” Rao Aimin lightly laughed.

Lu Yuhu smacked his thighs, “Haha, Old Chen, we’re gonna have a feast tonight! My Senior Sis is a great cook. Once you’ve tasted her cooking, you will remember it for the rest of your life!”

Chen Feng was angered, but still put on a smile, “Sure, I would love to try out Miss Rao’s cooking to see if it’s really as good as Old Lu says.”

Rao Aimin sneered, “We’ll see about that. It’s still too early to say.”

Lu Yuhu and Chen Feng couldn’t help but laugh. Compete with a random tenant of yours? What’s there to even compete! Does he even know how a couplet looks like and how to match it correctly?

Compete with Zhang Ye in literature?

Compete with Zhang Ye in couplets?

When Chenchen saw this, she let out a Hur Hur.

Zhang Ye looked at the pretentious Chen Feng and completely lacked the interest. What’s there to even compete, wouldn’t he just

be bullying him? “Landlord Auntie, let’s forget it.”

Rao Aimin stared at him and switched her crossed legs, “Don’t talk nonsense!”

Chenchen also stirred him up in an encouraging manner. “Zhang Ye, you can do it.”

What do you mean I can do it? Zhang Ye’s bitter smile remained. Compete with an amateur in literature? He couldn’t even get interested. “Alright, then I just need to match the correct couplet?”

Lu Yuhu said with a smile, “Right, come on bro.”

Eh, Zhang Ye?

This name sounded familiar.

But Lu Yuhu and Chen Feng paid no attention and just looked on with smiles on their faces.

Zhang Ye walked over to the table to take a look.

1st Verse: Qián bāguà, kūn bāguà, bābāliùshísì guà, guà guà qiánkūn yǐ dìng

(Divination lot, Qian. Divination lot, Kun, 8 by 8, a total of 64 divinations. The [rules of the Universe](#) are set).

Zhang Ye's face showed no expression, as if he was indifferent about everything. He knew that Chen Feng was just trying to find a topic to chat about with Rao Aimin. This was probably Lu Yuhu's idea, so they thought up of a Divination couplet as the first half of a verse. Zhang Ye did not even think before trying to pick up a brush, but realized that there was no brush.

“Use mine.” Chenchen passed him a pencil.

Zhang Ye took it from her and then proceeded to write below the first half, “Luán jiǔ shēng, fèng jiǔ shēng, jiǔjiǔbāshíyī shēng, shēng shēng luánfèng hé míng. (The 9 cries of the Luan ([Simurgh](#)), the 9 cries of the Feng (Phoenix), 9 by 9, a total of 81 cries. The melody of man and woman's union).” These couplets basically also existed in his previous world too.

When the second half of the verse was matched,

Lu Yuhu was stunned!

Chen Feng was also stunned for a moment, “This....” He had earlier said that he had no matching second verse to his first verse, but how could that be? Of course he actually had a second verse, but it couldn't be more matching than what was written by the young man before him. His opponent's second verse was much better than his and it looked like he did not even needed to think to come up with such a verse!

What was going on?

What kind of a person was this tenant?

Rao Aimin smiled, “Is the match acceptable?”

Lu Yuhu coughed, “Senior Sis, your tenant.....”

Chen Feng did not concede and said to Zhang Ye, “Yóu xīhú tí xīhú xī hú diào xī hú xī hū xī hú (Touring the West Lake, holding a pewter flask, the pewter flask falls into the West Lake, a pity for the pewter flask).” This was not a couplet that he thought of, but one that he had asked from his teacher. These were the couplets that his teacher had not been able to match or match well. So he had brought them out now since he had been bragging so much earlier. He did not want to lose face in front of his friend and Rao Aimin.

Zhang Ye said with annoyance, “Yóu xīshān ná yīshān yīshān luò xīshān xī shàn yīshān (Touring the West Mountains, holding some clothes, the clothes fall off the mountains, a pity for the clothes).”

Lu Yuhu exclaimed, “Great match!”

Chen Feng’s expression changed. “Kāikǒu biàn xiào, xiào gǔ xiào jīn fánshì fùzhīyīxiào (Beginning with laughter, past laughter, present laughter, everything can be faced with just laughter).”

Zhang Ye replied listlessly, “Dà dù néng róng, róng tiān róng de yǔ jǐ hé suǒ bùróng (Magnanimity can contain, contain the skies,

contain the earth, so what can't it contain)?"

Chen Feng face darkened, “Bái shé guò jiāng, tóu dǐng yī lún hóng rì (A White Snake crosses the river, a red sun overhead)!”

Zhang Ye yawned, “Qīng lóng guà bì, shēn pī wàn diǎn jīn xīng (An Azure Dragon hangs on the wall, multiple golden stars it wore).”

Holy sh*t! That was a riddle type couplet! His first verse referred to an oil lamp, yet his opponent also answered with a riddle type couplet verse — A scale!

By now, Chen Feng was dumbfounded!

Lu Yuhu was also stunned!

Zhang Ye was feeling sleepy and said, “Is that about it?”

Yet Chen Feng was still unwilling to cede. He clenched his teeth and said, “Kàn wǒ fēi wǒ, wǒ kàn wǒ, wǒ yě fēi wǒ (I am not me when you look at me, when I look at myself, I am not myself either)!”

Zhang Ye wasn't too happy by now, didn't you say we would be doing just one couplet? Is there an end to this? So he immediately answered back, “Zhuāng shuí xiàng shuí, shuí zhuāng shuí, shuí jiù xiàng shuí (You look like who you impersonate, whoever impersonates whoever, whoever will become whoever)!”

It might seem like this second verse was referring to acting, saying that acting makes you become another person.

But when dissected further, why does it feel like this second verse was used to scold someone!

Who's acting now?!

Chen Feng's face almost turned green!

But Rao Aimin was tickled, "What's the matter? Do you still want to compete?"

Chen Feng did not say anything. Compete? Compete your sister! The first half of these couplets that he had said were all those that he and his teacher could not match, but this person right here had not only matched them, and not only matched them with perfection, but had even used it to sarcastically scold him! Even a fool could see that between the two of them, their literary skills belonged to two different realms!

Notes:

> Qian Kun refers to the Universe.

> The "simurgh" a mythical bird with eagle-like features of Persian literary tradition, has been widely adopted by western sinologists to translate the analogous Chinese mythical bird, luan, following the lead of the late Edward Schafer. The luan should not be imagined, however as a raptor, since it lives solely on the fruit

of the bamboo tree.

Chapter 317: Senior Sis, You're Hoodwinking Us Buddies!

In the room.

The atmosphere became awkward.

Chen Feng had been raved by Lu Yuhu just a moment ago, and he had even accepted the praises. In the end, a tenant that Rao Aimin casually grabbed had managed to match his couplets perfectly. Not only had he matched it, the second half of the couplet managed to lampoon him on his pretense. His face had turned swollen from the smacking!

You look like who you impersonate?

Whoever impersonates whoever, whoever will become whoever?

To be able to use couplets to scold people, what f**king realm have you already attained?

Chenchen chuckled nefariously and said to Zhang Ye, "I already knew you could do it. I had my bets placed on you."

"You playful nymph. Speak properly." Zhang Ye tugged at Chenchen's head.

Rao Aimin used the corners of her eyes to look at her junior

brother and Chen Feng. “Why aren’t you speaking? Are you still competing? My tenant’s standard is not bad, right?”

Lu Yuhu said in a depressed manner, “Senior Sis, what do you mean not bad? Who is this tenant of yours? Although I don’t know much about couplets, even I can tell who’s the better one!”

“He?” Rao Aimin kept him in suspense.

Chen Feng said helplessly, “To be able to utterly convince, this is?”

“Ai, wait!” Lu Yuhu suddenly said, “To be able to use couplets to scold people, and is proficient in this arena. Holy shit, he can’t be Teacher Zhang Ye, right? Right! Chenchen called you Zhang Ye just now!”

Zhang Ye smiled.

Chen Feng was stunned. Zhang Ye? Which Zhang Ye?

“It’s really you!” Lu Yuhu smacked his forehead and looked at Rao Aimin, at a loss whether to laugh or cry. “Senior Sis, you aren’t being nice. How is Zhang Ye your tenant? Why is he staying here? Aih, to think you let my buddy compete with Teacher Zhang Ye in literary standards? Aren’t you bullying him!? I’ve seen the news the past two days. Teacher Zhang Ye joined Peking University and is teaching in the Chinese department! He is a professional lecturer of Literature. What’s there to compete?!

Senior Sis, you're hoodwinking us buddies! Not cool! It's really not cool!"

Chenchen chuckled.

Lu Yuhu stared. "Chenchen, you hoodwinked your Uncle Lu! You didn't even let me know!"

Rao Aimin threw her hands and said, "Kid, you were the one who said it yourself. We didn't want to compete. You were refusing to leave and insisting on being a busybody. Who have you to blame?"

Lu Yuhu: "...."

Chen Feng also managed to find a way to escape the awkward situation. If he lost to anyone else, he would really have lost face. However, losing to a Peking University lecturer like Zhang Ye, then it wasn't a surprise. It had to be so. There was no use in being indignant. After all, he was just an amateurish hobbyist, while the other person was a professional. With him specializing it in his profession, being defeated by him in this aspect was normal, as there was no way of competing. Even if his teacher came personally, he was also not likely to be Zhang Ye's match, what more an amateur like him!

Chen Feng magnanimously reached out his hand. "Teacher Zhang Ye, I've long heard great things about you. Thank you for the teachings from before."

Zhang Ye looked over and also shook his hands. "Nice to meet you. Sorry about just now. It was nothing much, and you can't say those were teachings." Since the other party's attitude had changed, Zhang Ye did not mind. It was not a fight. "I didn't want to compete in couplets." And indeed, he had previously said that.

Chen Feng laughed. "You wanted to leave me face by not wanting to match the couplets. It was me being rude. However, it's great that I could learn from you. These couplets of mine have stumped my teacher for a long while. If I return with the matches, he will definitely be very happy. If we ever publish it, we will definitely indicate that the second half came from you.

Zhang Ye said nonchalantly, "No big deal."

It was still a bit awkward. Chen Feng pretended to look at his watch. "Aiyah, look at the time. Then we won't intrude on you any further. Old Lu, let us leave."

Lu Yuhu smacked his lips and said, "But I haven't eaten the Tremella porridge yet."

What the heck are you eating? Chen Feng had already lost face and was unwilling to stay any longer. He could also tell that Rao Aimin was in no way interested in him. There was no meaning for him to stay any longer. Furthermore, Old Lu's Senior Sister was indeed older than him by a few years, so their ages were not that appropriate for one another.

Blind dates were all about merry meeting and merry parting. If it

didn't work, at least they could be friends.

“Senior Sis, then we'll be leaving. I'll come by again to scrounge for food.” Lu Yuhu and Chen Feng bade farewell. No one held a grudge and could be said that the matters were smoothed over.

.....

With them gone, there was only the trio left in the house.

Chenchen blinked her eyes. “Zhang Ye, you're awesome.”

Zhang Ye said proudly, “Of course. Who do you think your Uncle Zhang is?”

“So awesome.” Chenchen flattered.

Zhang Ye turned cocky. “That's of course. Then, I really was bullying him. Couplets are a form of attainment in literature. If I claim second, no one would dare to claim they are first. Ai, why are you so unusual today? You are so full of praise for me? You have finally recognized your Uncle Zhang's greatness?”

“Yes, I got to know it.” Chenchen then took out a book while saying, “Zhang Ye, help me do my language homework.”

Zhang Ye nearly fainted. “No wonder you were waiting here for me!”

Rao Aimin tapped on her niece, “Do it yourself. Hurry.”

Chenchen curled her lip like an adult, before reluctantly returning to the small room.

Zhang Ye and Rao Aimin were the only ones left in the living room.

With one man and woman in one room, with no one around them, Zhang Ye’s heart began to thump loudly. His hand began to stretch out in a dishonest manner. He touched Rao Aimin’s waist and then immediately began moving his hands to her buttocks.

All flesh!

It was so bouncy!

Rao Aimin laughed. “Kid, you are getting bolder and bolder, right? I endured you once or twice, but you seem insatiable to do a third and fourth time. Do you need a beating?”

Zhang Ye embolden himself and whispered, “I just missed you.”

“Scram. Take your stinking hands off.” Rao Aimin leered at him.

Zhang Ye put on a brave front and said, “Not taking it off!”

“Are you taking it off?”

“....Not taking it off!”

“Alright!”

“Aiyo! Stop! Stop! Stop! Don’t you move! My arm is breaking!”

“Hur Hur, are you taking it off?”

“Off! Off! Off! Just talk, don’t get rough!”

Zhang Ye’s shoulder was pinched by Rao Aimin at his acupuncture points. His entire shoulder and arm went limp. He was not left with any strength. He could no longer boast as it was so painful that he ground his teeth!

Rao Aimin released his arm and glanced at him sideways. She said softly, “Don’t you go groping on me in the future. If Chenchen sees it, I’ll destroy you!”

Zhang Ye said without any sense of shame, “The child is doing her homework. She won’t see it.”

Rao Aimin ignored him and then slowly sat down on the sofa. Crossing her legs, she said, “Didn’t you say you would be washing the dishes today? After the meal, you went to have fun on the

internet. The dishes are still sitting there waiting for you. Go, do some work.”

Zhang Ye said in confusion, “Did I say I would wash the dishes?”

Rao Aimin looked at him with an unfriendly look, “Really?”

“Alright, alright, alright. I said it.” Zhang Ye could only go to the kitchen.

Rao Aimin broke her composure and scolded him with a laugh, “Darn little bastard.” Then she said loudly, “Don’t you do it improperly. Wash them clean. I will check in a while!”

“Got it.” Zhang Ye felt like he had been exploited to do labor. Hai, but he had taken advantage of her, and it was not that easy to take advantage of the landlady.

Washing the dishes.

Washing the pot.

Wiping the table, sweeping the floor.

With this, slightly more than half an hour passed.

“Little Zhang.” Rao Aimin commanded, “Go make a kettle of hot

water.”

Zhang Ye stared. “I’m at least a teacher of the people. Are you really commanding me as you wish?”

Rao Aimin stared at him. “Then who do you think cleaned your room in the month you were away? Ah? Who washed your bed sheets? Ah? Who placed cockroach insecticide on your ground? Who swept away the dead cockroaches? Hurry up and do the work. Cut the crap. Even a rabbit is more diligent than you!”

Zhang Ye was stumped and did not say another word. Fine, work it is. His house had indeed been cleaned up by the landlady nicely. He could not refute that.

He finally finished busying himself.

It was already past 8.

Chenchen came out while rubbing her eyes. “Aunt, I’ve finished my homework. I’m sleepy.”

“Okay. Go to bed.” Rao Aimin said.

Zhang Ye also said, “I’m sleepy too.”

Rao Aimin acknowledged and said, “Scram then.”

Zhang Ye blinked. “I’ll stay here. I’ll tell bedtime stories to Chenchen. I recently created a few childrens’ fairytales. They are extremely interesting.”

Rao Aimin said with an ambiguous smile, “Do you want to leave yourself, or get thrown out by me?”

Zhang Ye said to Chenchen, “Uncle will tell you a bedtime story, do you want to listen?”

Chenchen gave a long yawn. “No, I’m tired. I’m sleeping now.” Saying that, she clumsily climbed upstairs.

A drop of sweat flowed down Zhang Ye’s head. This wicked child sure doesn’t give Brother Zhang any face. If you don’t listen to a story, how will this bro sneak into your aunt’s bed!?

“Are you leaving or not?” Rao Aimin looked at him.

Zhang Ye said in a thick-skinned manner. “Aiyah, I suddenly don’t feel tired. Let me stay here for a while.”

“You might not be tired, but I am!” Rao Aimin raised her chin and stood up with a leg supporting her. “Hurry and scram. Go teach your class properly tomorrow and stop trying to stay here.” With a pause, she smiled. “Kid, you’re sure without worry. I already saw that many industry insiders are going to Peking University to listen in on your public lecture? There will be people from the educational and literary world. Who knows what serious

situations will arise tomorrow, yet you still have the mood to blabber here with me? Think about how you are going to lecture your ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’. If you don’t do a good job, your reputation will become bad. You won’t be able to run away from the title of leading people astray. Remember to save up some money. Don’t get fired from Peking University and not be able to pay the rent.”

Zhang Ye said leisurely, “Don’t you worry. Since I dared to lecture ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’, I definitely have the confidence. I’m not worried about that, what I’m worried most is...where to stay tonight. I feel like my house has a dark and gloomy aura, and isn’t suitable for staying in. I’ve calculated that the place with the best Fengshui is a maisonette-style apartment... Ai! Ai! Ai! Don’t do it! Don’t do it! I’ll leave myself! Leaving myself!”

Thud!

The door closed!

With a depressed face, Zhang Ye was sent out of the landlady’s house. Hai! Life can be described by the phrase loneliness is where the shoe pinches!

He could only honestly return to his house and prepare the information needed for tomorrow. Then he laid out his bed before snuggling into it.

Tomorrow was an important day. Zhang Ye was done preparing!

Chapter 318: The Anticipation-Filled Day!

The next day.

Early in the morning, there was a cold breeze blowing outside the window.

Dawn had not come, and many people had just woken up. Some people were getting ready for work, some were preparing breakfast, while others were getting ready to send their children to school.

At this moment, the morning newspaper, as well as some morning news programs of provincial television stations, informed the public that there would be a public lecture “Talking about Dream of the Red Chamber” at Peking University’s Grand Auditorium. The news even included video clips of Zhang Ye’s lecturing. For example, Zhang Ye’s final most crucial words, “last 40 chapters of ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’ were not written by Cao Xueqin”. It was once again reported by numerous media outlets. Although some television stations did not broadcast it, and some people did not pay much attention to it, this level of exposure with yesterday’s newspapers and the war of words on the internet, was sufficient to let anyone who was interested know.

Zhang Ye was once again the focus of the news!

“Peking University has expressed that it fully supports and encourages this major branching off from established academical knowledge. They have also said on their official Weibo that they

support Teacher Zhang Ye fully!”

“Whether Zhang Ye is saying the truth, there is no 100% affirmation from authoritative academics in the world of academia. Many academics and experts hold a negative view towards it. Hence, today’s second public lecture by Zhang Ye helped in Peking University auditorium is highly anticipated. We shall see what happens!”

“If it is true, it will overturn history!”

“Does Zhang Ye really have genuine talent? Or is he playing to the gallery?”

“Breaking news. After yesterday’s report, Zhang Ye once again fired off a limerick on his Weibo. He ended with ‘a person in literature looks forward to the death of his peers’, launching an attack on the entire world of literature. He has attracted public outrage. Under the lead of the Redology organizations, Beijing Writer’s Association, and other literary organizations, numerous expert scholars have publicly condemned Zhang Ye for his disrespectful and irresponsible behavior! A portion of Redology experts and literary organizations have expressed that they will personally attend the public lecture to cross swords with Zhang Ye. They will debunk his so-called truth behind ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’!”

“Now, let us recall the development of the events. The reason for this uproar from the historical and academic world is because of newly appointed Peking University lecturer, Zhang Ye. He threw a bombshell in his first class, ‘Appreciation of the Classics’...”

The matter became more and more fervent. It had reached a climax today. Many people, who were traveling to work, were discussing this matter on the buses and subways.

On a car driving along 15th Road.

“Zhang Ye is a warrior!”

“Haha, that’s right. He truly is a warrior. After fighting his unit, he fought his leader, and after fighting his leader, he fought with the SARFT. Now, he is going to war with the world of literature!”

“But I’ve watched his lecture. It’s really complete with evidence.”

“I’m not sure about that. No one can say for sure.”

“Whether he’s right or wrong, we should know the outcome today.”

“I heard quite a number of experts and professors will be going. Peking University will probably be quite lively!”

Such discussions occurred in various corners of Beijing. There were even such similar scenes happening in other provinces. Zhang Ye had not only become under public scrutiny, he had also attracted large swaths of societal attention.

.....

At home.

Zhang Ye himself was still sleeping soundly.

The sky brightened up. The sky really brightened up. The sky... was extremely bright.

Only then did Zhang Ye wake up. When he looked at his watch, well it was 11 AM. He had slept quite long, but he was filled with energy as a result. He was in good spirits. He first ordered in some food and then went to shower in the bathroom. After drying his hair, the pizza had arrived. He then began eating.

With that, Zhang Ye took his documents and teaching materials before driving to Peking University.

.....

Afternoon.

It was past 12.

The sector around Peking University's Chinese department was packed to the brim. There were numerous cars of reporters parked here. Cars with signboards that said they were visitors drove in.

The auditorium that held the public lecture could accommodate about 5000 to 6000 people. It was not in the Chinese department, but in a building not far off. There were many Peking University staff members guarding the entrance, so as to maintain order and to verify tickets for admission. Actually, there were no tickets. It was just a different format. Peking University students just needed to use their student pass to gain entry. They had to prove they were students of the school. The reporters needed their reporter passes. The number of reporters per newspaper and television station were limited. It could not exceed three people. As for some special ‘guests’, such as people from the Writers’ Association or from Redology organizations, they would be specially led into the auditorium after submitting an approval application. Hence, those ‘guests’, who swore to expose Zhang Ye, were still not seen yet.

In front of the door, there was a crowd of Peking University students.

“Don’t push me!”

“I can’t move! Don’t push!”

“Hey, who stepped on my foot!?”

“People in front, hurry up! There won’t be seats in a while!”

“Let me in! What the heck! Those who block me will die!”

Many Peking University professors and teachers could not

comprehend watching this scene. They were already speechless. On a square in front of the auditorium's doors, there were 2000-3000 students. Meanwhile, the numbers were constantly increasing. And this did not include those students who had been admitted after using their student passes! It was impossible to imagine that such a scene was a public lecture if they did not know ahead of time! If no one said a thing, people might even think an A or B list celebrity had come here for a concert!

There were too many students!

The whole scene looked a bit crazy!

A few reporters did not immediately squeeze in. They only lined up outside. Since they had nothing to do, they began to interview and film on-site. They had obtained the authorization to interview in Peking University.

A female host held a microphone and gestured to the camera in front of her. Three, two, one. She then said, "Dear viewers, I am now on Peking University's campus. Behind me is the venue for the public lecture of the controversial 'Dream of the Red Chamber'. As everyone can see, the square is packed with people. Everyone is lining up to enter the auditorium. Now, let us interview a few students." Saying that, she turned around to look for someone. "This student, hello."

Yao Mi turned her head. "Ah?"

The female reporter said with a smile, "Let me interview you."

Did you listen to the last public lecture?”

“I did.” Yao Mi giggled and said, “I’m enrolled in the ‘Appreciation of the Classics’ elective.”

The female reporter said, “That’s great. What’s your assessment of your Teacher Zhang Ye?”

Yao Mi chuckled, “Is there a need to ask? Zhang Ye is the most excellent and most outstanding and most humorous teacher in my heart. He is my idol. He is my spiritual guide. He has showed me the way. He has lit the way ahead for me. We adore him, adore him for his diligence. We like him. Liking his...”

The female reporter nearly fainted from Yao Mi’s words. “Oh, oh, I got it!”

Yao Mi began calling out, “Hey, hey, don’t go. I’m not done yet. I’m not finished yet!”

The female reporter thanked the heavens that this was not a live broadcast. What were you even talking about. It was even a prose. Were ladies from Peking University’s Chinese department so f**king eloquent?

Li Li chortled.

Yao Mi’s dormitory roommate was also amused.

Li Ying said, “Little Mi, you chased her away from your chatter!”

Yao Mi felt stifled. “Why did she leave? I still wanted to praise my Uncle Zhang a few more times.” Her father was Zhang Ye’s good friend, so she naturally leaned towards Zhang Ye.

On the other side.

The female reporter interviewed others. “What do you think of Zhang Ye as a teacher?”

“I don’t really think much of him. I’m not from the Chinese department.” He was a Peking University student from the Math department.

The female reporter blinked her eyes and said, “Zhang Ye publicly attacked the world of literature last night on Weibo. Did you see his limerick? How do you evaluate it?”

The Mathematics department bespectacled boy said, “I don’t have an evaluation for it.”

The female reporter exclaimed, “You don’t have any thoughts at all?”

The bespectacled boy threw his hands up. “What’s there to think about? Doesn’t Teacher Zhang Ye scold others based on an

arithmetic progression? Hasn't it always been the case?"

Female reporter: "..."

At this moment, the female reporter and the cameraman saw a girl walk past them. She looked delicate and pretty, and wore spectacles and carried a book. She looked quite knowledgeable, so the female reporter went forward. "Student!" She had finally seen someone normal.

"Hmm? Are you calling me?" Senior Song nudged her spectacles and looked over.

The female reporter pushed the microphone over with a smile. "I'm interviewing you. Do you agree or disagree that the first 80 chapters of 'Dream of the Red Chamber' was written by only Cao Xueqin?"

Senior Song nudged her spectacles once again and said, "Firstly, what you said isn't very rigorous. It should not be the first 80 chapters of 'Dream of the Red Chamber', as the first 80 chapters of 'Dream of the Red Chamber' are not considered complete. There are still parts that are lost, so I can't answer your question. You should say the first 80 chapters of 'Dream of the Red Chamber' on the whole before I can answer you. My view is that I do not agree nor do I reject it. This is because the evidence provided by Teacher Zhang Ye has given me quite a shock. I did not sleep at all last night. I flipped through a lot of documents, and was unable to find evidence that could refute what Teacher Zhang Ye had said. I realized I couldn't refute his theory, hence, I tried to find traces of evidence of the 120 circulated chapters to prove Teacher Zhang

Ye's point, but I also failed to prove anything. It might be because I'm limited in my knowledge. I encountered 13 problems as a result. First, which is the most serious logical problem. The poem by Jia Baoyu that has given all Redologists a headache. It cannot be explained in any other way. Furthermore, this poem appeared in the first 80 chapters on the whole. Teacher Zhang Ye will not be able to avoid that. I am very curious if Teacher Zhang will avoid this poem and sweep it under the rug. The second problem is the linking of the last 40 chapters. I do not find it problematic. If the last 40 chapters and the first 80 chapter on the whole were not written by the same person, then this..."

As Peking University's Chinese department straight As student, Senior Song was a very serious person. Words began to flow from her mouth as she spoke to the camera. There were a total of 13 problems, which Senior Song patiently described each and every one of them. She did not even stammer. It was as if she did not even need to breathe, as she said it with gusto.

Oh my god!

What sort of people are they!?

A dark cloud already appeared on the cameraman's forehead. As the female reporter looked at this gentle and quiet girl, she nearly cried out with tears at the sky, "Holy sh*t!"

Can we have a nice chat?

Can we speak Mandarin?

Holy sh*t, is there anyone normal here!? Is there!?

Chapter 319: The Second Public Lecture!

Outside the Grand Auditorium.

The square was lively.

The female reporter and cameraman, who were from Jinshi locality television station, had their hands full, first was Yao Mi from the Chinese department, then the bespectacled male student from the Mathematics department and lastly, with the straight A student, Senior Song. The Tianjin television station reporter could only feel one emotion right now, and it was that the people from Peking University were totally from a different world than them. She had only wanted to get a simple interview, why was it so difficult?!

“The eleventh problem is...”

“Student, student. That will do.”

“No, I’m not finished. The eleventh problem is an important character in the Jia residence...”

Many Chinese department students knew Senior Song. Even people from other departments had heard of Senior Song, so when they saw the female reporter’s expression, they were all extremely amused!

“Hilarious!”

“Haha, Senior Song is doing it again!”

“The moment academic issues crop up, there’s no way to stop her!”

“Those reporters are really unlucky. Of all the students here, they had to pick the Straight A Student Song! They even dared ask her about the academic issues of the lecture! This will probably take over an hour to talk about. Senior Song is not called Straight A Student Song for nothing!”

There were all sorts of geniuses in Peking University, and it quite was obvious here today.

Over there, Yao Mi made her dormitory mate help her to queue while she went over to the reporter and cameraman to speak well of Zhang Ye. Yet another reporter had their hands full with her, so they quickly escaped and hid from her!

The Chinese department teachers had also come.

As long as they had no afternoon lessons, they all made their way to the grand auditorium.

Seeing the reporter’s sticky situation, seeing the crowds of people, Professor Zeng, who had a good relationship with Zhang Ye, smiled and said, “This scene, I doubt even the auditorium that can hold 5000 people will have enough seats for everyone.”

Su Na was quite surprised. “So many students?”

Department Dean Chang Kaige frowned. “How many people skipped classes for there to be so many here?”

Zhen Shuquan quipped, “This time, higher management from the school will come to listen in. Let’s enter first. I think if we enter late, there won’t even be seats for us.”

Other than the Chinese department teachers, there were also teachers from the History department, as well as other departments here to join in the bustle. After they saw this, they were rendered speechless. Zhang Ye’s class was just an elective. It only had about a hundred people enrolled in the class, but in the end, the public lecture had such a huge turnout? 5000 people? What was this!? This had already broken the attendance record of Peking University’s public lectures! Such a large auditorium was only used for performances during conferences! The school had reserved this location for Zhang Ye to hold his public lecture because they had already expected the turnout to be larger than usual, but they had not expected the seats to be completely taken up. Judging by the situation now, not only would the seats be fully taken up, it would not even be enough to hold everyone! Behind them, they could even see students from their own departments who were supposed to have afternoon lessons, yet those students were here queuing up for a lesson that they weren’t even supposed to attend!

It was a torture to compare people!

Trash thrown out upon comparison!

Zhang Ye's appeal was something that really left these Peking University lecturers with nothing to say, but they also knew they could not compare to him. After all, Zhang Ye's status was still a celebrity and the things he claimed now were really too shocking. If they themselves dared to claim something like "'Journey to the West' was not written by Wu Chengen" at a place like Peking University, they would also be able to gain attention from the whole of society, but what's important was that they did not dare to make those claims!

"Zhang Ye offended the literature world yesterday?"

"Yes, he posted a limerick on Weibo yesterday that offended the entire world of literature!"

"Why is he like that? His claims still can't hold any water and he dares to offend people like that?"

"Our Peking University is an institution of over a hundred years, he better not destroy our reputation. I hope that Zhang Ye can bring out some really solid proof today or else it will not end well."

"Yea, when I was outside earlier, I saw Dean Liu hosting some experts from the literary world for lunch. I suppose they will be joining this public lecture later."

"Zhang Ye has forced himself down a path of no return."

“Hopefully, he can back his claims up properly. If he can’t do so, it would be too embarrassing, not only for himself, but for everyone of us at Peking University.”

The few teachers from the various departments had some worries and concerns.

The Chinese department’s Secretary and Dean also had similar thoughts. This was no longer just Zhang Ye’s problem alone. It was now a problem of the Chinese department and even of Peking University. If anything went wrong, Chang Kaige and Zhen Shuquan would have their fair share of responsibility too. And this responsibility was too heavy to bear — Changing the history of one of the Four Great Classical Novels and misleading the students, it was a responsibility that even they could not take on. If it were just brought up as a point in a normal lecture, it might be fine. It wouldn’t spread to the public. Even if it did, they could still control it, but now, it was like water that had been poured, they wouldn’t be able to contain it anymore. The entire society already knew of this. There were so many students and so many reporters present. And as if Zhang Ye still did not have his hands full, he even added fuel to fire and offended the entire literary world. The literary world was now taking it up with them and had sent a few dozen members over today. Together with the education and world history’s people, it could be said that Peking University was a gathering place of the elite today. Whether they were here to pick a thorn or witness the commotion, they were all here!

This Zhang Ye!

He really makes others worry!

.....

At the same time.

As Zhang Ye's car entered the gates of Peking University, a phone call came.

"Son." It was Mom who called. "You've gotten into big trouble this time!"

Zhang Ye chuckled. "Mom, relax. I have a sense of propriety."

Mom said angrily, "Your Dad and I only knew you got into such big trouble after watching the morning news. Are you dying? Why can't you rest a day!? You even dare to trample on the Four Great Classical Novels? Great, now see what's happening? Everyone is scolding you. You really do not know when to stop!"

Zhang Ye said, "I really know what I am doing. Alright Mum, tell Dad not to worry either. I am at Peking University now and have to prepare for my class. Don't say anymore."

The call ended.

Ring, ring, ring. It was Wu Zeqing's number.

Zhang Ye hurriedly slowed down his car to pick the call up.
“President Wu.”

“Are you here yet?” Wu Zeqing’s gentle voice was very soothing to the ears.

“I’m here. I just passed through the school gates.” Zhang Ye said.

Wu Zeqing acknowledged. “How are your preparations?”

Zhang Ye smiled and said, “Pretty much done. It all depends on how I express myself when the time comes. I did not prepare a script. I’m the kind of player that does better on the field. Hur Hur.”

Wu Zeqing said, “Then I’m relieved.”

“You really trust me? You aren’t afraid I’ll screw up?” Zhang Ye asked out of curiosity.

Wu Zeqing said calmly, “Since I invited you to join Peking University, then I naturally trust you completely. No matter what others say, just follow your own thoughts and lecture on.”

Upon hearing this, Zhang Ye turned silent. “...Thank you.”

Wu Zeqing said, “Alright, that will be all. I’ll be going to the auditorium to listen to your class. I’m honestly looking forward to

what you will talk about today. Don't disappoint everyone."

"Rest assured." Zhang Ye hung up.

With such trust from President Wu, Zhang Ye's heart was filled with warmth. This was the sort of feeling that he had never experienced much before. During his time in the radio station, he was seen with contempt by the leaders. When he went to the television station, the leaders sought to suppress him. Even at the online television station, Zhang Ye's unexpected moves and choices, like his Talk Show, were met with doubt from the leaders and others around him. He was stumbling his way through to get it implemented before the results managed to extend the broadcast run and made everyone recognize his work. Otherwise, the program would have been cut without a moment's hesitation, but here at Peking University, the situation was slightly different. Zhang Ye had not expected to meet such a trusting leader like Wu Zeqing. Compared to casting doubt on one of the Four Great Classical Novels' author, what sort of resistance did he get for proposing to do a Talk Show that had never existed before? What sort of pressure did he have to deal with for a radio station's children's' story program? What problems did he encounter as a lecturer for "Lecture Room"? With such a comparison, all of the issues he encountered seemed so small now, but yet with such an earth-shattering claim that even seemed 'treacherous', Wu Zeqing had actually been supportive of him!

The entire society was scolding him!

But Wu Zeqing's support for him had never changed!

Zhang Ye liked such trust. He was also grateful to such a trust. Since you trust me, then rest assured. This bro will definitely not disappoint you, nor will I cause you any trouble!

After alighting from the car.

Zhang Ye went straight to the back door of the Grand Auditorium. There was a passage for internal use. At this moment, his expression had also turned serious. He had wiped away his relaxed expression.

“Hey! Little Zhang.” A familiar face appeared.

Zhang Ye looked over and went over. “Brother Hu, you came too?”

It was Beijing Television Station’s Hu Fei, Zhang Ye’s old leader, “Yes, I came over to support you. Coincidentally, I know a teacher here, so I’m entering through the back door. This public lecture’s seats are really not easy to get. I had to cash in a favor before I managed to come here. Looks like I owe someone a debt now.”

Zhang Ye immediately said, “You should have informed me, I would have left a seat for you.”

Hu Fei smiled until his eyes were a slit. “I knew you had to prepare for your lessons, so I didn’t want to disturb you.”

“What preparations do I need? It’s only making copies of some

information. Don't you already know that? When have I ever needed a script? It's all in my head already." Zhang Ye laughed.

"Teacher Zhang Ye." Another person came from behind again.

Hu Fei said, "Alright, go busy yourself. I'll be going in first. We can talk later."

"Alright." Zhang Ye then turned around and looked. "Yo, Teacher Xiaomei. Director Zhao."

It was Beijing Radio Station's broadcasting host Wang Xiaomei and Zhang Ye's former leader, Zhao Guozhou.

Zhao Guozhou smiled and said, "Long time no see. Not bad. The commotions you stir up are getting bigger by the day. Thankfully, I know a Dean from the History department, if not I wouldn't even be able to come listen to your lecture."

Wang Xiaomei was the same as always. She did not like to speak unnecessarily.

Zhang Ye smiled and exchanged a few words with them. It had indeed been a long time and it felt really good when he saw them again. Zhang Ye rather missed them and his old colleagues.

After duo left, another person came.

“Hey, Little Zhang.” Someone called him.

Zhang Ye looked over and his eyes lit up. “Elder Qian.”

Elder Qian was a veteran in the literary world. He was the head judge of the Beijing Couplet Competition in the past. He was an old acquaintance that had pretty good relations with Zhang Ye. He had spoken up to support Zhang Ye on multiple occasions.

“Why have you come?” Zhang Ye was pretty happy.

Elder Qian stroked his beard. “I came to listen to your lecture.”

Zhang Ye felt overwhelmed and said, “Don’t say it like that. I’m not that good.”

“Haha, if you aren’t good, then who is?” Elder Qian pointed out that there were still many people gradually entering the auditorium through the back door, “Those who are here today are all here to listen your lecture. With your talent and knowledge, you have long been qualified to give lectures to others. The evidence you submitted yesterday were critical and also very substantial. I’m actually very curious as well, so here I am. Yes, please do well later. I’m here today as your student, I will listen well.”

Zhang Ye quickly gave a wave of his hand, “Don’t say that, you’re overpraising me.”

Elder Qian glanced at him once again, “But I have yet to take it up to you, rascal. What’s with that limerick? You even scolded me along with them!”

Zhang Ye smiled and apologized, “I’m sorry, I’m really sorry. I was just quick with my mouth, but that limerick was not meant for you. To me, you don’t belong to the literary world. You belong to the world of culture instead. The world of culture is on a level higher than the world of literature.”

Elder Qian said happily, “Don’t try that with me.”

Many others gradually entered the auditorium through the back door passage. When they saw Zhang Ye, no one bothered to greet him. Many of them greeted Elder Qian instead.

Some leered at Zhang Ye.

Some looked at him with slight annoyance.

Some people did not say anything and just shook their heads.

Clearly, they were likely those who “looked forward to the death of their peers”, members of the literary world, but Zhang Ye did not see any of the key personnels, they had probably already entered the auditorium.

“Hmph!”

“So this is Zhang Ye?”

“What arrogance!”

“I want to see how he is going to lecture today!”

Zhang Ye shrugged his shoulders and smiled at Elder Qian. “See that? Not many are here to listen to my lecture today. They are all here to watch me make a fool of myself.”

“That’s all because you always offend people.” Elder Qian laughed, for he was powerless. “Your shelling had scolded all of them.”

“But I didn’t scold them wrongly.” Zhang Ye did not think of it this way. “Other than you and a small number of friends from the world of literature, how many people in the literary circles actually like me? Oh, just because I’m a broadcasting major, I can’t engage in literature? And I can’t do it better than them? Whenever I have a problem, they all besiege me together. Whenever I come up with some poem or essay, they would say that it is not good. What sort of logic is this?! When I say that they ‘looked forward to the death of a peer’, surely I am not wrongly accusing them, right?”

Elder Qian said, “You have hit out at too many people in this manner. There are still many respected veterans in the literary world who did not criticize you.”

Zhang Ye smiled, “Other than you, I have not come across many others. When something happens, when the society really needs them, all of them go into hiding. They keep quiet, but when all is peaceful, they jump out immediately. They keep to themselves in their nests and only know how to exclude themselves. They use seniority and ranks, waving the flags of morality and criticizing their own peers. Hur Hur, they can criticize others, but don’t criticize me. This bro doesn’t care for the glory or traditions of the literary world. If you criticize me, I will criticize back at you! Do you think they can out-criticize me or I can out-criticize them? I am a host that makes a living by using my mouth. They want to compete with me in that? Even if I took a handicap of having half a lip, they still wouldn’t be able to out-scold me! They want to fight me in my occupation? Are they trying to make me laugh? I’ll surely fight it out with them!”

“Look at that mouth of yours.” Elder Qian shook his head and gave a wry smile. “If that mouth of yours were mounted on a spaceship, that spaceship might not even stop after flying out of the Milky Way!”

Not far away, a few experts from the History circles entered. They happened to hear Zhang Ye’s words and nearly stumbled to the ground!

There was only a phrase in their minds at that moment!

Hooligans were not scary, only hooligans with culture!

Knowing Teacher Zhang Ye was not as good as meeting him in person. He was more ruffian than the rumors made him out to be!

Chapter 320: ‘Dream Of The Red Chamber’ Only Has 108 Chapters!

It was almost 1PM.

Inside the Grand Auditorium of Peking University.

Zhang Ye had arrived, but stayed in the resting room backstage. He could hear the busy chatter in the auditorium and he understood that all of these people were here today because of him. They were all here to listen to his lecture. At that moment, Zhang Ye felt a rush of adrenaline in his heart. Just like he had mentioned earlier, he was not the type who loved to speak. It was this way at home, and had also been the same at school. He was a low profile type of person in class and had generally never attracted much attention, but whenever there were activities, like a stage play, Zhang Ye’s spirit would perk up. He was the typical field player. The more people there were, the bigger the occasion, the more excited he would be with vigor!

“How many more minutes?” Zhang Ye asked.

“Teacher Zhang, there’s still 10 minutes.” An auditorium staff member told him.

“OK, the projector and the microphones are all properly set up?” Zhang Ye asked.

The staff member said, “They’ve all been test already. Please do

not worry. I guarantee that there won't be any problems. We've already tested it a few times."

Zhang Ye smiled, "Alright, thank you very much for everyone's hard work."

"Look at you being courteous, isn't this our job?" The few staff members were very courteous and polite. They knew that the focus of society was all on Peking University today.

.....

At the venue.

The cameras had all been set up. There were cameras that belonged to Peking University, and some that belonged to the reporters. They had gained prior approval from the university and were allowed to bring their video cameras to record, but if they wanted to post any parts of the public lecture, they would have to seek approval from Peking University. This was a prerequisite that they had agreed on.

There were a total of 7-8 video cameras set up.

The 5000-6000 seats were all filled, with none left empty. Many students did not manage to get in too.

Wu Zeqing and a few other faces that Zhang Ye did not know were the last to arrive. When they arrived, the people who were

seated in the front row greeted them.

“President Wu.”

“Dean Wang is here too?”

“President Chen, long time no see.”

This was Peking University’s group of leaders. A total of 4 people, each one of them held a very high rank. The highest ranked leader should be the same as Wu Zeqing. After chatting for a while, they all took their seats.

Those who greeted them were naturally not ordinary people either.

Those who sat in the front row were mostly senior figures and experts of the literature and history world.

Take for example, Elder Qian. President Wu and Vice President Chen both knew him, but Vice President Chen probably knew him better, as the two of them had a long chat.

Wu Zeqing was having a conversation with another woman instead.

Yan Yu laughed, “President Wu, your Peking University really has some talented people.”

“We’re doing OK i guess.” Wu Zeqing replied softly, “We can’t compare to your Writers’ Association, I didn’t expect to see you here today, Vice-President Yan. I heard that you’ve been busy with your book launch.”

Yan Yu, the National Writers’ Association’s Vice-President. An author, a scholar, and a Redologist.

Yan Yu’s lips curled, “I was busy with the book launch, but I couldn’t help it. This book was written about the appreciation of ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’, but your Peking University’s Teacher Zhang has totally negated ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’ with his new claims. I wouldn’t be able to publish this now, so I came over to ‘learn’.”

Anyone could hear the sarcasm in Yan Yu’s answer.

Wu Zeqing put on a demure smile, “Let’s not say that it’s learning, but instead having a discussion.”

At the other end, a slightly tanned-looking middle-aged man said, “We won’t be able to discuss with Zhang Ye. President Wu, I really respect you, but that Zhang Ye.....” He shook his head.

Elder Qian interrupted saying, “Little Yang, why are you bringing your personal emotions into this? Hur Hur.”

The Redologist, Teacher Yang said, “Elder Qian, I’m not being

emotional here. I'm just someone who 'looks forward to the death of a fellow peer', so how could I be emotional?"

Indeed, these people were here with unfriendly intentions.

Their words all carried a sting.

Professor Zeng tried to put in a good word, "Old Yang, Teacher Little Zhang's mouth can be rather vicious, but in terms of literary skills, he is still a professional. If he has offended you in anyway, I want to apologize on his behalf to everyone." They were from the Chinese department of Peking University, while many of the guest were experts from the literary world. They basically knew each other, though not well. They had seen or heard of each other, and since this circle was not big, they knew of each other.

Old Yang waved dismissively, "There's no need for that."

Meng Dongguo, the Vice-President of the Beijing Writer's Association was also present. He looked at his watch and said, "He's not coming out yet?"

Renmin University's Ma Hengyuan was amongst them as well. Everyone had gathered here to talk badly about Zhang Ye, ready to see him make a joke of himself, so how could he not join in, "Time's almost up, right?"

Chang Kaige looked over to him, "Professor Ma cannot wait for it to begin?"

Ma Hengyuan said impatiently, “I still have a class in the afternoon. I will leave after listening for 30 minutes. This Little Zhang! Does he really have to start on time? So many seniors and industry experts all waiting for a junior like him?”

This was precisely what looking for issues to pick on looked like.

Many of Peking University’s lecturers glanced at him, thinking to themselves that no one begged him to come anyway!

Countdown of three minutes....Countdown of two minutes.....

During the final minute, Zhang Ye finally walked out from backstage and onto the main stage podium.

The applause was sparse and not very synchronized.

Only Yao Mi and a few others, who really liked Zhang Ye, screamed and applauded. Although the applause were limited, in the end, it still felt rather lively.

“Teacher Zhang’s so awesome!” Yao Mi shouted!

Yao Mi’s dormitory mate also began to stir up, “Teacher Zhang, I love you!”

When those words rang out, the 5000 seater auditorium also

burst out in laughter.

The Redologists and writers in the front row shook their heads lightly. This was an academic talk, not some celebrity idolizing event. How could a lesson begin like this—Whatever it was that Zhang Ye did, they would not be pleased with it. They were here today to deal a fatal blow should Zhang Ye's lecture present any arguments with logical errors.

The reporters were all putting up their utmost concentration.

“He's here, he's here!”

“Quick, turn on the video camera!”

“Check the image! Don't leave anything important out of the frame!”

The Peking University students also looked excitedly at the stage. Many of them were curious as to how Zhang Ye would present his lecture today, while some others did not care about this, but were instead here to see what kind of bombshell Teacher Zhang Ye would throw out this time!

Hu Fei looked at the stage with a smile.

Zhao Guozhou and Wang Xiaomei also exchanged whispers.

.....

On-stage.

Zhang Ye stood still as he took control of the microphone and took a deep breath as he looked on at the thousands of people below the stage. He really enjoyed this feeling of being the center of attention, just as he liked the famous song ‘I Don’t Believe’ by Zhang Yuanqi. This song essentially depicted him.

I don’t believe, that my life is worse than others!

I don’t believe, that I have no one bit of talent!

I don’t believe, that I’m destined to be a lowly person!

I don’t believe, that my songs will be left unanswered forever!

Today, Zhang Ye’s cry had reached far and wide, and he had received everyone’s response. He had achieved what he had always been wishing for and looking forward to. He wanted his cry to reach further in the future. This was the path that he was determined to follow. He was extremely determined to stay on this path!

“Hello, everyone.” Zhang Ye wore a smile as he spoke into the microphone, “Today is a very special public lecture class. We have many school leaders present, as well as many teachers and seniors from the literary and history worlds. There are even a number of

reporter comrades here. As a Peking University elective class lecturer, I feel very flattered and surprised, but still, I welcome everyone here. Because of some special circumstances, the school leaders requested that I change the style of my public lecture a bit. I have agreed to it, so I will distribute a few microphones out into the audience, some for my students, and some for the experts of the literary world. As the auditorium is quite big, I wouldn't be able to hear your questions otherwise."

A few Peking University staff members went to the floor and handed out the microphones.

"Give one to me."

"I want a microphone too."

"Over here, bring one for me."

Several of the literary world's members all came forward trying to get a microphone, like Yan Yu, and Meng Dongguo. The rest of Zhang Ye's class students were all concentrated in the front of the middle section of seats. They were all seated together. Yao Mi and Senior Song were both holding microphones as well.

Zhang Ye said, "Anyone can bring up any question during anytime in my class today, not only my students, but please note not to disrupt the class when you raise your question. It would be best not to interrupt me before I finish speaking about important things."

“Don’t interrupt you?”

“What do you mean by important things?”

“Then how can you still call this raising a question at anytime?”

A few literary world members coldly grunted at this. This remark was clearly made at them.

Zhang Ye was also very direct, saying, “As for what is important or not — I will be the one to decide.”

Heh!

You good rascal!

A number of the literary world members were extremely offended by this!

Professor Zeng, Su Na, and a few other Chinese department teachers all smiled wryly. It seemed like Zhang Ye had clashed with them head on!

The students and a number of reporters were all excited by this remark. The class had not even started, yet the smell of gunpowder was already extremely strong. There’s surely going to be a good show to be put on later!

“Let’s start the lesson properly then.” Zhang Ye looked at them and said, “If you don’t have any intention to ask any questions yet, then please turn off the microphone first. This is to prevent any distractions for others.” Finally, Zhang Ye took another deep breath and started the class, “In the previous lesson, we’ve mentioned a lot of things about ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’. I’ve showed a number of documents as evidence to support my claims that the last 40 chapters of ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’ on the whole was not originally written by Mr Cao Xueqin. I’m sure people have verified this information when they got home yesterday. Little Song, have you done the necessary homework regarding this?”

When Senior Song realized that Zhang Ye had called her out, she calmly stood up and switched the microphone on, “I’ve done so. The evidence that you presented does indeed exist, and....I can’t argue with any of them for the time being.”

Zhang Ye looked at the others, “Students, who else would like to refute what I presented yesterday? If there’s no one, we can continue from there.”

The Peking University students did not speak.

Even those from the literary world were a little hesitant before finally not saying a word.

What Zhang Ye had presented as evidence to his claims yesterday were indeed quite substantial. In addition to this, they did not really have any other information that they could use to refute what he said. However, this did not mean that they accepted the

evidence. Those few poems were still lacking and were not authoritative enough.

Zhang Ye nodded and said, “Since no one has any information to refute, then let us end the previous lesson at that for now. We will not mention it for the time being.”

Meng Dongguo was stunned.

Ma Hengyuan also frowned.

Not mention? This was something unexpected to those literary world members. Yan Yu, the Vice-President of the National Writers’ Association was also slightly surprised. To be fair, the evidence was good and had research value. They had expected that Zhang Ye would try to hammer his points home by repeating that information again and again. Since no one could refute them, nor did they have any materials to do so with, Zhang Ye could bite onto this and not let go. Who’d have thought that he would give up on this himself!

What was he up to?

Without these, could you still go on?

Elder Qian lightly nodded his head. In terms of academics, Little Zhang was rigorous. He did not grab on to the past and instead elaborated from different angles. This was the attitude required for one to be an academic, and only through this could they

convince everyone. Otherwise, with back and forth debate over the same thing, even if they thought it was quite logical, no one would be convinced by their views.

But Chang Kaige and Zhen Shuquan were still a little worried. This Little Zhang better not play with fire!

Zhang Ye said calmly, “I know that everyone is still doubtful of the information that I presented during the first lesson. Some of you might not even believe it, but did not say a thing as you cannot refute it. So why don’t we just skip all of this instead. In the previous lesson, I had brought up the points from the angle of historical literature to prove my claims. So then today, I will be chatting with everyone here on the text contained within the 120 circulated chapters of ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’. I will present to you a whole different way to backup my claims!”

Everyone’s mind was engrossed by now.

The venue had become very quiet all of a sudden.

After a second, Zhang Ye opened his mouth, “Those who were listening intently enough might be wondering why I phrased my words that way. Yesterday and today’s wording, I keep saying chapters after the eightieth on the whole. If not, I would say the last 40 chapters of the 120 circulated chapters, but if you recall, I never said anything about the last 40 chapters of Cao Xueqin’s ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’ in any way. Some might be wondering, why don’t I say the last 40 chapters of Cao Xueqin’s ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’?”

Senior Song blinked.

Senior Zhou also began recalling.

It was really so! Teacher Zhang Ye really didn't mention any of that!

"Why is that so, Teacher Zhang?" Yao Mi switched on her microphone and asked.

Zhang Ye replied lightly, "This is precisely the topic we will be talking about today. Why did I not mention that? Then I will tell everyone right now. Cao Xueqin's full version of 'Dream of the Red Chamber' was never 120 chapters!" Zhang Ye looked at everyone as he once again shocked the reporters, students, and literary world members at the beginning of his second lecture. "The real, original version of 'Dream of the Red Chamber' was only supposed to be 108 chapters!"

Ma Hengyuan sat there speechless!

Meng Dongguo and the others from the literary world all smacked their heads!

108 chapters? Zhang Ye ah! Are you intending to tear apart 'Dream of the Red Chamber', one of the Four Great Classical Novels, from top to bottom and from the inside out?

Holy sh*t!

You are spouting more and more nonsense!

The students also erupted into a flurry of discussion!

Chapter 321: Unprecedented!

“Ha? What?”

“108 chapters?”

“That’s impossible. I’m fainting!”

“Teacher Zhang won’t stop till he scares you to death!”

“Why does it have to be 108 chapters? Why is the number so precise?”

There was quite a stir from the seats. From the Peking University students’ expression and speech, they showed their distrust. They could not believe nor accept it. After all, the 120 chapters of ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’ was entrenched too deeply in their hearts. We could forget that you said that the chapters after chapter 80 of ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’ were written by someone else, but now, great. You even denied the number 120?

The Redologist, Old Yang, immediately refuted, “Nonsense!”

Teacher Yang’s voice was very loud. The venue quickly quieted down!

The students all looked to see who had spoken. As the voice was output from speakers through the microphone, they could not tell

the source of the voice. They could look around with their eyes. Finally, they found the person who spoke. Everyone looked towards the first row, where all the figures from the literary world were sitting.

“Who’s that?”

“There’s a recording. How can you shout like that?!”

“That’s a Redologist, his surname is Yang. I’ve previously seen his lecture materials.”

“I also know this Teacher Yang. He has been studying ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’ all his life. He’s pretty famous.”

The Peking University students all knew that the literary world was beginning to dismantle Zhang Ye.

Meng Dongguo also spoke. He was one of the people who held a microphone. He looked at Zhang Ye and said in an impolite tone, “What makes you say that? To study Redology, one needs to talk about evidence. Even though you provided a Qing dynasty poet’s poem yesterday, with a note saying ‘Chapters after the eightieth were all supplemented by Lanshu’. Ignoring the note, even if that were the case, it only mentioned ‘after the eightieth’. How did this number 108 appear? Is there information recording the chapter titles of ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’?”

Zhang Ye said calmly, “There are no records.”

The Writers' Association's Vice President Yan Yu said, "Then how do you know?"

Zhang Ye smiled and was not bothered by their refutes and doubts. He said, "I previously mentioned that I would not be analyzing them from a historical standpoint with information today. I only want to use the original text to analyze and explain. Sometimes, the information can be a lie, or in various ways, indeterministic. However, we are studying the book, 'Dream of the Red Chamber', so we need to study its contents. That cannot be a lie. It's also the most irrefutable evidence. Why do I dare say that 'Dream of the Red Chamber' has 108 chapters instead of 120? The proof is in the book!"

He took out the information.

This time, there was a Peking University staff member off stage who helped Zhang Ye sort the documents. According to Zhang Ye's request, he would project it on screen.

Everyone frowned upon seeing it.

"What is that?"

"Isn't this the original text of 'Dream of the Red Chamber'?"

"What's there to see? I've seen it numerous times!"

Zhang Ye leisurely pointed to the screen. “This is the most authoritative 120 circulated chapter version of ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’ that one can buy on the market. I believe many amongst you have already read it. Some of you have read it more than once, and might have even read it eight or ten times. Some might have dissected it in various ways to research it. Then why would I take this out today? The reason is to help everyone recall something. This is because everyone has overlooked important information and missed the great secret hidden within ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’. According to my research, I can tell everyone that Cao Xueqin’s ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’ has an internal textual structure. It is a book with a nine by twelve format!”

“Nine by twelve?”

“How can you tell?”

“Why have I never discovered such a rule?”

The students were surprised. The people from the literary world looked unconvinced.

Even Redologists, like Yan Yu and Teacher Yang, had never researched or proved this rule. The people of this world didn’t even think of it. This was because they had always believed the 120 chapters of ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’ were all written by Cao Xueqin. Naturally, their thinking was restricted as a result. It was not that this world’s people were not as intelligent as those from Zhang Ye’s world, but rather it was due to certain objective factors.

This conclusion was suggest by Mr Zhou Ruchang from Zhang Ye's world. Liu Xinwu's "The True Ending of the novel 'Dream of the Red Chamber'" also mentioned it.

Zhang Ye said to the audience, "Cao Xueqin's 'Dream of the Red Chamber' is very strict. In general, every nine chapters is one unit. The book has a total of twelve, nine-chapter units. " With a slight pause, he continued, "I can tell many do not believe this. Then shall we discuss this in depth? Yes, let's look at the first 80 chapters of 'Dream of the Red Chamber' that we all can read together. It can be clearly seen that the first chapter to the ninth chapter is a unit. And the ninth to the eighteenth chapter is another unit. Two times nine is eighteen. Let's first look at the first unit. Does everyone remember what the eighteenth chapter is about? What is stated in the book? It writes about the Imperial Concubine's paying a visit to her family!"

The screen changed to Chapter 17 and 18 of "Dream of the Red Chamber".

Most people had basically seen the original, so a scan of the screen made them easily recall. No one said anything, as they waited to hear Zhang Ye's explanation.

Zhang Ye carried on. "Redology research today has already come up with a conclusion. They have decided that the Jia family's fate was a result of two very important woman. One is Qin Keqing, while the other is Jia Yuanchun. I agree with this conclusion and strongly agree with it. Then in the first eighteen chapters, it also shows how important these two women are to the Jia family. Qin Keqing died in the thirteenth chapter. Who is she? The results of

Redology studies say that she is Prince Yizhong's daughter. She was hidden in the Ningguo Mansion. Her true identity was not that of an abandoned infant that he had adopted from an orphanage. This also laid the foreshadowing of the tragic ending. However, the Jia family carried on their plans concurrently and sent Jia Yuanchun into the Imperial Palace, obtaining the favor of the Emperor. She was conferred the title of highest-ranking imperial concubine and granted her the rights to pay a visit to her parents. Hence, in the eighteenth chapter, the Jia family reaches a state of 'oil scorched on a violent fire, or fresh flowers decorated with brocades'. Hence from Chapter 1 to Chapter 18, Cao Xueqin has presented to us with these important characters' relationships and an important part of the story! Then from Chapter 19, it begins to write about romantic amours, and writes about Jia Baoyu's emotional life. Do you see that? The structural distinction is very clear!"

One wouldn't know without thinking, but the moment they thought about it, they were shocked!

Senior Song was stunned. It seemed, it seemed like that was the case!

The other Peking University students took it with a grain of salt, and waited for him to continue.

Zhang Ye glanced at the audience's reaction and said, "Then, Three times nine is twenty-seven, and four times nine is thirty-six. The general plot here is where Cao Xueqin focuses on Jia Baoyu's emotional life in Prospect Garden. As well as his love with Lin Daiyu and his delicate relationship with Xue Baochai. When we

reach the thirty-sixth chapter, Cao Xueqin ended all these emotions. Do you remember what he wrote?” He then pointed to the screen. “Learning hard facts at Pear-tree Court!”

The first row finally produced the sounds of discussions.

Yan Yu had a quiet exchange with Teacher Yang with his eyebrows frowned. Meng Dongguo and Ma Hengyuan were either pondering or discussing with their surrounding friends. They were all very quiet.

Zhang Ye said, “As for the specific plot, I will not talk anymore about it. The general idea is that Jia Baoyu thinks that all the young girls should love or like him, but the performer did not act that way. Jia Baoyu had an important sublimation to his understanding of emotions. He knew he could not force things that did not belong to him, and that everything was fated. This is another way that Cao Xueqin uses to express his understanding of life through the novel. See, this is another division.”

The crowd did not respond.

It was unknown if they were pondering or shocked.

Zhang Ye laughed. “Everyone should already have a feeling. You can carry on thinking. Ponder over it and listen on to my lecture. The next plot’s unit is Chapter 54. Five times nine is forty-five, and six times nine is fifty-four. Since I said ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’ has 108 chapters. Then as the middle divisor at chapter 54, clearly it is an extremely important divisor. And indeed, that is

the case. What was written here? It writes about the golden era of the Jia family. It reaches a position that could not be any higher. They celebrate New Year's Eve and have a feast. They enjoyed all forms of splendor, and what happened after the opera? Just a shout of rewards, and they would take a basket to pour money for the performers. Their riches reach an extreme point. However, great pleasure brings about sadness. A cup will overflow when it's full. By chapter 55, Cao Xueqin begins to write how the Jia family experiences internal and external difficulties. In the first 54 chapters, it writes about the Jia family's flourishing growth. In the last 54 chapters, it begins to write about the decline of the Jia family, eventually leading to nothing. Hence, everyone can see that the division is very clear. Cao Xueqin's textual structure is very strict!"

Yan Yu turned silent. This...

Teacher Yang also pondered with a gloomy expression.

Senior Zhou raised his hands to ask, "Then why is it twelve?"

Zhang Ye laughed. "Why nine times twelve. Why would this constant twelve be used? Actually, it is very obvious. You can understand just from reading the first five chapters. Jia Baoyu dreams of entering the Land of Illusion, where it is led by the Fairy of Disenchantment to the Board of Ill-fated lives. There he secretly read the records. In the records, it recorded the fate of the women in Jinling. Then how were these pages split? I would like to know how many people were there on that list?"

Yao Cui immediately stood up. "There were twelve! Twelve

Beauties of Jinling!”

“Yes.” Zhang Ye asked again, “Then what about the secondary records, and what was inside the secondary records?”

Senior Zhou exclaimed, “It was also twelve.”

Zhang Ye said, “Then the Fairy of Disenchantment entertained Jia Baoyu and got the fairies to sing songs. How many songs were there?”

Senior Song blinked her eyes and took over the microphone to answer, “It’s the twelve songs of ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’!”

“Yes, then about the performer I previously mentioned, how many of them were there?” Zhang Ye asked again. “Did anyone pay attention to them?”

Many students could not answer for they could not remember. They did not read it in such detail.

However, Wu Zeqing smiled and said, “Twelve. They were collectively called the Twelve Performers of the Red Chamber.”

Zhang Ye smiled. “Yes, see everyone. Cao Xueqin had been using the number twelve throughout the whole book. Together with how chapter 54 being such an important divisor, I believe it’s obvious now? Hence, I cannot accept the 120 chapters of ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’ currently circulated. This is because Cao

Xueqin's original 'Dream of the Red Chamber' only has 108 chapters! So, only the first 80 chapters of 'Dream of the Red Chamber' were written originally by Cao Xueqin. The last 40 chapters were written by Gao E, or some anonymous writer. And that person continued it unreliably. This is because what follows the first 80 chapters is not supposed to be 40 chapters, but rather 28 chapters!"

With this, those people from the world of literature could not sit still any further!

You can say it this way?

You can even explain it this way?

It can be analyzed this way?

Teacher Yang, who had been studying 'Dream of the Red Chamber' all his life, was stunned upon hearing this!

Zhang Ye's analysis from this angle was unprecedented!

Chapter 322: I Can Explain It All!

“Reasonable!”

“It really has such a structure!”

“Nine by twelve?? Old Cao is too particular about it!”

“Teacher Zhang Ye, well done! So mighty and domineering!”

Yao Mi clapped her hands, giving him her kudos. A small number of Peking University students also nodded their heads. The class was too interesting! It was just the same as the first lesson. Just listening to Zhang Ye’s first few sentences made them yearn for more. All their attention was on Zhang Ye. This lecturing method of throwing a shocking statement at the beginning and then slowly explaining it through logical arguments had been used by many lecturers before. However, there were few who could do it as well as Zhang Ye!

The point of view was too refreshing!

The angle was also very different from the norm!

A few Redology experts looked at one another. They were unable to refute him, and were in a daze. They were here to dismantle him, but they ended up falling into Zhang Ye’s rhythm. Before coming, they had indeed done a lot of preparatory work. They thought Zhang Ye would carry on providing evidence and talk

from there and then slowly guide people with his “chicanery”. Hence, a few Redologists and people from the world of literature had decided on how to refute him. They had even thought of how to force Zhang Ye into a dead end, causing himself to be trapped in a corner, with no way of justifying what he said. It could be said that these people, from the literary world that brought animosity with them, were prepared, but they were rendered speechless because Zhang Ye had completely ignored their discourse!

Documentation as proof?

In the end, this fellow didn’t talk about that!

He started on another footing, and began talking about the structure of “Dream of the Red Chamber”!

Meng Dongguo only wanted to curse out loudly: You aren’t f**king dealing out your cards in a routine fashion!

This made the Redologists simmer their words that they could not vent. Regarding the structure, and the nine times twelve, they had never studied it before. The entire Redology world had never explored this piece of content, what was there for them to say? They were not prepared at all! They could only listen helplessly to Zhang Ye talk! They were originally planning to lead Zhang Ye into a trap so that he would fall into their hands, but who knew that they were the ones who got caught up in Zhang Ye’s rhythm!

He was not simple!

He really had skills!

Yan Yu looked at Zhang Ye, and no longer held contempt towards him in her heart. She began considering Zhang Ye's theory from an academic perspective for the first time.

Elder Qian smiled and said to Yan Yu, "Little Zhang isn't bad, is he?"

Yan Yu remained silent for a moment before commenting, "Brilliant, but his views are too radical." In the end, she still did not believe Zhang Ye's theory.

Elder Qian said, "Let's carry on listening then. Hur Hur."

A Historian from another school said objectively, "What Teacher Little Zhang said really makes a lot of sense. One has to know that the cultural beliefs in historical heritage, the ancients valued tradition a lot. They paid attention to structure. Such as five-word poems, seven-word poems that required them to rhyme. This can all be seen."

Professor Zeng also nodded slightly while stroking his beard. Teacher Little Zhang had really lived up to the expectations of Peking University!

Wu Zeqing, at another side, still had that mild expression. She never gave a look of doubt from beginning to the end. It was as if she always believed Zhang Ye would be able to lecture well.

The Chinese department's Dean and Department Secretary were different. When they heard Zhang Ye boldly claim that the number of chapters of 'Dream of the Red Chamber' was incorrect, they began to worry. They were worried he would shame the name of their Peking University's Chinese department. There were so many expert scholars and insiders present who had been studying 'Dream of the Red Chamber' for nearly all their lives. If they managed to refute him until he was speechless, then that would be a great spectacle. Hence these department leaders and teachers of Peking University were all worried. Only when they saw this scene, did they realize that not only was Zhang Ye not stumped, he had dumbfounded the literary experts and Redologists instead. As a result, they were relieved. They were also overjoyed!

Nice job Little Zhang!

Your speech has already knocked that bunch of Redologists unconscious?

Zhang Ye carried on speaking. He exploited his victory in one fell swoop. "So according to this structure, with nine times nine equals eighty-one, chapter 82 of 'Dream of the Red Chamber' should be another major divisor. It should be a turning point in the major plot." As he said this, he gestured to the staff member in charge of the projector. The projector immediately jumped to Chapter 81. "However, in the 120 circulated chapter version of 'Dream of the Red Chamber', that isn't the case. This is the reason why I have always been saying that Cao Xueqin's original writing is limited to the first 80 chapters on the whole!"

The text of chapter 81 appeared.

When everyone saw this, they were curious.

“It doesn’t feel wrong?”

“That’s right. It looks like it was all written by one person.”

“I think so too. It’s quite smooth and very reasonable.”

“If it’s continued on and just imitated, it wouldn’t be imitated so well, right?”

The Peking University students were all speaking in hushed tones.

A few Redologists did not speak out so easily. They were put into a passive state by Zhang Ye’s opening. Now, they did not want to speak up on unfamiliar structural problems that they did not research on. They wanted to watch silently and see if Zhang Ye would make a mistake, so they could find an opportunity to refute him.

However, Zhang Ye clearly did not plan on giving them a chance. He looked down from the stage and said, “Everyone might not feel uncomfortable after reading chapter 81, but in my view, the person who carried on the story in chapter 81 has fallen short of Cao Xueqin’s original intent.” He emphasized, “It’s completely unbearable!”

Senior Zhou found it strange. “Is it that serious?”

“Unbearable?” Senior Song also felt Teacher Zhang Ye’s words were too harsh. She found it quite matching.

Zhang Ye said, “Because in chapter 81, the content began a fresh start. According to the structure, chapter 82 should be a brand new unit, but here, we begin a new unit from chapter 81. It ignores the previous unit’s foreshadowing from chapter 72 to 80. This is quite a terrifying plot. And what’s written in there? Without elaborating, just think, was there any raid of Prospect Garden? Did Skybright die and was Fangguan chased out? Did You-shi say she was going upstairs, but someone below told her not to do so, because that was where they were helping the Zhen family hide their wealth!?”

The students all nodded their heads. That all existed.

“This unit’s plot is very terrifying.” Zhang Ye then pointed to the screen and said, “But do you see what happened in chapter 81? It did not end the development of a unit. It starts all over again, and is called ‘Four young ladies go fishing and divine the future’. They are completely laidback. The beauties are in Prospect Garden fishing, as if nothing had happened.” He then laughed. It was a helpless laugh. “The matters of the raid were not written. The death was not mentioned. It was as if the tragic events completely disappeared. Not only was the plot not further developed, Jia Baoyu even became a good child. ‘Baoyu received a homily and was re-enrolled in the Family School’. Well, although it wrote that Jia Baoyu was initially reluctant, and after the teachings of the private

tutor, Jia Baoyu not only began to study the books of the Sages, he even began to learn eight-legged essays. Hur Hur, I want to ask you. Is this still the Jia Baoyu from the first 80 chapters?”

Some students said, “People do change.”

“That’s right. This passage seems alright?” Senior Zhou said.

Zhang Ye shook his head. “People do change, but the changes can’t be that drastic. Furthermore there was no foundations foreshadowing this. Jia Baoyu was a person very opposed to wealth gained through official means. That was expressly written! He was willing to break decorum with a young female who he had good ties with, just because of his values. He clashed with Xue Baochai and Shi Xiangyun and this was all written clearly in the first 80 chapters. Jia Baoyu only respected Lin Daiyu, why? This was because Lin Daiyu never encouraged him to take the Imperial Examinations to make a name of himself ever since he was young. Because of this, he deeply respected Lin Daiyu. However, after chapter 80, Jia Baoyu completely changed. He diligently entered a private school and studied eight-legged essays. He went from never liking it to liking it somewhat. What’s even more odd is that Lin Daiyu also changed. What do you see Lin Daiyu say in the chapters after chapter 80? She was very supporting of him doing eight-legged essays!”

The projected screen changed.

Lin Daiyu’s original words appeared.

She said the following eight-legged essay: “Remember thinking that some were quite well thought out and sensibly written. One of the two were even quite subtle and had a certain delicate charm. They were rather above my head at the time, but I still enjoyed reading them. It’s silly to run them all down. Anyway, I think if you want to get on in life, this is quite an admirable way of doing it.”

Zhang Ye shook his head and said, “Is this Lin Daiyu’s words? So it’s not really me having nothing better to do. Upon seeing this, I find it totally unacceptable. This should not be Cao Xueqin’s text for chapter 81. Of course, after chapter 81, it becomes even more ridiculous. Does everyone remember the part where Baoyu extols feudal virtues to Qiaojie. Does anyone have an impression? Isn’t it frightening? Qiaojie is his paternal cousin’s daughter. She was reading ‘Lives of Noble Women Present and Past’ at that time. What sort of book was that? It is a book that is filled with dregs that extol feudal virtues. What about Jia Baoyu? Not only did he not object to her reading such a book, he even begin reviewing the content of the book as an elder to her. I’m not sure if you have an impression of a certain passage. It talks about ‘Lady Cao Cutting Her Nose’. In the period of the Three Kingdoms, there was woman who was married to Cao, so she took on the surname of Cao. After her husband’s death, she wanted to maintain her chastity. That is good and all, but she went one step further. She wanted to express it. Hence, she cut her hair, becoming ugly. As such, she would deter suitors. She said she was determined not to remarry. Was it enough to cut her hair? Nope! This woman was very strange. She even used a knife to cut off her own ears!”

“Aiyah!”

“Man!”

“Is it that tragic?”

The students present found it horrendous.

“This gruesomeness should be frightening enough. So, this should be enough, right? Will you call it a day? No, she thinks it’s not enough. She was determined to demonstrate her chastity. She used a knife to cut her nose off.” Zhang Ye said, “I see some people closing their eyes. Right, closing your eyes shut is right. If you want to imagine it, you need to close your eyes.”

Many Peking University students laughed out. “Hur Hur Hur.”

Zhang Ye threw his hands up, “But this event was recorded down and was taken as a role model, and recorded in ‘Lives of Noble Women Present and Past’, but what about Jia Baoyu? In the book, Jia Baoyu was very touched. In the book, Jia Baoyu was very touched. He even praised ‘Lady Cao Cutting Her Nose’ in front of Qiaojie. I do not know what everyone feels when reading this, but it gives me the chills! Is this still the same Jia Baoyu that was written by Cao Xueqin? This is a far cry from Cao Xueqin’s writing of chapter 81!”

No one refuted.

The logical errors in here had been mentioned before by this world’s Redologists.

Zhang Ye said indifferently, “In Redology research, people have questioned this part. This is also why ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’ isn’t easily discussed. Due to all sorts of issues that cannot be avoided or explained, however...” Zhang Ye boasted, “I can explain it all!”

Everyone burst into an uproar.

You can explain it all?

Weren’t those words too absolute in manner?

You really can boast without shame!

Those from the world of literature were at a loss as to what to say. Too arrogant!

Zhang Ye said, “For example, the problem with Jia Baoyu I just mentioned. According to my explanation, it makes sense, right? As after the first 80 chapters on the whole, be it the version currently sold on the market, or ancient manuscripts, they are no longer Cao Xueqin’s original intent. It was continued by someone else! Hence, Jia Baoyu presents two personalities before and after. This is no longer a surprise because it was written by two different authors!”

Silence!

Utter silence!

According to Zhang Ye's line of thought, this logical problem could indeed be explained!

Everyone was lost in thought, especially those from the world of literature. Their faces did not look good and were silent for the time being. The information Zhang Ye provided was too much! No one could digest it immediately!

Chapter 323: Answering Every Logical Error!

It was a bit quiet.

Many people were still digesting and trying to make sense of Zhang Ye's words.

Zhang Ye said, "Everyone, take a moment to ruminate over it. I'll drink a mouthful of water. Hur Hur."

Zhang Ye had brought a water flask here. After opening the thermo-sealing lid, there was Pu'er tea inside. He had brewed it in the teachers' office before coming. The water was still warm, and as the tea leaves entered his mouth, it was not that fragrant, but had a mellow taste. He liked the taste of ripe Pu'er. Not only did it warm the stomach during the Winter, it also helped him relax and organize his mental processes. Of course, Zhang Ye had been relaxed since he stepped on stage. On-stage, in a venue with thousands of people, so many reporters and cameras, so many students, teachers and peers from the literary world that were here to discredit him, he was in no way stunned or nervous. That expression of leisure that he gave while drinking tea seemed like he was lying in bed at home. From the look of it, if a bed was placed on-stage, Zhang Ye would really dare to lie on it.

Few could attain that level of serenity.

If it were any other Peking University lecturer, or instead of lecturers but rather professors who give public lectures all year

round, against such a big fuss, they would be a bit tensed or nervous.

However, Zhang Ye wasn't.

This was the basic standards of a professional host.

Most of this could be explained because of Zhang Ye's personality. He was always a person with a heartless attitude. The Heavens did not give him good looks, nor a good body, but where there were losses, there were also gains. This level of calmness and lack of stage fright was probably his compensation.

After he finished drinking.

The class carried on.

Zhang Ye held the microphone and asked, "Just now, I explained some structural problems of 'Dream of the Red Chamber' and its analysis. Students, do you have any other questions?"

No one spoke.

"Little Song?" Zhang Ye named.

Senior Song stood up and said, "I still need to digest it for a little longer."

Zhang Ye named a person who loved to speak, “Little Zhou?”

Senior Zhou said with a wry smile, “I also need to carry on listening. I’ll temporarily refrain from speaking.”

With a smile, Zhang Ye said, “Alright then. Next, I’ll be talking about...”

“Hold on.” Redologist Teacher Yang from the first row finally spoke up. He had been holding it in from the beginning, so he could not remain silent any further. Because it would appear that they, as a bunch of seniors and experts, had been dumbfounded by a junior. They would be greatly ashamed if that was the case. Hence, even though Teacher Yang did not study the structural problems of ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’ in the past, he had to use his own methods to refute. By avoiding the structure, he switched to another method. He lifted the microphone to his mouth while sitting down. “I cannot readily subscribe to your so-called nine times twelve structure of ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’. The structural divisions you mentioned might be a coincidence, and might not be able to prove that the chapters after the eightieth were not written by Cao Xueqin. The Redology world has already decided that Mr Cao Xueqin made mistakes while writing his book due to his illness in old age or other similar reasons. This is also the reason behind Jia Baoyu’s change in personality.”

Zhang Ye smiled and said, “How the Redology world studied it and came to such a conclusion, I have no idea, nor do I agree. My point of view is actually opposite from all of you. Mr Cao Xueqin was completely fine. The logical errors in the book were not a result of him being sick. The 108 chapters of ‘Dream of the Red

Chamber' also existed. Cao Xueqin had whole finished writing it on the whole. This can be seen from Fucha Mingyi's poem I mentioned in class yesterday."

Teacher Yang was waiting for him to say that. With a chuckle, he retorted, "Alright then. Since you say so, then I want to ask this. You said that only the first 80 chapters of 'Dream of the Red Chamber' presently circulated was written by Cao Xueqin, and Mr Cao did not make low-level mistakes because of physiological problems. Alright then, let's follow this line of thought and only talk about the first 80 chapters. You previously mentioned that you could explain them all?"

Zhang Ye said surely, "Of course."

Another young Redologist said, "Are you sure?"

"Hur Hur, I'm very sure. You can go ahead and ask." Zhang Ye did not mind as he said, "But I need to make it clear first that it's the first 80 chapters on the whole, and not the first 80 chapters."

Teacher Yang snorted and said, "Alright, then how do you explain the time of death of Lin Ruhai?"

A young Redologist also added fuel to fire by saying, "I also want to ask. Qin Keqing died from an illness contradicting the Registers. How do you explain that?"

Zhang Ye did not answer and instead said, "Are there anymore

questions? I can talk about all of them together.”

Yan Yu, who held an esteemed status in the literary world, also spoke. “Grandmother Jia’s birthday problem, as well as the problem of Jia Baoyu’s age.”

A bunch of questions were thrown at him!

These were all the problems that the Redology world could not explain to date!

Fine, didn’t you boast saying you can explain everything? Then explain it to us!

At this moment, the people from the literary world launched their first attack on Zhang Ye. Initially, due to the structural problems, they could not find an opportunity to attack Zhang Ye, because Zhang Ye had caught them by surprise. He had explained the structural divisions perfectly, and could be said to be incisive. It had once again caused a major breakthrough in Redology. Hence, they could not find an excuse to attack him, but now, Zhang Ye was too overbearing. He dared to say that he could explain all logical problems. As such, the people from the literary world could now speak!

There were about seven or eight questions, all with major logical errors. And it was those dead-end problems. There were no solutions after many years of study. They wanted to see what Zhang Ye had to say!

The Peking University students also began to stir.

“Things are going bad!”

“That bunch of Redologists have attacked!”

“Can Teacher Zhang explain it? That’s impossible!”

“Only by going head-to-head would it be interesting!”

“Will Teacher Zhang Ye make it?”

Some students were very excited and waited to watch the bustle. Yao Mi and other students were all downcast. They looked at Zhang Ye with worried expressions. As for Senior Zhou, who always asked questions and tried to refute Zhang Ye, he also began to worry for Zhang Ye. Truthfully, Senior Zhou was still doubtful of Zhang Ye’s point, but ultimately, this was a matter of their class. It was an exchange between teacher and students. It was a literary debate happening with Peking University, and that bunch of people from the literary world were outsiders. They were here to “cause trouble”, so be it Senior Zhou or Zhang Ye, they were all from Peking University. As such, they had a feeling of uniting against a foreign attacker.

Zhang Ye looked at them. “Is that all?”

Professor Ma Hengyuan sneered, “First answer those questions.”

Zhang Ye nodded. "Alright, then I'll answer them. However, I'll put aside Vice President Yan's question for the moment. I'll first answer the first few questions."

Yan Yu glanced at him.

Teacher Yang said, "Alright, we'll listen to what you have to say."

No one believed that Zhang Ye could explain it!

They did not know that Zhang Ye had long anticipated their questions. After all, research in Redology was limited in its ways. There were only a few logical errors, so they couldn't ask anything new. It was easy to guess. "Everyone, please take a look at the screen. Take a look at the information I provided first." Zhang Ye and the Peking University staff had a short exchange before the other party immediately found the document, and projected it on screen.

The second daughter?

Jia Yingchun's information?

Zhang Ye scanned the crowd and said, "Jia Yingchun is very familiar to everyone. The problem with origins should also be known by everyone. However, I believe anyone who really studies 'Dream of the Red Chamber' will discover that a few ancient

manuscripts, that were passed down, described Jia Yingchun's origins differently. The information I have here are the records of a few ancient manuscripts. Please take a look."

She is the second daughter of Sir Jia She by his former wife.

She is the second daughter of Sir Jia She by his wife.

She is the second daughter of Sir Jia Zheng by his former wife.

She is the second daughter of Sir Jia She by his concubine.

She is the second daughter of Sir Jia She, adopted by Sir Jia Zheng as his own.

A few Redologists frowned. Firstly, they did not understand why Zhang Ye provided this information. Secondly, this was another field they were not familiar with. They had indeed seen such things. This included Yan Yu, Teacher Yang, and even Ma Hengyuan knew of it, but as it was more abstruse, Jia Yingchun was considered a side character that was not very important. Hence, there was not much research on her from the world of Redology. Furthermore, as there were too many logical inconsistencies in 'Dream of the Red Chamber', there were many errors that were available for them to discover and research on, so why would they discuss the birth origins of a side character who did not matter? Why does this Zhang Ye keep producing things they were not familiar with?

After finishing, Zhang Ye said, “The five ancient manuscripts describe it differently. We all know that every manuscript of the ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’ has a validated source. Is this a mistake during the copying process? Clearly not. If the first four manuscripts were copied wrongly due to an error, then the fifth manuscript can’t be a result of erroneous copying, considering that it’s such a long line. That is impossible. The only explanation that results in this confusion is that Cao Xueqin was repeatedly under deliberation. He kept modifying it, because he had not decided on it nor finalized it. This resulted in several completely different manuscripts. I believe this is without a doubt unquestionable!”

Professor Zeng nodded slightly.

Teacher Yang and Ma Hengyuan remained expressionless as they sat there quietly.

Zhang Ye said, “Then with this foundation and knowledge, the questions posed by everyone can be easily solved. Wasn’t Cao Xueqin writing improperly after he fell ill? But the so-called logical errors everyone mentioned are all at the beginning. Was he seriously ill right from the beginning? His brain was in a mess? Hence, this is actually because Cao Xueqin was not done with his editing. He had not fully finalized his manuscript. The problems with Lin Ruhai’s time of death, Qin Keqing’s death from illness and the fifth chapter’s Register, to put it bluntly, are just side issues. It is a result of tweaking the ending of individual characters, as well as some simple text changes!”

Teacher Yang refuted, “Didn’t you say that the 108 chapters of ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’ was done writing?”

“It was finished, roughly.” Zhang Ye said, “But finishing it doesn’t mean it was finalized. I believe any friend who has written a book will have some experience in this. There are quite a number of authors present, and I happen to be an author as well, so I know very well the things that go on behind the scenes. Let’s not even talk about authoring books. The students present probably have experienced it themselves. When you write your essays or theses, is it finalized once you finish writing?”

The Peking University students all shook their heads.

“No.”

“That’s right, it still needs editing.”

“Yes, we definitely need to read it a few times and modify things again.”

Zhang Ye smiled. “Cao Xueqin was the same too.”

Teacher Yang sneered, “If you want to explain it this way, then the logical errors after chapter 80 can also be explained this way. How then are you proving that it was written by two different people?”

Zhang Ye shook his hand and said, “That’s different. It’s completely different in concept. The logical errors after the eightieth is not something you can explain away by modifying a

few words or paragraphs. That involves the entire book's layout. It involves an error with the core thinking process. We will find it very hard to believe that Cao Xueqin's original intent of causing the Jia family to be 'left the landscape desolate and bare'. Yet, he suddenly changed to allow the Jia family to be revived. Grandmother Jia was originally a loving grandmother, but the author suddenly changed her into a heartless family elder. Jia Baoyu was originally 'for uselessness the world's prize he might bear; his gracelessness in history has no peer', but the author suddenly made him want to bring glory to his ancestors. We find it even harder to believe that Cao Xueqin went from a person who had seen through the ephemeral nature of life, to suddenly a person who was passionate about fame and glory!"

Zhang Ye's mincing of words with the parallel sentences made those Redologists speechless!

Zhang Ye said, "When people write their theses, they will go back and change some minor details. They can also change some text. They would adjust some typographical errors, but will you change the core idea of your theses and central point of view? Impossible! So using this to explain it away doesn't make sense either!"

He really managed to explain it!

And his explanation was reasonable!

Teacher Yang's face was a bit sunken. Meng Dongguo's eyes also turned cold. Once again, they never expected Zhang Ye to not talk using the book's content once again when explaining this unsolvable errors. He had changed perspectives once again, and

had managed to explain it using the logical workflow of an author!

What eloquence!

What articulation!

Yan Yu squinted his eyes. “Then how do you explain the problem with Grandmother Jia? I don’t understand why you would single out my question.”

Zhang Ye smiled and said, “If I were an ordinary reader, or an ordinary researcher, the problem with Grandmother Jia’s age could be explained this way. The author did not edit it in time, and everyone would definitely be able to accept this explanation. There would then be no need to come up with more superfluous explanations, but, I can’t do that. This is because my role now is that of a teacher. I have to be rigorous in academia. The reason why I singled out the problem with Grandmother Jia is because her situation is more special. It cannot be explained using the same generalizations as before. If I were to lecture in that manner, then that would be me being irresponsible to my students!”

“Special?”

“What’s special about it?”

“It feels the same?”

“That’s right. Grandmother Jia’s problem is just with her

birthdate and age?”

The Peking University students began talking about it.

Zhang Ye began to speak in detail. “If no one mentioned it, I was not planning on talking about it, but since we are on the topic, I’ll briefly talk about it. About Grandmother Jia’s birthday problem, is it Chapter 71’s ‘third day of the eighth month’? Or is it Chapter 62’s ‘the fifteenth of the first month is Aunt Xing’s birthday and also Cousin Chai’s’? These two original texts are conflicting. However, according to my research, according to matching with Baochai’s birthday, I deduce that chapter 62’s ‘the fifteenth of the first month’ is a birthday that will agree with the plot. The other reason is because of Grandmother Jia’s words in chapter 39. “Now, old kinswoman,’ said Grandmother Jia, ‘and what would your age be?’ ‘Seventy-five this year’, said Grannie Liu. Grandmother Jia turned round to the others present. ‘That’s several years older than me. Fancy still being so fit and lively! Heaven only knows what I shall be like at that age!’ This also indicates that Grandmother Jia’s birthday does not exceed 74 years of age, but Chapter 71’s words were ‘the third day of the eighth month was Grandmother Jia’s eightieth birthday!’”

Everyone recalled it!

Indeed, there were the exact words!

Zhang Ye summed up his conclusions and said, “So I can be certain that the third day of the eighth month is fake. 80 years old? This age is a giant leap. No matter how you arrange it or fictionalize it, it is clearly not Grandmother Jia’s true birthday and

age. Hence, the text in chapter 71...was post-edited. This is also why when everyone raised their questions, I had specially emphasized that I can only explain the logical errors of the first eighty chapters 'on the whole'. This is because the text and original manuscript of the first 80 chapters of Cao Xueqin were also lost or tampered with, or could also be erroneously copied. Grandmother Jia's birthday problem is a result of that. This passage might have been lost along with the chapters after the eightieth. It might be Gao E or some other anonymous writer who continued the story, that took the liberty of modifying it! This resulted in such a major flaw. Hence, this flaw is different from the other flaws. Naturally, I need to single it out!"

It was reasonable!

It was well explained!

Zhang Ye once again stunned everyone!

Those reporters could not understand a thing. Even if they had read 'Dream of the Red Chamber', they still could not react to the various things Zhang Ye mentioned. They found it extremely profound and intricate. Their not understanding did not mean they could not observe others. When they saw the expressions of the literary scholars and Redologists in the first row, no matter how dumb they were, they could tell that Teacher Zhang Ye's explanation and analysis was very convincing!

"It's reasonable!"

“So it can be smoothly explained in this way!”

“Could it be that the chapters after the eightieth was really authored by another person?”

Yao Mi was very happy and began giggling. Her Uncle Zhang was too domineering!

The hearts of the brothers, Li Ying and Li Li, who were sitting beside her, were racing. Teacher Zhang Ye’s viewpoint was impacting their existing understand in an increasing fashion!

Wu Zeqing smiled without a word.

Chang Kaige and Professor Zeng kept nodding their heads.

The other Peking University lecturers and other external historical experts were deep in thought!

Zhang Ye did not fail to answer any of the logical problems that had plagued the Redology world all this while. He explained all of them in one go!

The people from the world of literature just kept looking at one another.

Yesterday, while watching the video lecture on Peking University’s official website, they didn’t feel much, but now, only

at the venue, did they know that this person, Zhang Ye, was so good at explaining. A few of them had indeed been stunned by the points raised and explanations given by Zhang Ye! Zhang Ye had opened up a new line of thought they had never thought of!

Furthermore, what made these people from the literary world shocked was not Zhang Ye's explanation from various levels of interpretation, but his deep understanding of 'Dream of the Red Chamber'. He was more familiar with it than them, who had studied 'Dream of the Red Chamber' for years to decades! Did he memorize the entire 'Dream of the Red Chamber'? Zhang Ye's thorough analysis and quotations of the original text was said on the fly. He did not use an outline. What he said was all off-script! None of them had appeared on the screen or documentation! Such a large amount of evidence and information were all read out by Zhang Ye ad verbatim!

Which chapter.

Which line.

The exact paragraph.

He spoke it without thinking. He did not even stammer. This was such an exaggeration in their opinion! Ignoring those Redologists who came today, no one from the entire Redology world could achieve Zhang Ye's standard! Regardless if Zhang Ye's perspective was right or wrong, it was certain that he knew 'Dream of the Red Chamber'. Furthermore, he had probably researched more thoroughly than experts, like them, in many areas!

With the facts before them, half of these people from the world of literature had even uglier faces!

But after the embarrassment, Redologist, Teacher Yang was still confident. In his opinion, from the moment Zhang Ye said that he could “answer it all”, Zhang Ye had pushed himself into a corner. This was because in Redology studies, there was a logical problem no one dared raise for it was unsolvable!

Typographical errors?

Unfinalized manuscript?

No! That problem could not be explained in any way!

Chapter 324: The Students Refuse To End Class!

Zhang Ye drank a mouthful of tea because his throat had turned dry from all the speaking.

“My explanations and analysis still isn’t enough to convince you, right?” Placing down the thermos flask, Zhang Ye looked at everyone, and focused on the people from the literary world, who sat in the first row.

A few Peking University students gave a faint acknowledgment.

Ma Hengyuan got a microphone from someone beside him and said, “But that is just an analysis, and includes your own personal inference. It can be considered as an answer to the questions, but it is still insufficient to explain the problem. It has already been determined by academia and the historical world that ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’ has 120 chapters. So how can it be overturned by a few words from you? In my opinion, I believe that the 120 chapters of ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’ are complete. Although there are some small flaws of different varieties, it’s not major. The change in character, like Jia Baoyu and Grandmother Jia, after the eightieth chapter might have been intentionally done by Cao Xueqin. He wanted to convey some information or hints to the reader that we may not have discovered. At least, the endings of all the characters in ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’ have a beginning and an end.”

“Does it really have a beginning and an end?” Upon hearing such chicanery in his refute, Zhang Ye laughed. To use such rhetoric

meant that Zhang Ye had already caused their heads to spin from his lecture.

Ma Hengyuan said coldly, “Of course. Is there a problem with that?”

Meng Dongguo also said, “The 120 chapters of ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’ is complete. There are flaws, but what needs to be said has been said. What needs to be written has been written.”

Zhang Ye shook his head. “I can’t agree with that.”

Meng Dongguo exclaimed. “You have doubts on that?”

These people clashed with Zhang Ye once again!

The Peking University students did not understand why Zhang Ye raised doubts with its completeness. Did the 120 chapters of “Dream of the Red Chamber” lack completeness?

Zhang Ye chuckled. “This is actually something I wanted to talk about later on, but since it has been brought up, I can talk about it now. All of you think that the 120 circulated chapters gives us a complete plot and character development, but I do not agree. The plot and characters were not complete, and this is also the reason why I doubt that the chapters after the eightieth were written by Mr Cao. I will not use the nine times twelve structure to analyze it, nor would I use historical information to prove my point. Let’s just look at the 120 chapters. I want to ask you, what happened to

Drunken Diamond after the eightieth chapter?”

Drunken Diamond?

Who was this person?

The Peking University students did not study this classic too deeply, so they had forgotten.

However, Redologist, Teacher Yang's expression changed slightly. He glanced at Ma Hengyuan and Meng Dongguo, but did not say a word.

Yan Yu was also frowning in silence.

Meng Dongguo was stunned. What Drunken Diamond? Was there such a person? His research on 'Dream of the Red Chamber' was shallow, and had never read it too deeply.

Ma Hengyuan, who was a professor in Literature, knew this person. He paused before saying, "This person isn't important, nor..."

Zhang Ye interrupted him. "Not important? This person's name has appeared once in a title during the first 80 chapters—This Drunken Diamond shows nobility of character when handling his money! Hur Hur, could Cao Xueqin let such an unimportant person appear in the chapter title? A person whose name previously appeared in a chapter title suddenly mysteriously

disappeared?”

Ma Hengyuan insisted, “This sort of side character does not need to be explained.”

Zhang Ye smiled and said, “Alright then, what about Crimson? Where did Crimson go?”

“Crimson? That...” Ma Hengyuan was stumped.

Regarding Crimson, whose original name was Lin Yuhong, there were a lot more people who knew her.

In the beginning, no one paid too much attention, but with Zhang Ye mentioning it, everyone begin to think. Right, what happened to Crimson?

Zhang Ye said to everyone, “If you insist that Drunken Diamond is an unimportant side character, then I’m sure Crimson isn’t? Everyone can try recalling her. Crimson’s name had previously appeared in chapter titles, and she was an important character that not only appeared once in previous chapter titles. Chapter 24’s ‘the Quiet-voiced Girl provides material for fantasy by losing her handkerchief’ and Chapter 26’s ‘A conversation on Wasp Waist Bridge is a cover for communication of a different kind’. In Chapter 27, it was written that Crimson was eloquent and interesting in her speech, resulting in her being appreciated by Fengjie.” Zhang Ye had prepared this in advance, and immediately got the staff member to take out the information and project it on the screen. He pointed at it, “It is clearly written in black and

white how important she was as a character. It can be seen from the first 80 chapters. Although Cao Xueqin did not use much to describe her, he mentioned this character more than once, but after the eightieth chapter, why did a character like Crimson disappear?”

No one could answer!

Zhang Ye continued to pursue this matter. “Can you still consider this a complete plot with complete characters? If the currently circulated version’s chapters after the eightieth were written by Cao Xueqin. then no matter how muddleheaded Mr Cao was, no matter how sick he was, or how many slip up he had, he would not have forgotten an important character he previously established, right?”

People kept questioning Zhang Ye, but Zhang Ye explained each and everyone of them!

Now, it was time for Zhang Ye to pose his question, but none of them could explain it!

Zhang Ye was not done. He took out another piece of information. “If people want to insist that Crimson was not an important character, or that Cao Xueqin had forgotten her, and forgotten to write a plot regarding Crimson at the end, then fine. Everyone, please take a look at Zhiyanzhai’s comments. I have already mentioned Zhiyanzhai in my lecture yesterday. I also mentioned that the entire book did not mention ‘The Temple of Prison God’, but I didn’t provide this information. Alright, now take a look. These are Zhiyanzhai’s comments. It clearly states that

Crimson would appear in ‘The Temple of Prison God’ later on! She even saved Jia Baoyu! Even if the world of Redology does not recognize Zhiyanzhai’s ancient manuscript, you can never deny its existence forever. Was Zhiyanzhai shooting his mouth wantonly? Impossible! Even if he were spouting nonsense, he would not have spun a story and place, that had never been mentioned before, in the past, right? Besides, if Zhiyanzhai can remember a person like Crimson, how could Cao Xueqin forget her? No matter how anyone explains, or tries to make it compatible, it does not make sense! Through a character like Crimson, it perfectly proves that my view is right! It is not Cao Xueqin who had forgotten an important character, but the continuer who had forgotten this character!”

“Such an explanation...” Ma Hengyuan stopped his sentence midway. Finally, he remained silent with a gloomy face. He realized that he could not refute this statement!

It was already unknown what the people from the literary world were feeling.

Zhang Ye sure was impressive. He had really researched ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’ right to the bone. Not a single problem could stump him. He actually managed to answer all of them. While answering with an explanation, he even used it to prove his point! Could it be that...what he said was the truth?

It can’t be!

This was too hard for them to swallow!

This was a viewpoint that would subvert history!

However, they did not know that Zhang Ye could naturally justify himself. This was nothing to him, for Zhang Ye was not fighting alone. He was fighting alongside all the literary scholars and Redologists from his world against them!

Senior Song raised her hand up high. “Teacher Zhang.”

“Little Song, please speak.” Zhang Ye answered.

Senior Song stood up and said solemnly, “Can you give a few more examples that prove that the chapters after the eightieth were not written by the same person? Is there any more proof?”

Zhang Ye smiled and said, “Of course there is, but...” Looking at his watch, he said, “The time for today’s class is almost up. There’s only three minutes left.”

Senior Zhou hurriedly said, “Aiyah, just carry on talking!”

Senior Song also immediately said, “If you end it here, many people will definitely not be able to sleep well tonight. Can you extend it a bit longer? Just extending another ten minutes would do!” She was thirsty for knowledge.

“That’s right!”

“Keep talking!”

“Don’t end the class! You are right in the middle!”

“Teacher Zhang, you are too good at tantalizing us! You are inhumane!”

“You have to carry on lecturing! Don’t end today’s class yet! We can listen all the way till night time!”

When the other Peking University students heard that class was ending, they all suddenly started buzzing. The venue turned chaotic. Man, we just f**king got a kick listening to you, and you want to end class already!?

Zhang Ye was rendered speechless as he said, “But quite a number of you still have other lessons in the afternoon.”

“Not going!”

“Right, we’re skipping classes!”

“We just want to listen to you!”

“I wouldn’t have the mood to listen to other classes anyway!”

The Peking University students were all carefree. They shouted

right in front of so many Peking University leaders and lecturers, who were seated at the front rows.

Zhang Ye did not decide on it and looked towards Wu Zeqing. “President Wu?”

Wu Zeqing turned and looked at the students before having a slight exchange with the Vice President beside her. Finally, she picked up the microphone and said, “You can extend it for another twenty minutes.”

Many reporters were at a loss whether to laugh or cry when they saw this scene. Back when they were in college, they only looked forward to ending class early. When was there ever a dispute over not ending the class? They disallowed the teacher from not speaking on? This was too much! However, they had to admit that Zhang Ye’s public lecture was indeed very exciting!

Zhang Ye did not turn corny. “Alright, since everyone wants to listen, I’ll carry on for a bit longer. Hur Hur. Since you are not in a hurry to end class, I’m won’t be either.”

Yao Mi giggled and said into the microphone, “As long as you aren’t tired.”

Zhang Ye smiled. “If you all aren’t tired, I’m definitely not tired. In the past when I recorded programs, the longest was from eight in the morning till nine at night. About six or seven batches or audiences were switched. I did not rest throughout those thirteen hours. After work, I went to eat a bowl of Lamian before going

home. Hur Hur. I'm quite the workaholic. If you want to listen till tomorrow morning, I can also do that."

"Hahaha!"

"Teacher Zhang is too awesome!"

"Don't, we can't last till tomorrow morning!"

The students' mental processes had been stretched. They had been led everywhere by Zhang Ye. It was fun and interesting, but a person's attention span was limited. This was also why every class had a fixed length of time, as it was founded on scientific principles. Since he was carrying on, he naturally had to adjust his methods. Zhang Ye mentioned something off-topic to make them laugh, so as to wipe their weariness away. This also allowed the students to relax. This way, it allowed them to carry on listening more easily.

The people from the literary world did not understand.

However, those Peking University teachers, who engaged in education, knew Zhang Ye's intentions. There was tension, and there was relaxation. It was well-balanced. This newcomer, Teacher Zhang Ye really looked more and more like a teacher of the people. They affirmed Zhang Ye's abilities and lessened their prejudices against Zhang Ye!

Chapter 325: The Redologists Strike Back?

The students were all nicely seated.

A few students, who wanted to go use the bathroom, had rushed there and back.

Teacher Yang and the few Redologists also did not want Zhang Ye to end his class so early. They still had many important things to say. Hence, they were very pleased that there was an extension. They came with the goal of debunking Zhang Ye. How could they leave just like that? Their goal had not yet been met. If they were to return with their faces ashen, where were they to put their faces when the video was posted and the public lecture was reported on? When that happened, the citizens would think that this bunch of Redologists, who had studied all these years, were inferior to a junior. This was an outcome Teacher Yang, Ma Hengyuan, and company could not accept. Hence, no matter what, they had to win this round!

How were they to win?

They just needed to come up with a question that Zhang Ye was unable to answer!

Teacher Yang already had an idea. He had an exchange with a few Redologists in whispers. A few of them smiled, but did not say a word. They were planning on using the killer move right at the end. They would throw it out at the end of the class. If they asked it now, Zhang Ye definitely could not answer it, but he might be

able to use his silver tongue to change the topic and begin a new round of analysis on another problem. With Zhang Ye's eloquence as a professional host, he had such abilities. They had already had a taste of his eloquence prior. If that was the case, everyone's attention would be diverted and affect the results. They wanted to deal Zhang Ye a sure-kill strike. They did not want to leave Zhang Ye a chance to fight back, or change topics. In their opinion, this was also the price Zhang Ye had to pay for deriding their literary world!

A storm was brewing!

The people from the literary world began to gather their strength for the final battle!

Zhang Ye had also noticed the first row of Redologists whispering abnormally. However, he did not mind it at all. From the beginning, Zhang Ye had looked down on this world's Redologists. After drinking a mouthful of Pu'er tea, he smiled faintly. "Alright then. Shall we carry on?"

Silence resumed.

A few thousand people maintained their silence in the venue.

In the past, even if Peking University held a convocation ceremony or conference, it was impossible for there to be complete silence when President Wu went up to speak. They did not give her that much face, but when Zhang Ye, a new, ordinary teacher came to Peking University, he managed to do it. This showed that the

students genuinely liked his class.

“Just now, my student Little Song asked me to put forth a few examples as evidence. I believe a lot of people have similar thoughts. All of you want to hear it and that is naturally not a problem.” After an hour’s class, a typical teacher would also begin to suffer from fatigue, and feel their energy decline, but Zhang Ye did not suffer from this. When he saw the yearning to learn attitude from his students’ eyes, he became even more energized. “In yesterday’s class, I used historical information and documents to validate ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’. In today’s class, I did it based on the content. I talked about the divisions and the novel’s structure. The novel’s characters and their personalities prove my point. Using them to dissect the 120 chapters of ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’ is problematic. Then up to here, a student may ask, today you analyzed the characters from the structure, and I can believe it for the time being, but other than that, can you tell us more from the plot? In the plot after the first eighty chapters on the whole, are there things that do not match the first eighty chapters on the whole?” With a pause, he said, “Of course. They exist!”

Senior Song had already taken out a notebook and pen. She looked unblinkingly at Zhang Ye. She was prepared to record it down. She no longer held a critical attitude, but began to have a learning attitude.

The other students were similar.

For example, Yao Mi, Li Li, and Li Ying were all taking notes.

After all, it was almost exam time. It might end up that the content Teacher Zhang Ye had mentioned were examinable. This credit could not be lost.

Zhang Ye showed the information. “There are many things to talk about regarding the plot. However, I do not want to talk about those logical problems that have been studied by Redologists. I do not want to repeat things that others have already talked about. I will talk about a major plot hole that no one has mentioned before.”

The people from the literary world rolled their eyes. Plot hole that no one mentioned before? How could it be possible? Do you think those of us in literature research are fools? We have been doing this for decades. How could it be that no one raised this problem or flaw before? Aren’t you being too bold?

Yan Yu was rendered speechless by Zhang Ye’s defiant attitude. She could not help but ask, “What plot hole?”

Teacher Yang and Ma Hengyuan were also angered. From the beginning, this Zhang looked down on their literary research!

“Right, which paragraphs?”

“Say it, we are all ears!”

A woman and a youth spoke up. They were two of the few Redology researchers in the industry.

Zhang Ye said calmly. “The plot regarding the Jia family’s conviction. The continuer’s writing is comical and worthy of scorn!”

Yan Yu said, “Don’t keep talking about the continuation. What’s ridiculous about this plot?”

Teacher Yang also said, “Ignoring the problem of the characters’ personalities, what’s wrong with the plot?”

A problem with the Jia family being convicted was indeed something never mentioned before in this world’s Redology research. This was because they did not find any problems with it!

However Zhang Ye knew. Not only was there a problem in it, it was a major problem. “Everyone thinks this plot adheres to logic? What about the students?”

The Peking University students also responded.

“Uh, it’s alright?”

“I don’t see any problems.”

“This is a major plot point. There’s nothing wrong with it?”

Senior Song stood up and said, “According to your argument and

structural analysis, the first 80 chapters had hinted that the Jia family would decline. It was hinted that they would be raided. Isn't this following a rational line of thought?"

Zhang Ye lowered his hand to indicate for her to sit. He smiled and said, "It looks like no one has noticed this. Actually, what everybody thinks is a rational line of thought is just rational on the surface. Yes, I also admitted that the Jia family would decline. Mr Cao Xueqin had already foreshadowed this in the first eighty chapters on the whole. Cao Xueqin wrote that the Jia family would be raided, but the reason for being raided is definitely not the reason given after the eightieth chapter. The way the continuer wrote it is unacceptable personally. It is ridiculous!" As he pointed to the screen, he said, "Take a look everyone. In the plot after chapter 80, it writes that Rong-guo mansion, as well as Ning-guo mansion, were raided. We can explore this and see if that was the case. Those who are familiar should have an impression. After chapter 80, when the Emperor ordered the raid, how many charges did Jia She receive? Two charges. One, he had entered into a conspiracy with provincial officials for nefarious purposes. About this, I have to say that the person who continued the story had quite the standard. He was able to carry on the foreshadowing written by Cao Xueqin in the first 80 chapters. Jia She's second charge was abusing his own personal influence to bully a defenceless citizen. This was also written according to the foreshadowing in the first 80 chapters. Although I'm not sure how Cao Xueqin would have written it, it would not have been written in this way. However, the continuer's writing is still acceptable to me."

"If it's acceptable, why is there a problem?"

“Can you stop saying continuer? It sounds so awkward!”

A few Redologists suggested.

Zhang Ye shrugged his shoulders. “Alright, I know many people still do not believe that the chapters after the eightieth are not the original work of Cao Xueqin. Then let’s not talk about the continuer. Let’s assume the 120 chapters of ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’ were written by Cao Xueqin, but there arises a problem. Later on, the reason why Ning-guo mansion and Jia Zheng were raided was only mentioned in passing. It was roughly accounted for, so almost no one noticed it, nor has anyone researched it. This is because everyone’s focus was on more ‘important’ matters in this plot, but I want to tell everyone to not look elsewhere. Focus your attention on this. Here, I can prove that the plot was not written by Cao Xueqin!”

The students were all listening.

The people from the literary world all began to recall the content.

Zhang Ye ignored them and carried on speaking, “Cousin Zhen’s first crime: forcefully took to his bed the fiancée of an innocent person and drove her to her death when she would not gratify his desires. It sounds serious, and is actually referring to Second Sister You’s death. If you think right away, you might not find it problematic, but if you read it carefully again, who forcefully took Second Sister You? It was not Cousin Zhen, but Jia Lian. And was Second Sister You kept in Ning-guo mansion? No, it was a place called Little Flower Lane!”

Ma Hengyuan leered at him. “Don’t you know that Second Sister You was later duped into Rong-guo mansion by Wang Xifeng?”

Zhang Ye looked back at him. “You are right, but even if Cousin Zhen had some responsibility in this, he was at most regarded as an accomplice. The main perpetrator was Jia Lian. This thing was all Jia Lian’s problem, right? Later on, Wang Xifeng even directed a scheme to let Second Sister You’s former fiancé indict on this matter. It caused quite a stir, resulting in Second Sister You’s death. However, that is Wang Xifeng and Jia Lian’s crime. What has this got to do with Cousin Zhen? However, ‘Cao Xueqin’, for some unknown reason, wrote that the first crime of Cousin Zhen was Second Sister You’s death!”

Many people exclaimed.

Teacher Yang also loosened his eyebrows.

This problem had really not been mentioned in the Redology world. Zhang Ye was really the first!

Zhang Ye ignored their reactions and carried on speaking, “Then the second charge is even more ridiculous. What is it? Buried secretly and the facts of her death were concealed from the authorities. This is talking about Third Sister You’s death. Following her suicide meant she committed suicide and that was finally buried.” Zhang Ye could not help but laugh. “What sort of serious crime is this? Furthermore, Third Sister You committing suicide does not have much to do with Cousin Zhen. It was Jia Lian

who paired Liu Xianglian and Third Sister You. The matching failed, causing Third Sister You to commit suicide. What did Cousin Zhen have to do with this?” Saying that, Zhang Ye pointed to the screen. “As for the third charge, it says for corrupting the sons of noble families, encouraging them to gamble. When I see this, I do not know what others may think, but I can’t bear reading it further.”

Meng Dongguo said coldly, “It was foreshadowed early on.”

Another youth who studied Redology said, “Right, and it was in your so-called first 80 chapters.”

“There was such a plot in front.” Zhang Ye said, “In chapter 75, Cousin Zhen gathered a bunch of family members to gamble, but think about it, were they really gambling? Cousin Zhen had set up a shooting gallery below Celestial Fragrance Pavilion, allowing young men to compete there. Gambling was just a guise. If one had to insist, Cousin Zhen’s crime is the shooting gallery. This is because it is a very dangerous behavior and signal, but for some reason, ‘Cao Xueqin’ decided that the third charge would be Cousin Zhen’s gambling. Who can explain this to me?”

“This...”

“Was there such a passage?”

“Yes, they were indeed practicing shooting.”

“I also recall it. This was written in an abstruse manner.”

Without Zhang Ye mentioning, many people had not recalled it. They had never thought about it. Now, with him mentioning it, many of those who had read “Dream of the Red Chamber” recalled it!

It’s really true!

There was a serious problem!

Zhang Ye questioned, “If this was really Cao Xueqin’s original text, would Mr Cao make such a low-level error?”

A Redologist in his thirties grunted. “This isn’t a crime, that isn’t a crime. This has nothing to do with him, then from what you say, the Jia family is innocent. Why would their family be raided?”

Zhang Ye said, “The Jia family was naturally guilty.”

Meng Dongguo said, “Jia She and Cousin Zhen were originally...”

Before he finished speaking, Zhang Ye had interrupted him. “No, actually Jia She and Cousin Zhen’s crime existed, but that was not the true reason behind why the Jia family was raided! My point has always been based on the first 80 chapters. In the first 80 chapters, this matter was clearly indicated!”

Ma Hengyuan said to Zhang Ye as if he was not worth a single glance, “Then whose crime is it?”

Zhang Ye calmly gave a name. It was a name that shocked everyone. “The real reason behind the Jia family being raided was Jia Zheng!”

“Jia Zheng?”

“Did you say the wrong name?”

“It can’t be Jia Zheng!”

“That’s right! Anyone can be guilty except Jia Zheng!”

The Peking University students were the first to create an uproar. It was too surprising for Zhang Ye to give this name. They could accept whatever Teacher Zhang Ye had previously said as they found it very reasonable, but regarding Jia Zheng’s crime? None of them believed! How can that be?

However, Zhang Ye ignored their discussion and said the next sentence. “Hur Hur. I can tell everyone that not only is Jia Zheng guilty, but it’s a heinous crime!”

“Can it be that exaggerated?”

“Heinous crime?”

“He’s the only good person in the Jia family!”

“That’s right, where did it say Jia Zheng was guilty?”

The Redologists like Yan Yu and Teacher Yang all gave a look of shock!

Elder Qian and Professor Zeng, who were originally very supportive of Zhang Ye, looked at each other. They could see the doubt in each other’s eyes. They did not know either!

Zhang Ye was indifferent. He said, “Everyone might not believe it, but I will still say it. If this was Cao Xueqin’s original work... if this was Cao Xueqin’s original 108 chapters of ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’, he would have written that the real reason why the Jia family was raided was because of Jia Zheng’s crime. Yes, to many people here, Jia Zheng was a very decent man. And when the Jia family was raided, Jia Zheng seemed the most innocent. The way you came to this conclusion was the same as what the continuer of the chapters after the eightieth thought too. Hence, using this line of thought, he wrote it into the image that everyone sees today. Even when the Jia family was raided, it did not raise any problems with Jia Zheng. There was no crime, and through his hard work, the Emperor even forgave him, allowing the resurgence of the Jia family. Hur Hur. On these matters, you already have preconceptions about this, hence, you are subconsciously disagreeing with what I’m saying. However, I still have to say it. This is a major error the continuer made. He did not understand the foreshadowing and line of thought Cao Xueqin had in the first 80 chapters. This is also the reason why everyone has been

misled!”

Senior Zhou could not stand for this anymore. He liked Jia Zheng the most in ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’. “Teacher Zhang, where is the foreshadowing you mentioned?”

Senior Song asked, “Was it written earlier that Jia Zheng had committed a crime?”

Many students and people from the literary world could not accept it. In many people’s hearts, Jia Zheng was a person of utmost bearing. They liked him a lot too. Was Zhang Ye trying to subvert their understanding again? Wasn’t this subversion too much?

Zhang Ye smiled as he looked at everyone. “It’s good that there is controversy. Everyone, listen to me first. See if what I say makes sense. Then, let us temporarily throw away the image of Jia Zheng in the chapters after the eightieth. Let’s look at the first 80 chapters written by Cao Xueqin and how he described Jia Zheng’s image. Where was the foreshadowing? In chapter 75, You-shi was angry and went to visit Lady Wang. At this moment, an old woman accompanying her told her something shocking. ‘Some people from the Zhen family have just arrived there, madam, with a lot of things. I think it’s something secret they’ve come about. It probably wouldn’t be convenient for you to go there now.’”

On the screen.

The original text appeared.

Everyone looked at it, and indeed, there was such a passage.

“Who is the Zhen family? It’s a close family to the Jia family. What was the situation back then? The Zhen family was convicted and raided by the Emperor.” Zhang Ye smiled and said, “Then in the book, was You-shi very surprised when she heard this? No, she was not one bit surprised. You-shi said, ‘Yes, I heard your master saying last night’, and this master is Jia Zheng, ‘that he had read in the Gazette that the Zhens had been attainted, and the family was being brought to the capital for questioning!’”

Everyone present looked surprised.

One wouldn’t know without thinking, but the moment they thought about it, they were shocked!

Zhang Ye asked, “Jia Zheng helped the Zhen family hide their treasures. I want to ask you, is this a severe crime?”

Senior Zhou ruminated for a while before saying in a convinced manner, “...Yes!”

The people from the literary world remained silent for a long period. They had an impression of this plot, but that was all they had. As the book did not write it in detail, and was just described with a few words, it was too superficial, and as a result, many people had neglected it. Even if they didn’t neglect it, this plot just meant that Jia Zheng was a person who valued sentiment. They did not link it with how it would add on to the crimes the Jia

family was convicted of later after the eightieth chapter. Only when Zhang Ye pointed it out did these people think about it. Yes, it was truly the case!

Was the crime severe?

It was too severe!

In the society of that era, that was a serious crime!

Zhang Ye looked at the crowd, “This was written in the first eighty chapters by Cao Xueqin. They were the original words, so I would like to ask, later when the Jia family was raided, what was the reason behind it?”

Many people turned quiet. They were rendered speechless by Zhang Ye’s question!

The Redologists realized that things were not going well. Zhang Ye’s momentum was rising. His point and theory was becoming more and more valid. If they allowed him to carry on, even they would be convinced. Hence, Teacher Yang picked up a microphone and switched it on. He had to speak!

Chapter 326: A Plot No One Dares To Touch In ‘Dream Of The Red Chamber’!

In the Grand Auditorium.

The Peking University students all revealed expressions of admiration.

Just as Zhang Ye’s theory was increasingly taking the upper hand, and just as he was about to end the second class on a high note, a voice echoed.

“Zhang Ye.” It was the Redologist, Teacher Yang.

Zhang Ye looked at him. “Teacher Yang, please speak.”

Zhang Ye did not know him, but this person had doubted him on Weibo. His tone was not very polite, and he had used his picture for his Weibo picture, so Zhang Ye recognized him at a glance. This person was very authoritative and influential in the world of Redology. It was the same with Yan Yu. Previously when he was questioned, he had used “Vice President Yan”. The Vice President of the nation’s Writers’ Association was naturally famous. Zhang Ye had already adapted to this brand new but slightly different world. He was no longer as unfamiliar to this world’s celebrities. He was no longer like he had been in the past where he did not know anything. He was slowly learning and familiarizing himself with this Earth’s people and matters.

Teacher Yang did not ask him directly, but deliberately paused for two seconds. Maybe it was to let the focus fall on him and for the cameras to train themselves on him.

He was in frame!

The Peking University students' gaze were on him!

Only then did Teacher Yang say slowly, "I have basically not talked from the beginning. I was listening to you speak and I have to admit that your analysis and understanding has reached a certain standard. However, I'm not sure if others have noticed it. You have been using counter examples. For example, how the Jia family was convicted of their crimes. You are using a method of denying the logical conflict that exists in the chapters after the eightieth and the first 80 chapters to prove your point. This is not comprehensive and just single-faceted. Hur Hur. Let us use the simplest method. We can actually use this method to prove that your theory is unreliable."

Zhang Ye smiled and said, "Sure. Please do tell."

Teacher Yang hissed in his heart. However, he said very casually, "You think you can explain everything? That's a bold claim! Let me tell you the secret and problem in 'Dream of the Red Chamber' that no one can fully explain!"

Zhang Ye only smiled and remained silent.

A young Redologist said, “Teacher Yang, since Teacher Zhang Ye has the confidence and knowledge, then why don’t you ask him a logical problem in the first 80 chapters that cannot be explained?”

Teacher Yang said, “Yes, I’ll ask that.”

These two sang to each other’s tunes and were quite harmonious.

Zhang Ye smiled without a word. He gave a posture of listening devoutly and respectfully.

Wu Zeqing turned her head to look at Teacher Yang before turning her head back.

Chang Kaige and Zhen Shuquan were all worried for Zhang Ye. This bunch of people had studied “Dream of the Red Chamber” nearly all their lives. At the least, they had studied for five to six years. Their logical reasoning and analysis might not be better than yours, but they were still experts at picking errors!

Little Zhang, can you do it well?

Don’t stumble here!

Everyone had different expressions. All of them were thinking differently!

Teacher Yang spoke as he stared at Zhang Ye. “Since you said

that only the first 80 chapters of ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’ were written by Cao Xueqin, and said that the problems in the first 80 chapters were minor errors that Mr Cao failed to modify in time, but a character’s personality exists through the entire text, so there cannot be any mistakes. You gave an example of how Grandmother Jia had a change in personality after chapter 80, and how Jia Baoyu and Lin Daiyu changed personalities after the eightieth chapter. This was all what you previously stated, right?”

Zhang Ye said, “Yes, of course.”

“Alright.” Seeing that he had taken the bait, Teacher Yang crossed his legs and said, “Since you just mentioned the matter of Jia Zheng’s crime, then you must know that in this plot segment, there was another story. It’s the problem with Jia Baoyu’s poem. Why did you purposely avoid it?”

Jia Baoyu’s poem?

Everyone gasped!

Holy sh*t! Can you not be so ruthless!? You actually asked this?

Chang Kaige and the other lecturers of the Chinese department immediately turned blue in the face!

Yan Yu did not expect Teacher Yang to directly ask this question. This was the truly fatal question!

Senior Song was slightly stunned. Previously, when she met the Jinshi female reporter outside, she had said in her interview about her thoughts on this problem. She was wondering if Teacher Zhang Ye would avoid this logical error in today's class. Apparently, Zhang Ye did not mention this throughout the class, so Senior Song did not plan on asking. She was afraid that Teacher Zhang Ye would be shamed if he failed to answer it were she to ask, but who knew that someone else had asked the question!

Teacher Yang looked relaxed. "That is the question I wanted to ask. This is a major logical error. And this happened before chapter 80. What was written in chapter 78? Jia Zheng suddenly called his two sons and a grandson to compose poetry before him. And what was the topic? He got them to compose a poem to praise a woman, Fourth Sister Lin. She was also known as the Winsome Colonel. This was written clearly in the text. Jia Huan later wrote a poem. Jia Lan also wrote one. Jia Baoyu also did it. He wrote a long ballad. He even went to great lengths to praise Winsome Colonel. During the process, some of Jia Zheng's guests also applauded him. Finally, Jia Zheng also praised him. Now, here comes the problem. What's the matter with Fourth Sister Lin? The story was in Qingzhou. There was a Prince Heng, who recruited a large number of beautiful women to train in military arts. The leader was Fourth Sister Lin. Later on, when a horde of bandits started to rebel, the city walls could not hold. Many people wanted to surrender to the rebels, but Fourth Sister Lin led the female army out, but died in combat. Hence, Fourth Sister Lin was a leader who suppressed the peasant uprising!"

These was known by everyone. They listened quietly.

Teacher Yang was afraid there were people who did not

understand, so he said, “But what kind of artistic image does Jia Baoyu have? He was very against the feudal system of that era! He was anti-Manchu, but here, Jia Baoyu actually praised the leader who suppressed a peasant uprising? At this point, this character’s personality suddenly collapsed. Zhang Ye, don’t you explain it away as Cao Xueqin not having edited this after he finished writing. That won’t do. Besides, didn’t you say that Jia Baoyu’s artistic image had been destroyed in the chapters after the eightieth? He changed personalities, but you have to know, that the change in the chapters after the eightieth were at least described. There was a private tutor teaching him, that led him to study eight-legged poems, but what about the first 80 chapters? There was no foreshadowing or explanation, right? Since you boasted that Cao Xueqin did not make a mistake because of his illness, then I would like to hear your explanation about Jia Baoyu’s poem!”

“Right. Tell us!” The young Redologist said with a sneer.

“That’s right Zhang Ye. There’s a problem here. How can you explain this?” Meng Dongguo said.

A woman said, “If you can’t explain it, then your theory will be overturned. There’s no use mentioning anything else! Be it before or after chapter 80, there are flaws. You can’t use that to prove anything!”

Ma Hengyuan chuckled at the sight of this. “This problem is really unsolvable. Don’t you say that this is not Cao Xueqin’s original words, and that it was added on by someone later. These poems have been validated. It was Cao Xueqin’s work. No one can

imitate that. Hence, it can only be said to be Cao Xueqin's error and failure!"

The literary world's members had hit back and out in full force now!

Yao Mi said in a puzzled manner, "Is that such a difficult question?"

Beside her, Senior Zhou smiled bitterly, "This is one of the most mysterious problems in 'Dream of the Red Chamber'! There might not even be an answer! The Redology world has been researching this for decades and no one has been able to solve it!"

Yao Mi exclaimed, "Holy sh*t! Are these people so wicked?"

Li Ying said in a speechless manner, "Right, they are trying to force Teacher Zhang onto a path of no return!"

"Teacher Zhang Ye's words were too bold to begin with!" Li Li said worriedly, "This is not good! He has been forced into a corner by his own words and can't explain it now!"

At the other side, Zhang Ye's ex-leader at the television station, Zhao Guozhou also broke into a frown, "Little Zhang has met a difficult problem this time. There's no way to solve this problem." He also knew a little about 'Dream of the Red Chamber', albeit not as deeply. He had read many commentaries before and knew that Teacher Yang's question was very difficult to answer as it was the

greatest flaw in ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’. Even if Jia Baoyu characteristics did change greatly later on, as did Grandmother Jia, all of these could still be swept under the rug without a lot of explanations. As for this poem by Jia Baoyu, it was impossible to sweep it under the rug. He could not even try to change the subject!

Wang Xiaomei looked up to Zhang Ye on stage, “Director Zhao, I don’t think so!”

“Hmm?” Zhao Guozhou glanced at her, “What do you mean?”

Wang Xiaomei keep a still face, “I feel that Zhang Ye already has it all planned out.” As she said that, she pointed to the stage, “Have you noticed that he is still smiling?”

Zhao Guozhou took a look, “He really is!”

Seated at the back was Hu Fei, who also knew Zhang Ye very well. When he saw Zhang Ye smiling, he knew that the rascal already knew what to say, but as to how Zhang Ye would explain it, he really would not!

Professor Zeng looked to the side, “Elder Qian, has this error been solved?”

Elder Qian shook his head, “I don’t know about that. In the research of ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’, Little Zhang is far ahead of me. I definitely cannot compare to him, so let’s see how he

answers it.”

One second...

Three seconds...

Five seconds...

Zhang Ye was listening all this while, without saying a word.

Teacher Yang mocked, “You can’t explain?”

“Why aren’t you speaking?” The young Redologist said.

Zhang Ye’s expression looked casual. “It’s not that I’m not speaking, but it’s because it’s too chaotic. There’s too much discussion, so even if I speak, no one would be able to hear me.”

With that, the audience immediately turned silent!

No one discussed further. They were all listening to Zhang Ye’s voice.

Only then did Zhang Ye smile while holding his microphone. “Regarding the problem with Jia Baoyu’s poem, it is a persistent problem in Redology. The reason why ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’ is not easily talked about is because of this. Typically, when

‘Dream of the Red Chamber’ is mentioned, 100% of people would skip this when they reach this point. They would pretend to miss this segment. No one dares to talk about this part. This taboo episode has stumped countless Redologists, but here, in this public lecture, I can tell everyone...” With a pause, he said, “I can talk about this part.”

Everyone was stunned!

“You can talk about it?”

“Teacher Zhang you really can?”

“Impossible, there’s no way to explain it!”

The Peking University students all had looks of disbelief.

Only Senior Zhou and Senior Song were extremely interested. They were invigorated. He could really explain it? If he could really explain it, then the entire Redology world would be overturned!

To Teacher Yang, it was not a matter of believing. He didn’t even bother listening!

No one present believed Zhang Ye had the ability!

Zhang Ye stood there, as calm as ever. He maintained his smiling

face and said, “And even if no one asked, I was just about to talk about it. Why? This is because this episode of Jia Baoyu’s praising of the Winsome Colonel intertwines with the second charge against Jia Zheng that I did not finish talking about. Was hoarding the Zhen family’s illegal fortunes a big enough crime? No, not at all! The development of this episode is Jia Zheng’s biggest crime! This is the thing that I revealed through my words...Jia Zheng’s heinous crime!”

Chapter 327: Applause. Everyone Stands Up!

There was a flurry of discussion!

“Heinous crime?”

“Jia Zheng again?”

“Why is Jia Zheng faulted?”

“Where did it write about Jia Zheng’s crimes?”

“Isn’t that nonsense? A bigger crime than hiding illegal fortunes?”

“For such a good man of the Jia family, other than the previous crime, what did he do?”

The people who had read ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’ could not remain silent. They began discussing with the people sitting around them, exchanging their opinions and views. All of them were confused by Zhang Ye’s words.

A Redologist said, “Zhang Ye, don’t change topics.”

Zhang Ye smiled and said, “I’m not changing topics. I’m talking about the same matter.”

The same matter? Which eye of yours sees that it is the same matter? Teacher Yang glanced at him, “Alright then. Explain to us Jia Baoyu’s poem first. A plot no one can explain can be explained by you? I’m all ears.”

Numerous pairs of eyes looked towards the podThere was a flurry of discussion!

“Heinous crime?”

“Jia Zheng again?”

“Why is Jia Zheng faulted?”

“Where did it write about Jia Zheng’s crimes?”

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Numerous pairs of eyes looked towards the podium!

There were now 5000-6000 people present, waiting for Zhang Ye’s answer!

Zhang Ye also said very seriously, “Sure, but let me be clear first. What I’m going to say is my personal opinion. If you think it’s right, you can listen to it. If you think it’s wrong, and have other conclusions or your own analysis, it’s alright. We can discuss amongst ourselves. Then, let’s return the problem from before. Why did Jia Baoyu write such a poem? Teacher Yang has mentioned it already, but let me add on a bit more. It’s still in chapter 78. It was written in the beginning that Jia Baoyu had praised Winsome Colonel and had composed a long poem. As for the second half, he laments Skybright. He wrote ‘The Spirit of the Hibiscus: An Elegy and Invocation’. In this poem, he pours out his feelings and his bitterness against the feudal system. Then is Jia Baoyu suffering from a split personality? This failure seems too serious. So what is going on?”

That's right!

What's going on?

We are asking you!

A few people from the literary world nearly died of infuriation from Zhang Ye's "teasing" speech. Your sister, tell us! Stop teasing!

Despite them impatiently waiting for Zhang Ye to suffer, Zhang Ye was in no hurry. He took another sip of his Pu'er tea and moistened his throat. He placed the thermos flask down before he said, "Alright, then let me tell you what is going on. Everyone says this is one of the failures of Cao Xueqin, and it's a stain of 'Dream of the Red Chamber', but the reason why everyone thinks this way is because no one understands Cao Xueqin's intentions. They did not see the hidden trick hidden in this passage. First, we need to solve a few problems. Number one, the Winsome Colonel Jia Baoyu praised, did she crack down on a peasant uprising? If that was the case, then there really is no way to excuse Jia Baoyu, but what if it isn't?"

Meng Dongguo stared. "Is there any doubt?"

Ma Hengyuan also remembered clearly. "The book's text clearly wrote they were latter-day descendants of the Yellow Turbans and Red Eyebrows!"

"How can you say what if it isn't? If not, then it's clearly written

in black and white that the peasants were forming a rebel army!” A literary author who came to cause trouble said. He was a fat man.

Zhang Ye looked at the fat man, “What was written in black and white was not a peasant rebel army, but the Yellow Turbans and Red Eyebrows. This is very important. Do not confuse them. Do the Yellow Turbans and Red Eyebrows really represent rebels? Then let us take a closer look. We all know history. After the Qing dynasty came into power, they caused a huge massacre. They pushed forward a harsh ruling policy. Only after everything was in place did they relax, allowing some concessions to the peasants. Hence in this dynasty, there was no large scale peasant uprising. You cannot make an analogy to the Yellow Turbans and Red Eyebrows as peasant rebel armies, which could bring down cities. So from a historical perspective, everyone’s understanding of the Yellow Turbans and Red Eyebrows is problematic!”

Yan Yu was stunned.

Teacher Yang also frowned.

“The Yellow Turbans and Red Eyebrows in chapter 78 was not really talking about a rebel army formed from peasants, but just another name for invaders!” Zhang Ye explained.

A woman said, “Isn’t this explanation too far-fetched?”

A young Redologist said, “Besides, Jia Zheng was just casually telling a story, it might not necessarily be true!”

Zhang Ye smiled. “This friend, I do not know how deeply you have studied ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’, but in my opinion, ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’ is not a romantic story. It has political and social intricacies, etc. Do you think Cao Xueqin, for no good reason, made Jia Zheng come up with a baffling fictitious story about the Winsome Colonel to let the juniors come up with poems to praise her for no good reason?”

The youth was stunned. His tongue was tied.

Indeed, the text in ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’ was very precise, or it would not have been so difficult to study it!

“Cao Xueqin’s every word suffuses his intentions. For example, the characters in the book all have their prototypes. The story in the book have their metaphors. This episode is the same. Let us take a look at it again.” Zhang Ye’s gaze landed on the people from the literary world who sat along the first row. “The book says there was a member of the Imperial clan called Prince Heng, who had gone out to become Military Governor of Qing-zhou. Take note, in the Qing dynasty, there was an interesting feature. After they decided the capital, the sons of the Emperor were not allowed to be considered kings of cities outside of the capital.” Noticing everyone was stunned again, Zhang Ye said, “When the Princes were canonized, their residences had to be established in the capital. They were all before the Emperor’s eyes. So in the Qing dynasty, there were Princes, but never a Qing-zhou Prince Heng! Hence, the character and story offered by Jia Zheng was not in the Qing dynasty era!”

A few teachers from the History department nodded.

Professor Zeng, who was a Professor who studied both Chinese literature and history, also give a deep, approving acknowledgment.

Zhang Ye deliberately paused for a moment. Seeing that everyone was still digesting this knowledge, he said, “Then what era was it, where an Emperor would send his sons to foreign lands to become a governor?” With another pause, he gave the answer. “In the Ming dynasty, that was exactly the case!”

“Ah?”

“Ming dynasty?”

“Why is it the Ming dynasty?”

“The other dynasties have similar situations, right? And it was very common!”

A few Peking University students said. Although they did not hold a microphone, their voices were quite audible. They all sat in the middle-front area.

When Zhang Ye heard it, he said, “Some people must be wondering why I’m saying that the time period in the book is the Ming dynasty?” His words were filled with surprises. “That’s because in the Ming dynasty, there was a place called Qing-zhou! In addition to this, in Ming dynasty history, there was such a Prince

Heng!”

Teacher Yang immediately said, “Impossible!”

“How can that be? There’s no proof!” Ma Hengyuan said with a gloomy face.

The other Redologists also stared. They all looked confused. No one understood.

There had been no studies regarding this in the world of Redology, as of yet. They had not researched this, and there was no Prince Heng, right? If there was, wouldn’t it have long been discovered?

There were quite a number of History professors and lecturers present. Quite a number of History department students had come too. However, although they studied this field, even those who did it on a daily basis would not be so free as to memorize all the Emperors in the Ming dynasty, much less those princes that were not as famous. It was impossible to verify them. Hence, many people began searching online for the information on their cellphones. Those from the literary world made phone calls to friends to verify the information. They wanted to disprove Zhang Ye and make him suffer a crushing defeat!

In a while.

Professor Zeng was the first to come to a conclusion. He frowned,

“There was no such Prince Heng.”

A few other Peking University students managed to come to a conclusion from their searches. “Yes, this prince doesn’t exist. Teacher Zhang, you are wrong!”

When Yao Mi heard this, her face turned pale. Holy sh*t that can’t be. Did Uncle Zhang make a mistake? Uncle Zhang could actually make a mistake in academic issues?

Ma Hengyuan, Teacher Yang, and company were already smiling.

However, Zhang Ye also smiled. He chuckled without much worry. “Don’t be so hasty to deny it. I know. You must be checking the word ‘Heng’, the character for ‘eternity’.”

Ma Hengyuan rebuked, “If it’s not the ‘Heng’ from ‘eternity’, then what is it? Did you not see the original text?”

Zhang Ye was not mad as he said, “It is because too many people focus on the original text, which results in missing out on things that should not be missed out on. Hence, no one managed to solve this matter. Maybe no one noticed this metaphor, because the ‘Heng’ in Prince Heng of Ming Dynasty is the ‘Heng’ from the word ‘balance’!”

What?

It was not the same ‘Heng’?

At this moment, a person from the Beijing Writer’s Association, who was making a phone call, put his cellphone down. He said in an awkward manner, “The Ming dynasty...does have a Prince Heng. And it’s the ‘Heng’ from the word ‘balance’.”

Teacher Yang said, “That...”

Meng Dongguo said in a speechless manner, “He really existed?”

Only then did they realize that Zhang Ye had f**king prepared for this. This fellow had already known beforehand that they would ask him about the problem with Jia Baoyu’s poem!

Zhang Ye said calmly, with confidence surging through it. “When writing chapter 78, Cao Xueqin used Jia Zheng as a mouthpiece, hinting at this Prince from the Ming dynasty. The pronunciation is the same, but the word changed from the ‘Heng’ in ‘balance’ to the ‘Heng’ in ‘eternity’. It was a deliberate change in this word! This is very common. These things could not be written blatantly at the time. For example, the words Cao Xueqin used to make a metaphor about the political powers with words like the ‘Moon Faction’ and the ‘Sun Faction’?”

Teacher Yang said, “What can this prove?”

Ma Hengyuan said with a raised eyebrow, “Yes, it doesn’t explain anything. It can only be said that Cao Xueqin’s story has a source,

and was not fictitiously spun.”

Zhang Ye asked with a laugh, “Does it really not explain anything?”

The Peking University students were all confused from listening to this. This still could not explain the fact that Jia Baoyu praised a female colonel in a feudal era. Alright, you said the background has changed. It went from the Qing dynasty to the Ming dynasty. So what if it changed? So the Heng in Prince Heng had changed, but even if Prince Heng changed into the President of the United States, that still wouldn’t explain a thing!

Some still had not figured it out, but there were, of course, smart people in the crowd!

Professor Zeng suddenly froze. He froze without any warning!

After some thought, Elder Qian suddenly gave a look of enlightenment. He could not help but slap his thigh. “So that’s the reason! So that is the reason!”

Zhang Ye looked over with surprise. “Hur Hur, looks like Professor Zeng and Elder Qian have figured it out.”

Figured it out?

Figured what out!?

What are you talking about!?

The others were still baffled. What's this charade?

“If some one still doesn't understand, then let me give you a hint.” Zhang Ye said as he straightened his back while resting his hands on the podium. “In the Ming dynasty, there was a Qingzhou. Many things happened at this place. Did Prince Heng encounter an attack from attackers? I can tell you with certainty that he did. Then, who attacked him?”

An external History professor was stunned!

The Vice President of the Writers' Association, Yan Yu lost her voice. “Attack of the Manchurian forces down South!” Saying that, she gasped. She had been stunned by her own words!

Zhang Ye smiled. “That's right! It was the attack of the Manchurian forces down South! The Manchurian army had invaded!”

With that, the bunch of people from the literary world all understood. Their faces had looks of dumbfoundedness!

Amongst them was a thin Redologist in his forties who had not spoken a word at all. When he heard Zhang Ye's words, he could not help but stand up out of excitement!

It was the Manchurian army!

To think that it was the Manchurian army!

Senior Song smacked her forehead hardly, “Why didn’t I think of it?!”

Senior Zhou exclaimed, “F**k! So that’s how it is explained!”

The Peking University students were all shocked by Zhang Ye’s analysis. They were so shocked that their jaws nearly fell off!

Zhang Ye’s colleague, Su Na clenched her fist and shouted with excitement, “Nice!” This new Teacher Zhang really lived up to his reputation! He was too awesome!

At this moment, no one believed that him saying that he was able to “explain all logical problems” was bragging!

He really explained it all!

The logical problems posed by everyone had all been explained by him!

Zhang Ye’s next sentence struck a chord in everyone’s hearts. “Hence, sometimes, the truth is not as simple as it seems on the surface. Take a look, just the Yellow Turbans and Red Eyebrows in the book was nearly ignored by everyone, right? If we just

analyzed Jia Baoyu's poem, and used his personality to probe, we would never be able to solve this mystery in our entire lives. We would not be able to study 'Dream of the Red Chamber' well. By helping you in this analysis, the result is obvious, right? The attackers referred to as Yellow Turbans and Red Eyebrows were actually the Manchurian army! Hence, what sort of figure was Fourth Sister Lin? What sort of figure did Jia Zheng want Jia Baoyu to praise? It was during the collapse of the Ming dynasty, when Qing-zhou was in a time of distress. The male officials were advocating surrender, but she stepped forward, leading a female army against the Manchus. She was a heroine!"

Everyone was already dumbfounded listening to this!

Teacher Yang, Ma Hengyuan, and company were already shocked beyond words!

This...

This...

Zhang Ye spread out his palms. "Now the mystery has been unraveled. Everyone gives an 'oh', and you all understand. The reason is that simple? Yes, the answer to riddles are usually that simple. Did Jia Baoyu's artistic image collapse? No, not at all. In chapter 78, Jia Baoyu's long poem was in fact praising a heroine that resisted the Manchus! Jia Baoyu was anti-Qing to the bone! And what did Jia Zheng do? He was doing an extremely dangerous task. It was almost the crime of rebellion! This is also the second crime of Jia Zheng I mentioned. This is his biggest crime. This is the true reason why the Jia family was convicted! It had little to do

with Jia She! This is also what Cao Xueqin foreshadowed and divulged in the first 80 chapters! He had nearly told us in a very clear manner!”

With this explained, Zhang Ye followed up on the problems with the plot in the chapters after the eightieth, which he left midway. He moved his attention back to it, and summarized it together. He had used Jia Baoyu’s praising of the Winsome Colonel to prove his point, and had also ended this at the perfect point. He said. “This is also why I cannot accept the chapters after the eightieth. We can see that the reason for the Jia family’s conviction was all due to Jia Zheng! It was Ning-guo mansion! So the plot happening in the chapters after the eightieth in the 120 circulated chapters cannot be written by Cao Xueqin! This is a fact that is without doubt, with no room for discussion! I have provided all the evidence today! I wonder if anyone still has any doubts?”

“...”

Silence!

No one dared to answer him!

Zhang Ye looked at the time. “There was an extension of twenty minutes. There’s only two minutes left. If you have no doubts, you can also ask any question.”

Still, no one responded!

The bunch of people from the literary world were shriveled up!

The students also did not make a sound!

A drop of sweat rolled down Zhang Ye's forehead. Come on guys, the last time after class, there were numerous people surrounding me. Just now, there were people who insisted for the class to continue. Why are you guys all silent when I request questions from you to alleviate any of your doubts? Alright, forget it. Zhang Ye began keeping his documents. "Then, let us end the class. That is all."

One page...

Ten pages...

Zhang Ye slowly arranged his documents. As he turned around, he was prepared to go off stage to go back home.

But at the instant that he turned around, the sound of someone clapping suddenly erupted from the silent audience. In a split second, a wave of applause that was like a flood nearly blew off the roof of the Grand Auditorium of Peking University! That feeling was like a bomb had exploded!

Bam!

There was a huge round of applause!

One person...

One hundred people...

One thousand people...

People successively stood up. In the end, all the 5000-6000 Peking University students present had all stood up. Everyone was clapping with all their might. No one left, but were just standing there giving a standing ovation to Zhang Ye!

Wu Zeqing also stood up and clapped along with them!

Chang Kaige, Zhen Shuquan, Su Na, Professor Zeng, and other Peking University Chinese department teachers all stood up. They gave a thunderous applause!

Teacher Yang also sighed.

Meng Dongguo and Meng Dongguo remained in their seats without any grace. Many people from the literary world were the same. They pretended not to notice.

However, the National Writers' Association's Vice President, Yan Yu, who could be said to be the leader of this bunch of people, slowly stood up. She looked towards Zhang Ye and gave him a gentle applause.

Meng Dongguo was astonished, “President Yan!”

“This...” A few colleagues from the literary world looked at each other.

The Vice President was also applauding? They could no longer put on airs. They hurriedly got up one by one.

Before coming, Yan Yu had come with bias. However, after the lesson, after listening to Zhang Ye’s fantastic and heart-stopping analysis and lecture of “Dream of the Red Chamber” from different angles, Yan Yu had nothing better to say. Truthfully, she was still unhappy about Zhang Ye’s attack on the literary world with his limerick. She also did not like Zhang Ye’s temper and character, but in academics, Yan Yu was completely convinced by Zhang Ye’s talent and his research in ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’! This was the reason why she stood up and why she gave her applause. This applause was not for Zhang Ye, but her heartfelt thanks to Zhang Ye’s contribution to academia!

The reporters were all extremely excited. They began to take all sorts of pictures.

Before the public lecture, who would have expected Zhang Ye’s second lecture to be so one-sided? The people from the literary world had come with a forceful stance, in a bid to dismantle him, but all of them had been dumbfounded by Zhang Ye alone?

Chapter 328: The Hope Of Peking University's Chinese Department!

Applause!

It was applause throughout!

“It’s really too damn awesome!”

“Teacher Zhang! I love you!”

“Teacher Zhang’s too good! He’s peerless!”

“Well said! I’ve never been in such a wonderful lecture before!”

“Teacher Zhang, will you still be the teacher for ‘Appreciation of the Classics’ next semester?”

“I’ve decided! I will be signing up for Teacher Zhang’s elective class next semester!”

The students were all giving their kudos. Su Na and a few other Peking University lecturers were giving the thumbs up to Zhang Ye from below the stage.

The audience had given him a standing ovation and the scene looked phenomenal. For Zhang Ye, who had done so many

programs up until now, it was also the first time that he had encountered such a large standing ovation.

Zhang Ye was already leaving the stage after packing up his research papers and thermos flask, but he stopped and gave a wry smile. Then he put down his belongings and picked up the microphone, “Thank you everyone, class has ended. Students, please go back, many of you still have classes in the afternoon.”

Bba Bba!

The Peking University students did not want to leave, they continued applauding.

Wu Zeqing, Chang Kaige, and company were also doing the same. They smiled as they clapped along with the students.

No one left the venue. The members from the literary world naturally also stayed. It would be too obvious if they walked off now as the cameras were still recording, so they could only stay behind with everyone else.

“Thank you, everyone, please take your leave.” Zhang Ye clasped his hands together gratefully.

Still, no one left. In fact, the students clapped even louder!

Zhang Ye had nothing else he could do about it, so he said a few more words, “In the 2 classes of yesterday and today, we have

spoken in general about how the first 80 chapters on the whole of 'Dream of the Red Chamber' were the original words of Mr Cao Xueqin. I believe my conclusion will be able to convince many people, and even if there are questions or doubts, no one can deny the possibility of what I said. You may use my point of view and direction to go carry out your research and analysis, and I hope that this will help the students and everyone else to understand 'Dream of the Red Chamber' better, but what I want to express has already mostly been expressed in these 2 classes, so from here on I will not be repeating these points anymore. If we come across it, I might elaborate a little, but it would not be explained in as much detail as it was today. There is no need for purposely repeat it to insist that it is proven and I will be going forward onto other parts."

"Going forward?"

"What else is there left to talk about?"

"Right, how will the class be taught going forward?"

"If we follow Teacher Zhang's point of view that another author had continued writing on after the first 80 chapters, it would still be riddled with inconsistencies and flaws. So what's there to talk about?"

"Yea, there's nothing to speak about anymore."

"We are still 7-8 lectures away from the exams?"

The Peking University students began to feel confused and stopped applauding, especially the students from Zhang Ye's elective class. They were more concerned about how Teacher Zhang Ye would continue the class from here on.

The department dean, Chang Kaige, also thought about this problem. If there was a problem with the class schedule, it would be a big problem!

Zhang Ye smiled, "It seems like everyone still has some doubts. It is correct to feel doubtful, yes. So the question comes, for the repairing of excavators....alright, that is not it. How then shall we continue our class from here on?" He paused for a moment, and said, "Please stay tuned to my class tomorrow to find out!"

"F**k that!"

"He's leaving us with a cliffhanger again!"

"Teacher Zhang is so wicked!"

"Haha, but I'm really looking forward to it!"

"I need to get here early tomorrow to reserve a seat! I have to get a front row seats!"

Zhang Ye said, "Class dismissed! Everyone quickly go to your next class!" Then he looked at the others, "Leaders, thank you for your hard work. Reporter comrades, thank you for your hard work

too.”

The students finally began to leave the venue.

When Zhang Ye saw that the reporters were rushing forward for the kill, he quickly picked up his belongings and left from backstage.

But who knew, most of the reporters were not sprinting towards Zhang Ye. About half of them rushed forward towards the literary world members and pointed their large zoom cameras at them as they surrounded them.

That Jinshi female reporter shot a quick question out, “Teacher Yang, as one of the top Redology experts, what views do you have of the lecture by Teacher Zhang Ye today?”

Teacher Yang’s face did not look too good, “Please make way.. no comment.”

Another small Beijing newspaper’s reporter also went over, “Teacher Yang, the question that you asked and those other difficult problems that have plagued the Redology world for a long time seemed to all have been answered by Teacher Zhang Ye. We saw that you and the other Redologists did not refute or speak anymore after that, is this because all of you agree with Teacher Zhang Ye’s point of view? Does this mean that the author of ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’ after the first 80 chapters was indeed someone else? And not written by Cao Xueqin?”

Teacher Yang held on to his words for a moment, then said, “It’s not that I agree with Zhang Ye’s views, nor that he has explained it fully. His explanation and analysis was just from a different angle. As for the problem of the author of ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’, that would still remain an open question for now. It still needs everyone’s input after discussion and further research.”

A male reporter immediately followed up saying, “Then does that mean that the Redology world has now acknowledged that there is plausibility to what Teacher Zhang has proposed? And that the possibility is very high?”

Teacher Yang frowned, “I did not say that. I don’t represent the whole Redology world. Please, let me through. You can go interview someone else instead!”

“Vice-President Yan, what do you think of this man, Teacher Zhang Ye?” Another few reporters had gone over to Yan Yu.

Yan Yu did not dodge and answered, “I will not comment on Teacher Little Zhang as a person, but his literary standard is something that I really admire.”

He has talent?

But is not much of a person?

The reporters all understood the meaning of what she said. They got excited and continued to hound Yan Yu, “Will the Writers’

Association consider letting Teacher Zhang join your ranks?”

Yan Yu smirked and answered, “Elder Qian has recommended Zhang Ye before and the National Writers’ Association had previously sent Zhang Ye an invite too, but Teacher Little Zhang had posted a poem at that time— “Facing The Sea With Spring Blossoms”. This poem was very well written and was very artistic, but it basically carried a meaning of rejection. What you all need to know is that it is not us who do not want him, nor is it that the Writers’ Association is closed to accepting a disputed character. We welcome all kinds of talented people to join us, but Zhang Ye did not wish to join us. So it’s not like we can do anything about that. Maybe you should go ask him instead.”

A middle-aged reporter asked, “Vice-President Yan....”

Yan Yu motioned with her hand, “Alright, that will be all for now. I still have something to attend to.”

When a number of literary world members saw that from the side, they followed Yan Yu and Teacher Yang together out of the venue. They did not wish to be interviewed in any way. It was already embarrassing enough today that a bunch of seniors were outspoken by a junior. Their faces at this moment were burning with embarrassment and if they could have a chance again, they would not have come here. They had literally gifted themselves forward to have their faces stepped on!

Actually, many discerning people knew that what Zhang Ye had said today might not definitely be the correct, but it was only because he could explain it and a large part of his explanations

were logical. Even when they felt that some of Zhang Ye's views on certain details might not be the truth, they could not refute it for no other reason than simply because Zhang Ye could explain these logical inconsistencies. In the world of Redology, Zhang Ye was the only person who had given a reasonable analysis while no one else had. Because of this, they could not be sufficiently emboldened to speak up and thus became the victims of Zhang Ye's killing spree!

Numbed.

How old was this Zhang even? How did he have such a deep understanding of 'Dream of the Red Chamber'? He alone could refute the entire Redology world? And he's even more powerful than them?

The literary world members had all walked away with ashened heads and mudcaked faces!

Over there, department dean, Chang Kaige, was currently being interviewed by a reporter.

Chang Kaige said to the reporter with a smile, "Regarding Teacher Zhang Ye, we have always had high hopes for him, nor have we ever for a moment doubted our own lecturers. Everyone can see now that with Teacher Zhang Ye's literary foundation, he is more than qualified to be a lecturer of the Peking University's Chinese department. That he can come to Peking University to teach, it is also good for us, as well as a lucky outcome for the students who like classical novels. As for the doubts of our student's parents that you mentioned earlier, and the doubts of the education and literary world, I believe that after today, they will

all dissipate. Even if some doubt still remains, our Chinese department will fully support Teacher Little Zhang. We have reason to believe that from today onwards, Teacher Little Zhang's elective class 'Appreciation of the Classics' would become a feature class of our Chinese department. It would become our Chinese department's headline class!"

The department dean's words resonated powerfully.

Only the teachers from the Chinese department were smiling to themselves. It was obvious to them that, whether it was Secretary Zhen or Dean Chang, they had not taken to Zhang Ye with this attitude at the beginning. Had high hopes for him, my ass! Support him, my ass! If it were not for President Wu's opposition and insistence on bringing Zhang Ye on board into the Chinese department, how would it be possible that these department leaders would accept Zhang Ye. Then when Zhang Ye dropped the bombshell during the 1st lecture, the department wanted to throw Zhang Ye out as if he was a hot potato in their hands. When Zhang Ye cast doubt on the writer of 'Dream of the Red Chamber', it had scared the wits out of these leaders, but now, Zhang Ye had managed to solidify his academic accomplishments, making it impossible for those who opposed him to find a way through. It now felt like he was single-handedly going to change the history of Redology! Thus, the department's change in attitude was no surprise. Zhang Ye was in the limelight and had gained face for the Chinese department. He even caused a sensation in society and the literary world. In the eyes of the department leaders, Zhang Ye had, in an instant, transformed from a stink bug into delicious hot cakes!

.....

The Chinese department.

In the teacher's office.

Zhang Ye put down his research papers and turned to his computer to organize some files for tomorrow's class. He then printed them out on the printer.

Ga la.

Ga la.

Page after page of information slid out of the printer.

At this time, the Chinese department teachers also returned to the office.

A few other lecturers, who had just finished their lessons, heard about the news at the Grand Auditorium. They made their way back to the office and looked at Zhang Ye when they came in.

“Teacher Zhang!”

“Haha, Teacher Little Zhang!”

“You've brought us face today!”

“Well said!” Hur Hur, did you see that bunch of literary world members who were here to cause trouble? They all looked so crestfallen! My frustrations are all vented now!”

“They even wanted to come to the Chinese department to find fault with us? Are they sick in the head or something!”

“We are educators and it’s a basic to teach our lessons very rigorously. They are in a different line of work, yet they want to compete with us on logic and rigor? That’s like flaunting one’s skills in front of a master! They should have expected it. If Teacher Little Zhang did not have conclusive evidence, he would not dare to claim such things!”

Zhang Ye smiled, “Don’t. You’re praising me too much.”

Professor Wu looked at him, “It’s not that we’re over praising you. Just look at how the students applauded you at the end! Everyone recognizes you for what you are now.”

Another lecturer said, “That’s right. I’ve never seen students insisting on not ending a class, and strongly requesting for the teacher to give additional time. Nor have I seen students unanimously giving a standing ovation for two full minutes after a class. This also says a lot. Little Zhang, there’s no need to be so modest.”

Su Na chuckled as she gave him a thumbs up. “Nothing else to say. I’m convinced!”

“I’m convinced too. I plan on going back to read ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’ once again. After listening to your lecture, only then did I realize that it contains such profound things!” A middle-aged female teacher said.

Professor Zeng also came in at this moment. He roared with laughter, “In a while, I still need to consult with Teacher Little Zhang on some things.”

Zhang Ye hurriedly said, “Please stop heaping praises on me. Hur Hur. I have only studied a bit more on ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’. In other fields, I still need to receive advice from all of you. In the future, I’ll definitely have a lot of academic problems I need to ask about, so please don’t think of me as irritating.”

“How can that be?”

“Go ahead and ask, we can have a chance to study the problem together.”

“Right, in the future, we will be seeking advice from you regarding ancient literature. History department. Hur Hur, as for History and text, you can ask Professor Zeng. Professor Zeng is even better than those professors from the History department. As for foreign literature and history, look for me if you have any questions. I teach that.”

Everyone expressed their friendliness and kindness.

Some people even shook hands with him and introduced themselves. Before Zhang Ye came, many of them had not gotten the chance to introduce themselves.

Before, other than Teacher Su Na and Professor Zeng, everyone else was a little biased against Zhang Ye. Even if they weren't biased against him, they did not hold much hope for him, but after today's class, Zhang Ye was finally accepted into the group of teachers and everyone was very enthusiastic towards him. It could be said that people of literature were scornful to each other, but it wasn't so here. After all, Peking University's Chinese department's staff all came from different fields of studies. There were no crossovers in their work. In terms of classical literature study, they were no match for Zhang Ye, but in other fields and subjects, Zhang Ye was no match for them either. So there was really nothing to be scornful of. It was more important to have mutual respect and recognition of each other as colleagues.

It was different from the attitude that the department leaders had adopted towards Zhang Ye. The department leaders had a lot more to consider, possibly things other than academic factors — like the Nationwide Tertiary Institution Rankings for the Chinese departments that had already started, but the results were still unknown. Based on the previous two years results, it did not seem optimistic for Peking University's Chinese department and this was exactly what the department leaders were concerned about. Whereas for them as teachers of the Chinese department, a majority of them only recognized Zhang Ye because of his contributions to the study of 'Dream of the Red Chamber'. These people, who were also in the field of literature, were utterly convinced by Zhang Ye's knowledge and thus did not hold any more prejudices towards such an 'outsider' host. To be able to

enter their field, it was actually very simple. All you needed was to show that you were up to it.

Zhang Ye started chatting with them.

In this teacher's office, any random pick would be a well-known and top person in their field. Zhang Ye took great care being around them.

Suddenly, someone came in from outside.

It was the Chinese department's Dean, Chang Kaige.

"Dean Chang."

"Hur Hur, Dean."

They greeted him.

Chang Kaige nodded in acknowledgment, then looked over to Zhang Ye. He said happily, "Teacher Little Zhang, you haven't gone home yet? Don't leave yet then. The reporters are blocking the way downstairs. I've gotten five security guards to go handle them."

Everyone's attention turned towards the commotion coming from downstairs. It was no surprise as Zhang Ye was a celebrity, so such treatment was normal for him.

Zhang Ye smiled, “Sure, I still need to prepare some information for tomorrow. I will leave once the reporters have left.”

Chang Kaige had clearly come to the teacher’s office to specially look for Zhang Ye. He did not summon Zhang Ye to his office, but rather personally personally came here. From this, it could be seen that Chang Kaige’s attitude had changed, “I have sought permission from President Wu earlier, as well as discussed with the various department leaders and we have decided that for next semester, ‘Appreciation of the Classics’ elective class should have you as the lecturer, are you alright with this arrangement?”

Previously, the contract was a temporarily drawn up and had a lot of limitations to it. If Zhang Ye did not lecture well, or if the students’ response wasn’t good, Peking University could ask Zhang Ye to leave at anytime. They would simply not hire him and that was that. As a result, Peking University had a lot of internal disputes. After Zhang Ye gave his first lecture, a Peking University leader had suggested firing Zhang Ye, but after the second lecture, there was no longer such a pressure to do so. As an academic staff member, Zhang Ye’s performance was outstanding. Therefore, Chang Kaige had actively suggested that they continue employing Zhang Ye for the next semester. Even to the rest of the Peking University departments’ leaders and professors, Zhang Ye was really the most suitable person to take over the ‘Appreciation of the Classics’ class!

Zhang Ye replied, “Of course I don’t have a problem with that. The only problem is time to do my primary job as a host. I might.....”

Chang Kaige smiled cheerfully, “That’s alright. You can freely arrange the schedule of your lectures, as long as you set a time and do it, the Chinese department will give you the thumbs up.”

Zhang Ye immediately said, “Thanks a lot then, Dean Chang.”

Chang Kaige continued chatting with Zhang Ye for a short while more before leaving.

At this moment, Chang Kaige, Zhen Shuquan, and the other leaders could only admire President Wu Zeqing’s talent for spotting new recruits. Even the most influential Professor Yan, who had not always liked Zhang Ye, no longer said anything about his employment.

This was because Zhang Ye’s appearance had brought hope to many people in the Chinese department!

Peking University was a top ranked institution domestically and the Chinese department had also dominated the rankings for the longest time, but three years ago, Peking University’s Chinese department had a setback. They were tied for first rank with Beijing Normal University’s Chinese department. Just last year, it got even worse. Peking University’s Chinese department was ranked second and was overtaken by Nanjing University’s Chinese department, which took first place. Even Tsinghua University’s Chinese department, which was usually not even considered a top tiered institution in Chinese had risen to third place and nearly overtook them.

Peking University was shocked!

The Chinese department's leaders had a lot of pressure!

This year, under Wu Zeqing's leadership, Zhen Shuquan and Chang Kaige had used many methods to try to improve and change the education environment of the Chinese department.

However, it was not very effective. If this situation carried on, the situation with the rankings would remain the same as last years. They might even be overtaken by Tsinghua University's Chinese department, and this was an outcome that Peking University Chinese department leaders and lecturers absolutely could not accept. How could the perennial top dog be suppressed by others? Who could stand for that?

It was at this critical juncture that President Wu had invited Zhang Ye. Chang Kaige and many Peking University Chinese department teachers and professors finally had some hope!

Could Zhang Ye's arrival turn the situation around?

Could the industry's best program host use his popularity and knowledge to bring Peking University and their Chinese department a miracle?

Chapter 329: How People Looked At Zhang Ye

At night.

It was already 8 by the time he arrived home.

He had returned to Caishikou this time, to his parents' place.

The moment he opened the door, he saw Mom applying a face mask in her pajamas. She looked creepy and nearly gave Zhang Ye a fright. Dad was watching TV in the living room.

“Dad, Mom.” Zhang Ye greeted.

“Son, you're back? Why are you so late today?” Mom kicked a pair of slippers towards him.

Zhang Ye smiled and said, “Hai, I went to eat dinner with some of my colleagues. Have both of you eaten?”

Mom said, “We ate a long time ago. Son, how was your class today? Was it ideal? Those people from the literary world didn't cause you any trouble, right?”

Zhang Ye changed his footwear. “Hur Hur, you didn't watch the video of my open lecture?”

Mom said, “I wouldn’t understand anyway. Your Dad watched it and said it was pretty good.”

Zhang Ye rolled his eyes and put his bag down. He said, “Hey, what do you mean ‘pretty good’? It’s far from pretty good. Didn’t you see those bunch of people dumbfounded by my lecture? Not a single one dared to show off in front of me. Didn’t you see the ending too? I was given a standing ovation that lasted for many minutes. I said class was dismissed, but the students simply would not leave. Hai, I really envy those college students. If I had such an excellent, legendary, charming and humorous teacher back when I was in school, I would have died of joy.”

“Flattery, like perfume, should be smelled, not swallowed!” Mom chuckled.

Zhang Ye looked towards his father. “Dad, you watched my lecture today?”

Dad acknowledged. “Don’t be arrogant. You are still far from it.”

At this point, Mom couldn’t stand hearing this. She stared at him, “What’s so bad about my son!?”

Dad said in a speechless manner, “I’m saying he still has much to learn and a long way to go. He shouldn’t become arrogant just because he has a bit to show for. He should shun complacency and impetuosity.”

“Learn my ass!” Mom was the classic mother that protected her child. She could trample on her child, but could not stand silently while others spoke badly of her son. It was the same even for her husband. “My son is already a Peking University Chinese department lecturer. What’s there to learn? Others should learn from my son instead! Look at our neighbours and colleagues’ children. Which one of them is doing better than our Little Ye? And look at those grandsons from the literary world! They were still inciting others over the internet to scold Little Ye yesterday, but today? They’ve all returned back to their conscientious selves!”

The old couple began squabbling.

Zhang Ye couldn’t bear to watch and retreated to his room.

He had been busy the whole afternoon. He switched his computer on to check for updates and news on the internet. Regarding everyone’s attitudes, Zhang Ye was still very concerned.

“A sensational public lecture!”

“Zhang Ye — A literary prodigy!”

“The shocking secret of ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’! Watch Peking University’s Lecturer, Zhang Ye expose the truth!”

“Redology research’s major breakthrough! Logical errors that have plagued Redology studies for decades have finally been

answered for the first time! Zhang Ye — The top Redology researcher!”

“The history of one of the Four Great Classical Novels – ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’ has it been rewritten?”

“Zhang Ye’s public lecture reveals yet another shocking secret. Is this the truth or pure flubdub?”

Peking University’s official website had already posted Zhang Ye’s public lecture online. In the afternoon, it had already made its rounds and caused sensational reactions!

The netizens actively commented!

“What did I say! Zhang Ye’s awesome!”

“Godly! It was really explained by Teacher Zhang Ye!”

“I did not believe Zhang Ye when it first started. How could it be that Cao Xueqin only wrote the first 80 chapters of ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’, but when I finished listening to the 2nd lecture, I really began to doubt what I had known all my life!”

“Yea, Teacher Zhang Ye might really be speaking the truth!”

“I think so too. His explanations are too logical!”

“That’s right. From historical documents to character analysis and even plot logic, it was all explained fully!”

“No wonder no one dared to speak about ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’ in the past. No wonder it was not easy to speak about ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’. That is because after the first 80 chapters, it had been continued on by another writer. So how could it be explained properly at all?!”

“If we follow Zhang Ye’s analysis, ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’ should be the top among the Four Great Classical Novels, and not last!”

“I feel that Zhang Ye’s arguments are still quite controversial. It has to be researched further.”

“I don’t know about ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’. I have not even read it before, but seeing how Zhang Ye conducted his lecture left me with just one feeling. I believe that everyone had felt this too — Zhang Ye’s too damn good!”

“Haha, of course he’s good. That bunch of members from the literary world went to the lecture being all arrogant, but look how it ended for them? After the lecture, they all quietly ran off. They wanted to argue with Teacher Zhang Ye? Debate? They think too highly of themselves! When has Teacher Zhang ever lost an argument with others before? Never!”

The public lecture footage had been posted on Peking University’s Weibo and forwarded around like the first lecture.

This Weibo post even got pushed up as the trending hot topic of the day. Professor Zeng and the Peking University's Chinese department teachers all forwarded it. Some fellow hosts also did the same. Some of these hosts were people that Zhang Ye did not even know or had ever heard of. All in all, there were quite a lot of people who had given Zhang Ye their Likes! A wonder of the broadcast hosting world had appeared to lecture and left the literary world's Redologists hanging like outsiders of their own field. To many of Zhang Ye's hosting peers, this was wonderful news. Some of them came to join the celebrations and gave their support. Zhang Ye had won glory for the broadcast hosting world and showcased the multiple talents that a broadcast host could have!

Yesterday, many people had surrounded and scolded Zhang Ye!

But today, the tides had turned. More than half of them had turned supportive!

Zhang Ye himself knew that he could only achieve this because of the collective wisdom of his previous world. They had already long since known the issues of 'Dream of the Red Chamber'. Then, there was also the matured Redology research that allowed him to hold out against ten thousand others with just him alone. The last factor was very important, the Fruit of Charm (Voice) that he had eaten quite a number of had contributed the most. As long as he spoke, he would be able to use his verbal charm to convince others. All of these together allowed his lecture to go smoothly!

Online, many Redology experts did not say a word. The literary world's members also did not stir, as if they were all silent.

Zhang Ye triumphed?

The literary world had also recognized his point of view?

Of course not. Zhang Ye was very clear about this. Those who had scolded or doubted him before, were only temporarily silenced. This was because they still had not discovered a way to refute Zhang Ye's argument, so it was not the time to issue any statements. Zhang Ye believed that the world of Redology was in a mess at this very moment. He guessed that they would be gathered in groups to study Zhang Ye's public lecture videos to see if they could find any problems within before they issued their counter arguments!

.....

Somewhere

At a certain place.

“Brother Li, this video.....”

“Don’t speak, let’s watch it again.”

“We’ve watched this three times already! That Zhang Ye’s explanations are too perfect!”

“That’s impossible. In the area of ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’, no one has been able to research fully about it. Keep looking, there’s definitely some problem somewhere, his explanations might not fully make sense!”

“Well, to be honest, I don’t have much confidence left in myself. After watching these public lecture videos, I am almost convinced by Zhang Ye’s explanations!”

“Little Chen, don’t laud his spirits!”

“Alright, then let’s watch it once more.”

“Old Song and the others are also doing their research. We have to hold out! We can’t let a layperson like Zhang Ye smack our faces in our own field of study! If that happens, how can we raise our heads next time! Even if we have to quibble, we must find fault

with Zhang Ye's public lecture content! This is not only for our own honor, but the honor and dignity of the whole Redology world!

.....

At another location.

“Watch it again!”

“Brother Yu, we've already watched it five times!”

“Play it again, especially the part where Zhang Ye analyzes the structure of ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’!”

.....

This sort of thing was happening everywhere.

Even those literary world members, who had returned from Zhang Ye's live public lecture at Peking University did not admit defeat. They were looking for a way to fight back, to find where Zhang Ye may have mentioned something paradoxical! However, as time passed and the hard work put in by the Redologists, there was nothing to show for it in the end! This was a result that many of them were unable to accept. Could it be that the Zhang guy was really that good? That he could single-handedly take on the entire Redology world?

Impossible!

There must be a flaw in his arguments somewhere!

“Dream of the Red Chamber” could not possibly be continued by another writer!

Sometimes, conventional wisdom would be a community’s advantage, but it was meant that they were trapped in it and were unable to accept new ideas!

.....

As for Zhang Ye, of course he knew that he would be put under a microscope and studied from today onwards, but he was fine with that and did not mind. It was already an ironclad fact that the 120 chapter version of “Dream of the Red Chamber” was continued by a different writer. This was not up for dispute. Even if someone wanted to find issue with Zhang Ye on this, he could still continue to argue and prove his point. He was not afraid.

As for other questions regarding ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’, Zhang Ye’s lecture today may not necessarily be correct either. He knew clearly that even in his previous world, there were still many controversial points regarding this topic.

But coming back to this, even if there were problems with what he said, it still went back to his previous world’s Redologists’ many

years of research. So how could it be refuted after just one day here? Impossible! When they finally found a reason to refute him, Zhang Ye's public lectures would have already been completed. His theory would have made its way into the minds of the people. By then, whether Zhang Ye wanted to continue the discussion with them or not would be irrelevant.

Because Zhang Ye's purpose this time was just to gain fame and popularity. Other than that, he also wanted to give this world's Redologists a new research direction. In the midst of this huge discussion, they might even be able to solve what his previous world's Redologists could not. And if they really managed to provide ironclad facts to refute Zhang Ye's theory to finally give the topic a conclusion, which might in turn lead to the discovery of the original remaining manuscripts of Cao Xueqin, then Zhang Ye would be more than happy to accept it. Because he himself was also an avid reader of 'Dream of the Red Chamber', he also wanted to know the truth behind 'Dream of the Red Chamber'!

Zhang Ye was not as noble as people thought.

But neither was he as despicable as others felt.

Chapter 330: The Path Of Peking University Was The Right One!

It was late at night.

These days, it started getting dark earlier, so it was actually only 9 PM.

His father knocked on his door, “Little Ye, your Mom and I are going to bed.”

“OK, good night.” Zhang Ye switched off his computer and replied his father through the closed door.

His father asked, “Do you want breakfast tomorrow morning? What time will you wake up at?”

Zhang Ye laughed, “Yes. I have to teach a morning class tomorrow, so I will definitely be up early. Wake me up around 7 or 8 AM. I want to have tofu pudding.”

“Alright. I will get your Mom to buy some tomorrow morning.” Dad replied.

Suddenly, Zhang Ye’s cell phone rang. It was an unknown number.

Zhang Ye picked up, “Hello, who is this?”

“Teacher Zhang Ye, I’m a program producer from Beijing Television Station,” said a man’s voice. He could not decipher his age from the way he sounded, but he thought he might be 30 something or even 40 something.

Zhang Ye acknowledge him without changing his tone when he heard that he was from Beijing Television Station. He said in a smiling tone, “Hello, for what reason would you be looking for me for?”

That person replied, “A program slot was recently freed up on Beijing Television Station and we will have a new program up around the end February, so there’s still one to two months of preparation time. We feel that Sinology has been a subject of interest recently, we would like to do a program similar to ‘Lecture Room’, but it would not be aired on the Arts Channel to test the market. Rather, we intend for it to premiere on the Beijing Television channel (Satellite Channel) itself. As for the lecturer, we have not yet decided on who yet. After much discussion though, we feel that you are the most suitable. Teacher Zhang, you are an ex-employee of Beijing Television Station and we hope you understand that we were forced to do what we did the previous time.....”

Zhang Ye interrupted him saying, “I understand all of that, don’t worry. I’m not that petty.” Zhang Ye was very clear about this. What Beijing Radio Station did to suppress him was something that he would remember for life. He could never forget that, but regarding his sacking at Beijing Television Station, Zhang Ye did not actually care about it, because he had really disrupted a live broadcast. He had been prepared to get fired and understood that

the station was just handling business as business. These two matters were clear to Zhang Ye. He wasn't someone who did not speak reason, but...."But I'm not intending to do such programs for now."

That person said, "You can speak about other things, that's fine. Like 'Water Margin' or 'Journey to the West', all that is fine. Hmm, let's put it this way, as long as you are the lecturer, we will agree to anything you want to speak about!" Putting it in this manner could be said to be the greatest acknowledgment to a host.

Zhang Ye thought over it for a bit, but still declined, "My schedule for the next few months are full, so I might not be able to afford the time. Let's talk about it in the future."

That person did not force it, "Sure, then let's keep in contact."

After hanging up, Zhang Ye was very clear. Beijing Television Station did not get Hu Fei to invite him, because it was clear that Hu Fei did not wish to be the bridge. Because of the incident of Zhang Ye's sacking, Hu Fei did not feel comfortable with it. This was why somebody else was given the task instead. Zhang Ye had not thought about his direction after this. After all, he was still a staff member of Weiwo Video and he did not plan for future programs, nor did he give it any thought, so it would be better to decline Beijing Television Station for now and leave that option open for the future.

At around 10 PM in the evening.

Zhang Ye was about to go to bed when he received another call. It was Wang Xiaomei from the Beijing Radio Station. She was also helping someone to contact Zhang Ye. Jinshi Television Station was hoping to invite Zhang Ye over to do a discussion forum-like program and even promised to give in to all Zhang Ye's demands should he come over. They would even pay for the breach of contract fee to Weiwo Video if he agreed to it!

"I've done my part." Wang Xiaomei said.

Zhang Ye replied, "Teacher Xiaomei, help me reject them."

Wang Xiaomei asked, "You aren't even considering their offer?"

Zhang Ye answered, "It's not that I'm not considering, but maybe at a later date."

"Alright, I'll help you pass the message. You can discuss with them in the future." Wang Xiaomei said.

Zhang Ye laughed, "Sure, don't burn the bridges though. I still have to consider, but now is not the time. I've got a lot on my plate to handle at the moment."

.....

He washed up and brushed his teeth.

Zhang Ye lay in bed preparing to sleep, but couldn't fall asleep.

The things that happened in the past two days had caused his mind to be too active. He had also slept very well. As such, tonight he was tossing and turning in his bed, feeling wide awake.

Picking up his phone, Zhang Ye couldn't help but look through his fan club's Tieba. He saw several congratulatory messages from Big Saber Bro and a few other of his hardcore fans. Zhang Ye replied to them and then remembered something else, so he went over to take a look at the Celebrity Rankings of this world.

It was as follows:

Zhang Ye: D-List Celebrity.

D-List Celebrity Ranking: 59.

This time, he had managed to raise his ranking by several dozen spots. Thinking back to when there was no Talk Show, Zhang Ye had just been promoted to the D-List Rankings and hovered around the last spot, but as of today, after a few episodes of "Zhang Ye's Talk Show" and two public lectures on 'Dream of the Red Chamber', his ranking had already increased by quite a bit. Then checking on Peking University's official website, he saw that the first lecture had already garnered 19 million views and the second lecture was already at 11 million views after being posted this afternoon. Good God! This was even more popular than his Talk Show performance, but it wasn't all that surprising since his Talk Show's target audience was the younger crowd, whereas his

lectures about ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’ could be enjoyed and watched by viewers of all age groups. As one of the Four Great Classical Novels, the attention it had was naturally also higher. Now that Zhang Ye’s ranking hovered around the middle of the D-List Celebrity Rankings, when his public lectures were completed, and with the broadcast of his already completed Talk Show, Zhang Ye felt that he might even get into the C-List rankings. Although it got harder as he went higher, it was not impossible.

As for his Reputation points.

Zhang Ye quickly brought up the interface of the game ring.

His total Reputation points: 16.28 million. This figure was still quickly increasing, visible to the naked eye.

When he saw this, Zhang Ye got off his bed. This time, it would be even harder for him to fall asleep. He lit up a cigarette and couldn’t help smiling to himself. He had not thought that it would accumulate to such a number. He had not checked it for the past few days at all. When he was doing his Talk Show, the Reputation points accumulated had all been spent on buying Memory Search Capsules. He did not have any points left after that, so the 16.28 million Reputation points now were all gained from his lectures of ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’ This was a surprise to him. When Zhang Ye first came on board as a lecturer in Peking University, he hadn’t thought that something like this would happen. It looked like his choice to speak about ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’ this time had caused a commotion bigger than he had bargained for. Of course, he also understood that this was just because the information from the first two lectures was too shocking to

everyone. Later on in the next few lectures, everyone's expectations would become higher and thus his Reputation points would not increase as quickly as they were now!

But this was more than enough!

He had gained fame and riches now. He felt that he had really made the right choice to develop himself at Peking University!

Who said that being a lecturer would require him to leave the entertainment circle? This was never the case. Like in his previous world, [Yi Zhongtian](#), [Liu Xinwu](#), and [Yu Dan](#), didn't all of them gain fame by lecturing? Their names and reputation were more than comparable to any small time celebrity!

This path was right!

To other celebrities in the entertainment circle, this path would have definitely been a dead end because none of them had this sort of ability like Zhang Ye, who could cross over into the education world and still do what he wanted. To Zhang Ye, this was not a dead end, but a very suitable path that would aid his short term development!

Chapter 331:

Time to do the lottery.

It had been a while since he had last drawn from the lottery. He decided to try his luck.

Zhang Ye leaned against the heater in the small room. He had moved a chair to sit next to it, as he rubbed his hands before opening the game interface. He spent 100,000 Reputation points to buy a chance at the lottery. He was not planning on buying Additional Stakes on his first draw. He was just trying his luck, so he wanted to see what would happen first.

The lottery began. The needle began spinning!

Consumption Category...

Skills Category...

Stats Category...

Special Category...

Slowly, the needle stopped at the Consumption Category!

A Treasure Chest (Small) appeared. He placed it on the floor and opened the lid!

[Cupid Sachet] : Effective once it is worn. Increases the player's luck with the opposite sex for five minutes!

Upon seeing the item had had drawn, Zhang Ye let out a snicker. He had drawn this item before. He had come to know the Heavenly Queen through this item. If not for this item, Zhang Yuanqi would probably not have drunkenly come to his rented apartment in Jiaomen East and knocked on his door. He managed to obtain it again? Without needing to talk further, this was a good thing. Zhang Ye scanned at the remaining items in his Inventory.

[Save] x 1

[Red String of Fate] x 1

[Difficulty Adjustment Dice] x 2

There was only that much. It was quite empty.

Taking out the sachet from the Treasure Chest, Zhang Ye thought about it and did not put it into his Inventory. He blinked his eyes and decided to use the sachet. Since he had nothing to do, he wanted to see what miraculous effect the sachet would create this time. Would it make another beauty appear again?

Cupid Sachet's in Effect!

Countdown, 5:00...4:59...

Zhang Ye could not help but be excited. He looked around and pricked up his ears to see if anything happened outside his door. Oh? There were no sounds? This time she isn't coming in from the main door? Would a babe come in from the windows? Zhang Ye pulled the curtains to take a look. Still there was nothing. Could there be a living person underneath his bed? Zhang Ye squatted down and pulled the bedsheets apart. Still nothing. What's going on? Where did my cupid luck go to? Uh, it can't be that because there's someone home, the Cupid Sachet became ineffective? If a beauty really came knocking on the door, Zhang Ye believed his parents would be the first to be at the door. Then what sort of cupid luck was that? He needed to be alone with a girl.

Zhang Ye smacked his forehead, "Zou le!"

This was a Beijing dialect. It meant being wrong.

Just as Zhang Ye was thinking his Cupid Sachet had been wasted, his cellphone vibrated suddenly. Beep. Beep. It seemed like there was a notification sound. It was an unfamiliar sound to Zhang Ye. It was not a text message from his phone. Hence, he unlocked his phone after picking it from the bed. Oh, it was this world's chatting app. It was similar to his world's QQ or WeChat. Zhang Ye was accustomed to using it on a desktop, and seldom chatted from his cellphone, so he had never heard the notification sound before. He didn't even use this account more than a few times.

Ever since he became a public figure, Zhang Ye had registered a lot of new accounts and obtained verified status on them. He used

his actual name, as it was more convenient. And after all, he wasn't that famous yet. If he used a nickname like "Little Face-smacking Expert" on Weibo or Tieba, most people wouldn't get to know him, nor would they be able to recognize him. Hence, he decided it was better to use his real name. As for the account logged into this cellphone, it was still Zhang Ye's old account. As after changing cellphones, he had never really used it, so his old account had always been logged in. The Friends list was full of mostly random people and he did not even remember when he joined some of the group chats. Since he no longer used the chatting account, most people on it did not know him.

Who was that?

People actually still look for me on this account?

This bro's account nickname was "I'm Your Daddy". Who was so bold as to chat with this bro? Ah, and it was a private chat?

The avatar blinked and wobbled.

Zhang Ye clicked on it out of curiosity.

Pictures!

Pictures!

And more pictures!

And they were all being downloaded. They had not been opened yet.

Zhang Ye noticed that this person was not a Friend of his, but a member of the casual chatting group “Blossoms in Beijing”. The chat window was a temporary chat amongst the group’s members. This person was probably a girl. Her name was “Water Lotus Moon”.

Water Lotus Moon?

Sailor Moon’s (Water Ice Moon) sister?

What pictures are you sending to me? And so many at one go?

Zhang Ye counted. There were a total of 26 pictures. The pictures were quite large and they were still being downloaded. His cellphone’s internet speed was quite poor. After about 8-9 seconds, the pictures appeared one by one. Zhang Ye originally thought it was would be similar to those emoticon packs in his world’s QQ that were being sent over. However, when the first picture appeared on his screen, Zhang Ye’s eyes nearly popped out. He was momentarily dumbfounded!

They were all photographs!

And sexy photographs of a real person!

Pictures that could make one foam in the mouth. Zhang Ye was wondering what the situation was. Who was this person? Why did she send me these pictures? Good things should be shared!

Perfect!

Such generosity!

Society is still filled with good people!

Zhang Ye chuckled. Since he did not recognize this nickname, and his account was effectively anonymous, he sent a message: “Friend, nice!”

Water Lotus Moon quickly responded: “...”

Zhang Ye typed: “Are there anymore? Keep them coming.”

Water Lotus Moon said: “Who are you?”

Zhang Ye said with a sweat drop flowing down his face: “You sent me pictures without knowing me, but it’s fine. We are all friends. Who is this woman? Her body is fabulous. Is there a photograph with her face?”

The other party was silent for several seconds before replying: “You are also from the ‘Blossoms in Beijing’ chat group?”

Zhang Ye wondered out loud: “That’s right. When you clicked on me to have a private chat, wasn’t it done through the group? Did you send a group message? Sending it to everyone in the group? You are too generous! These sorts of benefits should be shared with everyone! I’ll give you a Like! Now on the internet, everyone is separated by a computer. People have begun to lack trust. It is helpless and tragic. Now, we need people like you to break down the walls between people, letting our hearts be enjoined together. Spread the Love!” Having not chatted in a while, Zhang Ye unknowingly began babbling on. He found it difficult to stop once he got into the mood.

The other party did not reply.

Zhang Ye hurriedly said, “Come on friend. Send me a few more. The people need you! If not, tell me where you found those pictures. I will download them myself!”

This fellow never thought of any other possibilities.

Then he saw Water Lotus Moon send a message. “Friend, this Big Sis sent them to the wrong person. A friend asked me to send a few scenery pictures of when I was on vacation. I chose the wrong picture folder and sent you all the pictures in it!”

Ah?

Holy sh*t!

Those were all pictures of you?

Chapter 332:

In the cellphone chatting window.

Zhang Ye asked: “Is this your photograph?”

Beep. Beep. Water Lotus Moon’s message came in: “Please don’t spread it around.”

Upon receiving the answer, he wiped his forehead. “Man, are these really taken of yourself? Sorry, I didn’t know. I still thought you got someone’s photographs and posted it in the group chat. Don’t mind what I just said. Then, I didn’t deliberately look at your pictures. You sent me a bunch, so I subconsciously glanced at it. Actually, I didn’t look at them very carefully. Really.” Thinking about how he had talked about the walls between people and how love should be spread, Zhang Ye felt a bit embarrassed. To think the person in the picture was this Sailor Mo...Water Lotus Moon!

Water Lotus Moon: “It’s fine. Since you have seen it, whatever. Just don’t spread it out.”

So generous? Zhang Ye blinked: “Big Sis, don’t you worry.”

Water Lotus Moon: “If you can delete the pictures I mistakenly sent you, that would be even better.”

Zhang Ye said without any hesitations: “Sure, hold on.”

If it was anyone else, they might not really delete it. After all, the other party would not know even if they didn't. So although Zhang Ye's personality was a bit of a troublemaker, what he said was reliable. After agreeing to do so, he immediately deleted all the pictures on his cellphone and took a screenshot before sending it to her. The screenshot showed that all the pictures of Water Lotus Moon had turned into crosses. There was no way to show them anymore.

Zhang Ye said: "All the pictures and records have been deleted. As for the temporary saves, they have been cleared too. Don't you worry. The spread of the pictures will stop at me." Saying that, to adequately assuage her, Zhang Ye took another screenshot of the information of his pictures folder. He did not like taking photographs, so there was not a single photograph in it. There were only a few default pictures that came with the phone. After providing a screenshot of the listing of the pictures directory to her, he took a screenshot of his most recent chatting history. The first person on the list was Water Lotus Moon, and the second chat history was three months ago. Zhang Ye was telling her that he did not save her pictures by sending her pictures to anyone. And since it all happened in a flash, only thirty seconds had passed since the pictures arrived, so Zhang Ye did not have the time to wire up his phone or other method to transfer it to his computer or other devices. Hence, those screenshots proved his innocence.

Water Lotus Moon sent a smiling emoticon. "Thanks, young lad."

Zhang Ye smiled and said: "You are welcome. I shouldn't have seen it in the first place."

Water Lotus Moon: “You sure are polite. Hur Hur. It’s no big deal actually. For some reason, my mouse wobbled just now, so it’s all my fault. Since the photographs don’t include my face, it’s alright.”

Man, you should have told me earlier!

If it’s alright, I wouldn’t have deleted them!

Those alluring photographs...What a pity!

However, from the chat message from Water Lotus Moon, Zhang Ye figured out something. The mouse cursor wobbled for some unknown reason? The person she wanted to chat with was incorrectly chosen? Even the photographs sent over were in such a large quantity? Clearly, that was not a coincidence! It was the Cupid Sachet’s effect! The Cupid Sachet was not being ineffective! It was just not cupid luck in real life this time! It had become an interaction on the internet through cupid luck! And from looking at Water Lotus Moon’s figure from the photographs, even if she was not a stunning beauty, she would definitely be not be bad looking. Uh, of course, things were not certainly through. There were people with stunning figures, but very unsightful faces.

Di Di.

Water Lotus Moon: “Are you schooling?”

Zhang Ye: “No, I’ve been working for some time.”

Water Lotus Moon: “When did you join the group? I’ve never seen you.”

Zhang Ye: “Not sure either. A few months ago. I think someone invited me and I just joined. I’ve never spoken in the chat. What about you? You have always been in this group?”

Water Lotus Moon: “I joined yesterday. I wanted to go on vacation over the Lunar New Year, so I searched for a group to join. I seldom go on the internet too.”

Zhang Ye: “There sure is a lot of people during the Lunar New Year.”

Water Lotus Moon: “Hur Hur. Nothing you can do about that. Everyone is on break during the Lunar New Year.”

Zhang Ye: “How old are you?”

Water Lotus Moon: “In my thirties. What about you?”

Zhang Ye: “Then I really need to call you Big Sis. I’m in my twenties.”

Maybe it was because of the photographs pulling their relationship closer, the two carried on chatting.

Zhang Ye thought that after seeing her naked photos, she would be embarrassed, but he had guessed wrongly. Water Lotus Moon did not seem to especially mind.

Suddenly, Water Lotus Moon sent a smiling emoticon: “I recall that you said my figure is good?”

Zhang Ye coughed and typed: “I think so.”

Water Lotus Moon: “Is that the truth or just some flattery?”

Zhang Ye: “Of course it’s the truth. I didn’t even know that it was you in the photos. What’s there for me to flatter? However, your photos really make it look like you are not in your thirties. I would have thought you were in your twenties.”

Water Lotus Moon: “Is it that exaggerated? Well, do you want to see more?”

Upon seeing that, Zhang Ye sat up from his bed. He immediately typed: “Yes, is it alright?”

Water Lotus Moon’s response speed was average. She did not type very fast: “If you want to take a look, it is okay. The pictures were not meant to be seen by people. However, you are Big Sis’ first audience member. Since you were so nice to delete the photos, and aren’t bad, I’ll send you a few more.”

Zhang Ye hurriedly said: “That’s my honor. I’m looking forward

to it.” Saying that, he sent a cute picture of a cat sitting on the ground, blinking with its watery eyes.

There was no shame!

If you didn’t know how to grab the opportunity with a golden mountain before you, that was what shame was!

Water Lotus Moon” “Hur Hur, that picture of yours is quite funny.”

Following that, Zhang Ye’s chatting app began buzzing!

Beep, beep, beep, beep, beep. There were five beeps, and five pictures were sent over! Now with fewer pictures, his internet speed managed to download them with ease. They were almost immediately downloaded!

A new picture came in. It was a close up of her buttocks. In the high resolution photo, not only was there a close up of her buttocks, it was also naked. Unfortunately, it was not taken from the bottom, but from her back downwards. Many of the critical parts could not be seen. He could only see large parts of supple flesh and a pretty angle. To take such a photo by herself, the angle’s position was really quite hard to grasp.

The second picture was even more provocative. There was no clothes on her body. Water Lotus Moon was sitting on the ground across a mirror with her legs tightly crossed together, doing a very

alluring pose. Her hand was hold onto her left breast. Her long hair sprawled down onto her shoulders and chest. On the top of the photograph, he could see the trace of her chin. Not much of it was revealed, so there was no way to see her face.

The third picture: Water Lotus Moon was lying on a platform, that looked like a bay window. The sun's rays were shining in from the outside, lighting up her naked body. If this picture was really taken by a bay window, then the curtains definitely could not be drawn. It was definitely in the day time. She sure was bold, unafraid that her neighbors would see her.

The fourth picture: Lower body. She did not wear underwear, but wore a black pair of stockings.

Fifth picture: In the bathroom. She was lying in a bathtub filled with water. The water was probably moving, and her accentuating figure line was being refracted by the water, but whatever that one wanted to be seen could be basically seen. That seductive pose was beyond words!

He finished looking at all of them.

Zhang Ye's throat was a bit dry. "I've received them!"

Water Lotus Moon: "Have you seen all of them?"

Zhang Ye: "Yes, so beautiful. Your figure is too good!"

Water Lotus Moon: “I’m just a bit fatter.”

Zhang Ye disagreed. “Not at all. That is just nice. Not one bit more or less. I especially like that little tummy of yours. Very beautiful and feels just right. It’s like a piece of art. Your body’s proportions are also extremely good. Well, the only problem is that the angle of the photograph isn’t perfect and a bit tilted.” In the West, people were more open, so these sorts of photos were commonly seen. Zhang Ye also began to use an artistic point of view to chat with her.

Water Lotus Moon: “You seem to know a bit?”

Zhang Ye: “Not really. Just speaking randomly.”

Water Lotus Moon: “You are quite right. These sort of photos can only be taken by myself. I need to stretch out one hand, or place it on a tripod, so there are limitations. The angle and lighting isn’t easy to grasp, so it’s not easy to take them. Hur Hur. I’m also not some professional photographer. Just doing it in an amateurish manner.”

Zhang Ye asked: “You like to take these kinds of...artistic photos?” After pondering for a while did he come up with such a euphemistic term.

Water Lotus Moon: “Kinda. I take them every few days. I record the beautiful times before I grow old, if not there might not be a chance in the future.”

Zhang Ye said boldly: “Do you still have these kind of ‘artistic photos’?”

Water Lotus Moon: “Probably a few thousand.”

Zhang Ye’s nose nearly bled, “A few thousand?”

Water Lotus Moon: “Accumulated bit by bit through time. Year by year, it just passed without me knowing. Why? Hur Hur, you still want to take a look?”

Zhang Ye hurriedly said: “Yes! ! ! !” Four exclamation marks were used to express his feelings!

Asking for the pictures!

Asking for the seeds, Big Sis!

Suddenly, his game ring’s interface lit up!

[Countdown Complete. Cupid Sachet effects has ended!]

Following that, the cellphone kept buzzing. Water Lotus Moon sent a message: “Forget it. We’ll chat again. I’m going to sleep. You sleep early too. By the way, remember to delete the photos. Don’t spread them.”

Don’t sleep!

Why would the Cupid Sachet lose effect at this moment!

Sending pictures and chatting. The five minutes had passed too quickly!

However, Zhang Ye could not say anything else but say: “Alright. Go take a rest. Bye bye.”

“Bye bye.” After Water Lotus Moon said that, her avatar turned dim.

Zhang Ye was hardly satisfied, nor could he fall asleep. Although he could think of was the supple flesh of Water Lotus Moon’s photographs. Hence, he clicked on Water Lotus Moon’s personal profile.

Nickname: Water Lotus Moon.

Age: Secret.

Sex: Woman.

Job: None.

City: Beijing.

Introduction: Seldom on the web. Don't disturb.

As for the other information, such as photos, there was none, if not private. This person's information was too simple.

Chapter 333: What To Talk About For The Third Lecture?

Dong dong.

There was a knock on his door.

“Son!”

“Hmm? Yes!?”

“It’s time to wake up. I got you tofu pudding.”

“Got it Mom. I’m getting up now.”

“Hurry. You have a class this afternoon. Eat it while it’s still hot.”

Zhang Ye stretched his lazy ass. It was getting cold in the house and he did not feel like getting out of his blanket. He wrapped it around himself and searched for the clothes that he was going to wear today, pulled them into his blanket and got dressed piece by piece. Then he got off his bed to wash up and have his breakfast. He did not sleep well last night. He had a dream in which Water Lotus Moon appeared. Her very large breasts, which he saw in her photos, were bouncing about in his dream had tormented him for the whole night. It was very alluring. This big sis’ photos were really too coquettish.

After the meal.

His parents went to work.

Zhang Ye noticed the time. It was also time for him to leave.

When he went downstairs, he took out his cell phone and took a look at the avatar of Water Lotus Moon. It was darkened, probably not because she was on invisible mode, but rather because she was not online. He gave up and took another glance at the photos that she sent to him later on. He clenched his teeth. Even though it was so pitiful, he still deleted them as promised. After all, Water Lotus Moon had specifically requested him to do so as this was a matter of her privacy. If she had trusted him so much, then he would respect her request. What if he had really accidentally lost his cellphone or they got leaked out. This was not an outcome that Zhang Ye would want to witness.

Even though network security in this world was very strong, there was no guarantee that something like that wouldn't happen. Thinking back of his previous world, didn't those foreign celebrities cause an uproar and commotion when their cell phone photos were leaked out. No matter how secure it was, there were always some hackers who could outsmart the system.

He gathered up his mind.

Off to work.

Zhang Ye drove to Peking University. On the way, Zhang Ye's phone rang.

Wu Zeqing had called. "Little Zhang, come to my office in a while."

Zhang Ye said, "Alright President Wu. I'll be there in 20 minutes."

Then he drove faster and arrived at the entrance of Peking University. He parked his car at the building behind the man-made lake and walked up the stairs in large strides. This side of the building was newly constructed and not older than a few years. Compared to the Chinese department where Zhang Ye worked, this place was much newer and the decorations were much more exquisite.

When he went upstairs and turned around the corridor, he heard many voices chattering away.

The Vice President's office was open. There were about eight people inside.

"President Wu, this has affected classes for our other departments."

"President Wu, the Chinese department is Peking University's symbol, we understand that. Now that Zhang Ye's class is doing

well and has attracted a lot of good attention from the public, it has raised the name of our Chinese department and would help in this year's department ranking selection, but you cannot let this affect the other departments. It's not that we don't care about the overall situation, but every time Zhang Ye holds a public lecture, our students play truant and skip classes to attend his lecture. They did not sign up for the 'Appreciation of the Classics' elective, but still go to his lecture over their main classes. In the end, the ones to suffer will be the students themselves, it would still affect the reputation of our university!"

"Our department's teachers also have our views, President Wu. Don't be biased, there are still other departments in Peking University."

"You really cannot have any more public lectures."

"Right, if that won't do, holding it at night would be fine."

When Zhang Ye heard this, he stood in the corridor and did not enter. He understood that these department leaders and lecturers had all come to President Wu to make their cases known. Zhang Ye's contributions had fired up their Chinese department and given them something to cheer about, but the other departments were unable to compete with his popularity. Students from their departments had all gone over to the Chinese department to listen in on his lectures and those department leaders and teachers were not happy about it.

With a helpless laugh, Zhang Ye walked in. "President Wu." After saying that, he nodded to the other teachers and professors. He did

not know the people from the other departments well, so he could not name them. He could only give a simple greeting.

Upon seeing the person in question arrive, Teacher Zhou said, “Teacher Zhang, you are here. Did you hear what we said? Don’t put it to heart. We aren’t targeting you. The reason is that too many students are playing truant.” Saying that, he pointed to the documents on the table. “Take a look. When you hold a public lecture, the class attendance in our departments dropped by 30%! This is the lowest in all these years!”

“Same for the Mathematics department.”

“Same on our side.”

“The students don’t want to come to class.”

The chattering increased. Some of their attitudes were alright, while some teachers and professors did not give a good attitude towards Zhang Ye. Their dissatisfaction was written on their faces.

Zhang Ye felt sorry and had nothing to say. “About that...”

Wu Zeqing knocked on the table and gently smiled. “Alright, I’ve heard what everyone has said. Go back now, I will handle this matter from here and will definitely give everyone a satisfactory answer.”

“Teacher Zhou said, “Alright, then we will be leaving.”

Since President Wu had already give her promise, there was nothing left for them to say. Wu Zeqing's reputation and authority in Peking University was very high. Everyone knew they could trust her.

The people left.

The door was closed.

Only Zhang Ye and Wu Zeqing were left in the office.

“Do you want tea or water?” Wu Zeqing stood up with a smile and got a paper cup.

“No, no. You take a seat. I will get it myself.” Zhang Ye took the paper cup not wanting to trouble President Wu. He went over to the water dispenser and poured himself a cup of hot water, sat down and drank.

Wu Zeqing took a sip of her tea courteously, “Are you tired from these past 2 days?”

Zhang Ye smiled, “No, this workload isn't much compared to being a host. It's almost the semester break and there's not many days left for lessons.”

Everytime he saw Wu Zeqing, she was always very gentle and

beautiful!

Her dressing was never outstanding, but it would slowly eat into you!

Today, President Wu wore a traditional classical long dress. It was white based with black flowers on it. It belonged to a more Chinese style with the dress covering the full length of her legs. She was wearing plain colored high heels with ethnic prints on it. It was also Chinese styled. She wore a knitted black sweater without buttons for her top, but it did not reveal much of her chest area, so needless to say, there was no cleavage shown either. The top edge of the full length dress was very high, so anything that needed to be covered was covered. She dressed very conservatively, and very elegantly. If this were ancient times, she would definitely be a scion of a large noble family, and from her bearing, one would immediately know she was a beauty who was gifted in poetry, painting, chess, and music.

It was really nice!

She was so beautiful beyond words!

As Zhang Ye drank the water, he kept glancing at her.

Wu Zeqing placed the teacup down. “You might have heard from just now. Actually the teachers from the other departments are quite displeased. Let’s do it this way. Today’s public lecture will be changed into an ordinary class. It will be held in a small lecture theater.”

Zhang Ye did not have any problems with that. “Alright. It’s your choice. I’m fine with anything.”

“There’s quite a number of people who will probably be here today, but just the reporters are a little troublesome to handle.” After saying that, Wu Zeqing picked up her desk phone and made a call to delegate some instructions, “Hello, Little Liu, go arrange. Teacher Zhang Ye will not be holding a public lecture, but will be holding the class in a lecture theater instead. Only the students enrolled in ‘Appreciation of the Classics’ will be allowed to enter the class. Let the reporters know early and that there will be no interviews allowed...yes, I know the reporters are already here. Communicate with them a little. At most, promise them an interview after the class...right, do what you need to regarding the students. If it really does not work out, go and get their relevant department teachers to bring them away.”

After she hung up the phone.

Zhang Ye was a bit embarrassed. “Sorry President Wu for causing you so much trouble, causing everyone to do all this extra work.”

“There’s nothing to be sorry about.” Wu Zeqing smiled warmly. She did not laugh very loudly, but always held back a little, “This shows that your teaching level is recognized by everyone. It’s a good thing. Looks like I did not recruit the wrong guy. I know that regarding this course, you’d be the best person to teach it.”

Zhang Ye said with gratitude, “Thank you for your trust.”

Wu Zeqing ran her fingers down the hair that hung down her left side. “In fact, from the beginning, I had never thought of you, but when I saw you on the flight returning to Beijing, I had a feeling that you would be very suitable. Not only did I believe that you’d lecture well, I also felt that you would open new doors for this elective class and bring about change. Honestly, your performance really surprised me and everyone else. Do you know about the university rankings?”

Zhang Ye was stunned momentarily, “Of course I know it. Isn’t the ranking done yearly?”

Wu Zeqing smiled and said, “The ranking selection has already begun this year. The results should be released in a few more days. You have let many people in the Chinese department have hope, including me.”

Zhang Ye said in confusion, “That can’t be? Isn’t our Peking University Chinese department the best in its field? Although it can’t be compared to the Mathematics department or Sciences faculty’s dominance in the rankings, we would still be considered to be the top of our field, right?” Peking University’s Science faculty was peerless in the country. Even though the Chinese department was not of that level, they were still a representation of Peking University.

Wu Zeqing said, “That’s old news.”

“Why so? It’s no longer good?” Zhang Ye asked.

“We can’t say it’s not good. It’s just that we have been stagnant for too long and have not made further achievements while others like Nanjing University and Tsinghua University and even Beijing Normal University have been catching up to us. Two years ago and last year, they had even tied or surpassed our Chinese department’s ranking. Everyone says that our Peking University’s Chinese department is in its decline. Even within Peking University, there are many people saying so. When I was assigned to take charge of the Chinese department, I could feel the pressure over the past two years when I took over.” Wu Zeqing looked at him, “This is also one of the reasons why I invited you to join us. I wanted to bring change to Peking University’s Chinese department. And you have done what all of us could never imagine. You were outstanding.”

Zhang Ye finally understood.

Why did Chang Kaige and the others suddenly change their attitude towards him?

They were hoping that Zhang Ye would bring them back to where the Chinese department belonged!

Peking University’s Chinese department was still a top ranked department throughout the country, but to Peking University’s Chinese department, top ranked wasn’t enough. They had to be ahead of everyone else, because in the past years, they had always been the top dog in their field. Number 2 or 3 wasn’t too bad either? That might be true for other universities, but to Peking University, only number 1 would be good enough!

Zhang Ye smiled bitterly, “With my little bit of ability, what can I do? I can only talk about some topics that I researched and analyzed before. It’s even too controversial. I don’t think that would be much help to the Chinese department?”

Wu Zeqing grinned, “That’s not necessarily true. The university ranking process has always been a very complex process consisting of many factors. This time, your ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’ analysis might have already been put into consideration for the university rankings for our department. As usual, our department hasn’t had any new achievements this year and the previous professor for ‘Appreciation of the Classics’ class had also been forced to stop classes because of his illness. If it had continued on like this, then it would have been likely that our ranking would remain the same as the previous two years. First place would have been out of reach, or we might even have been dropped to third place. That is without question, but after you joined us, you revealed the secret of ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’. No matter how controversial that may be, you would have increased our scoring by quite a bit. This is because literature has always been controversial since ancient times. It’s not like Mathematics where 1 is always 1 and 2 will always be 2.”

Zhang Ye immediately felt the pressure. “President Wu, then what do you want me to do?”

Wu Zeqing smiled and said, “Just do your best and leave the rest to the heavens. As long as you continue to do well in your next few classes, it will be fine. Don’t do anything purposefully. Oh, right. I saw that you have already brought all the important points in your first two lectures, so what will you be talking about today? Dean

Chang had looked for me this morning to discuss about it. He said that if he knew you were so quick to point out all the arguments and analysis, then he would have let you spread it out over more classes. That would have satisfied the class hours too.”

Zhang Ye said happily, “Don’t worry about that. I’ve already thought about what to say. This tempo is just right. I will do well in the remaining classes.”

Wu Zeqing nodded, “If you say so, then I am relieved. Alright, it’s almost time. Go and busy yourself with your work. Everyone’s looking forward to your performance.”

Zhang Ye said, “I’m also a staff of Peking University’s Chinese department. Contributing to the department is my duty. I cannot and do not dare to guarantee that our Chinese department would rise in the rankings because of me, but I can promise that my class will not cause any more problems!”

What should he talk about in the third class?

Zhang Ye had already thought of it. He planned to follow through with his point of view and main argument with a refreshing method of presentation. He would talk about something that did not exist in this world, something that no one had ever heard of.

Chapter 334: Breaking New Ground Again!

Morning.

Peking University.

Chinese department, in the lecture theater.

When Zhang Ye arrived, the venue was still chaotic. Many reporters were outside, trying to squeeze to get in, but were prohibited by security. A few Peking University students from other departments also wanted to attend the class, but there were some teachers blocking the entrance, persuading them with earnest words, asking them to leave. However, these students did not leave.

“Return to your classes!”

“Teacher, I don’t have a class today!”

“Can’t we listen outside, through the windows?”

“There are still seats in the classroom. Teacher Kong, just let me inside!”

“Everyone, hurry up and leave. There’s no room for negotiation today. President Wu has already announced it!”

In the end, there were still a large bunch of students who refused to leave. They leaned on the windows, or stood by the doors. The teachers also did not leave, but they stopped trying to persuade them. As for the reporters, not a single one of them left. They moved to spots outside the windows, ignoring the security guards and began filming.

When Zhang Ye walked into his class, all his enrolled students were already present. He did not feel that there was any differences in a public lecture or a class like that. Since the video lecture would be posted online later on, whoever wanted to watch it could watch it. A class held in a small classroom, on the other hand, was much quieter. There were no people with nefarious motives to cause trouble. He had more freedom to say what he wanted. “Everyone, quiet down. I’ll start taking attendance. Li Chengan.”

A boy raised his hand. “Here.”

Zhang Ye said, “Yao Mi.”

“Here!” Yao Mi giggled.

“Li Li...” Zhang Ye checked on the attendance.

“Here.” Li Li raised his hand high up.

There was a 100% attendance rate.

Zhang Ye was pleased as he smiled. His students had given him face. “Alright, with everyone here, we can begin today’s class.”

Be it the students seated in the classroom, or those students leaning against the windows, they immediately pricked up their ears. The reporters were also invigorated as they prepared to hear Zhang Ye’s introduction. In the last two lessons, whatever needed to be said had been said. Teacher Zhang Ye also did not plan on repeating the evidence that supported his point, hence, in that case, there was nothing left to talk about. How was he going to continue lecturing? This was what everyone was curious about!

Chang Kaige also came.

There was also department dean, Zhen Shuquan. They were both sitting in the last row of the classroom.

Today, quite a number of teachers from the Peking University Chinese department came. Su Na and Professor Zeng were some of the examples. They were all very concerned about Zhang Ye’s third class. The outcome for the entire country’s department rankings were about to be posted in the coming days. They had not kept their hopes up originally, but Zhang Ye’s public lectures had given them hope once again. Hence, all the department leaders placed great importance on Zhang Ye’s class.

The reporters were in a similar position. With many people discussing the truth behind ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’ and Zhang Ye’s shocking point of view, they naturally wanted to be first to hear the news.

Zhang Ye leaned on the podium and smiled and said, “Everyone should have gone back and pondered over the things I mentioned in my previous two classes. Do you agree with it?”

Yao Mi was the first to answer. “Yes! Definitely!”

Senior Song also nodded her head. “There was indeed multiple problems in the chapters after the eightieth.”

Senior Zhou also agreed. “What you said made a lot of sense. It’s impossible to doubt it.”

Zhang Ye said, “It seems that a majority of my students express agreement. Then people might begin to doubt. Since the chapters after the eightieth of ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’ were not written by Mr Cao Xueqin, and the missing manuscripts cannot be found at this moment in time, then are we to just sit here and twiddle our fingers? Are we not going to do anything?” He paused and smiled and said, “That won’t be the case. There are still many things we can do. In today’s class, I will talk about a new topic in the study of ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’ that I named myself.” As he said that, he picked up a piece of chalk and wrote three words on the blackboard.

Vestige Forensics!

The students turned stunned!

Chang Kaige and Professor Zeng looked at each other with questioning looks. What's that?

The reporters outside were excited. As expected, this Zhang Ye had new tricks up his sleeve every day. We knew he wouldn't wish to stay mundane. He was about to reveal something new again!

Senior Song raised her hand. "Teacher, what topic and field of study is this?"

"Vestige Forensics?" Senior Zhou stared and said, "Why have I never heard of this before?"

Zhang Ye lowered his hand to gesture for them to sit down. He said, "It seems everyone is unfamiliar with this topic. Actually, just a simple explanation and you will all understand. The Vestige Forensics of 'Dream of the Red Chamber' is established based on the foundations that the chapters after the eightieth were lost. In the academic field I have researched, forensics does not mean haphazard guesses. It is not fictitious guesses, but using the first 80 chapters on the whole, and the guidance of ancient manuscripts, as well as relevant historical information and records, to infer the original words and intentions of Cao Xueqin. This field of research and topic can help us find the original intended plot and developments of Cao Xueqin's 'Dream of the Red Chamber'! It will allow us to know how Cao Xueqin's 108 chapters of 'Dream of the Red Chamber' should have been written!"

Senior Zhou said with a gasp, "Is, is that possible?"

Li Ying also stared in a daze. “Yeah, is that possible?”

Su Na and Professor Zeng gasped. Zhang Ye could restore ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’?

In this world, no one believed ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’ was continued by someone else, so of course, there was no research such as Vestige Forensics. However, in Zhang Ye’s world, Vestige Forensics of ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’ was already very mature in development. Many Redologists were immersed in it, spending their entire lives in this field of research.

Zhang Ye smiled and said, “Many of you do not seem to believe me, but I can tell you that it is possible. In the following classes, I will be talking about this. Of course, it’s the same. This is my own personal analysis and research. If you feel there’s something problematic or disagreeable about it, we can discuss it during or after class.”

Everyone’s appetite was whet!

After Zhang Ye’s lecture, many people already believed that ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’ was continued. Didn’t you see those experts from the literary world completely at a loss for words? Hence, everyone was naturally wondering what the true plot in the chapters after the eightieth was. Zhang Ye had boasted saying that he could use Vestige Forensics to infer the true ending. Everyone did not believe him, but they were very curious and looked forward to it!

“Teacher Zhang, hurry up and talk about it!”

“That’s right, don’t keep us on our toes!”

“If ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’ can really be restored, that would truly be fascinating!”

The students began to echo.

However, Zhang Ye smiled and said, “Hur Hur, everyone finds it fascinating? Actually it’s nothing fascinating. Many of the plot’s development and the fates of the characters had been set in stone during the first 80 chapters. According to my forensics, Cao Xueqin’s chapter 81 begins from chapter 73. It is the chapter that ends the 9th unit of the entire book. From chapter 82, a new plot unit will begin. I mentioned this before. Then, from chapter 73 onwards, it begins to wildly beat the gongs and drums about the internal conflicts going on in the Jia residence, the external conflicts, and when interlaced together, exploded. This is an edifice that is already shaking. It was about to collapse at any time. As Simple picked up a highly embarrassing object, she caused Prospect Garden to be raided. Raiding Prospect Garden was a matter pertaining only to Rong-guo mansion, but in the end, Lady Xing and a Wang Shang-bao’s wife went in, causing chaos to ensue. It was completely without any proprietary. When the raid reached Tan-chun, how did Tan-chun act...?”

“The most tragic was Skybright, who died. Skybright was the most important of the 12 Beauties of Jinling Register. In the first 80 chapters, Qin Keqing, who was in the “Register”, died in chapter 13. When the story developed to this plot unit, there were

people beginning to die. Hence, the tragic fate of the family unfolded, as the family slowly declined.”

“Then in chapters 78 to 80. The females in the family were on the brink of death. Yinchun made a mistake by getting betrothed to Zhong-shan wolf, and wolves eat people. When Xue Pan married Xia Jin-gui, Caltrop was also nearing the end of her life. According to Cao Xueqin’s plan in writing this entire tragedy, once that happened, people from the Main Register had to die too. Qin Keqing died near the beginning, and now, it was time for Jia Yingchun to die. People from the Supplementary Register also needed to die. Hence, in Cao Xueqin’s chapter 81, it should follow the trajectory of chapter 73, ending in a tragedy. The deaths of people in the Supplementary Register should have carried on. Those from the main Register would also die. Those who were supposed to die should have been Jia Yinchun and Caltrop. Hence, according to Cao Xueqin’s textual structure, I believe the 81st chapter of ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’ should have a chapter title like this, ‘Zhong-shan Wolf swallows a beauty, A Termagant ends a soul’.”

Everyone believed that even if Zhang Ye was going to talk about it, he would not talk about it in deep detail, and just vaguely talk about it by brushing against the surface. No one expected that Zhang Ye’s so-called self-created Vestige Forensics had been studied to such great detail. The things he inferred were all very strict and precise. He even guessed from forensics the 81st chapter’s title. Just this alone stunned Chang Kaige and Professor Zeng!

Zhang Ye lectured bit by bit.

The crowd listened in shock. At times, they were gasping in shock, and sometimes engaging in deep thought throughout the lecture!

One class quickly finished. This time there was no extension. Zhang Ye followed his own pace and after finishing, he began keeping his documents. “Alright, that will be all for today. If there’s anything you do not understand, you can ask me after class. Class dismissed.”

After attending this class, the Chinese department’s leaders and a few professors no longer had any doubts. Though Zhang Ye did not talk about the problems about the author of ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’, it did not mean he had nothing else to talk about. Now, it was even better. He had put forth a new topical study in Redology and it was extremely interesting! In addition to this, everything adhered to the logical trajectory! Maybe Zhang Ye was not right, but you had to admit that this was breaking new ground in Redology research!

Following Zhang Ye’s previous point of view, he had once again stepped to the forefront of Redology research. He was shattering everyone’s entrenched understanding bit by bit!

Chapter 335: This Semester's Last Class!

One day.

Three days.

Five days.

In a few days time, Zhang Ye held his lessons as usual. The students got more and more addicted listening to him. Zhang Ye also became more and more excited about lecturing. Every time, only after someone reminded him that he had exceeded the class' given time would he stop the class.

These few days, with strong urging from the students, Peking University had approved another of Zhang Ye's lectures to be held as a public lecture. What was different this time was that it would be held at night instead to avoid affecting other classes. The grand auditorium could not always be reserved for Zhang Ye, there were still other teachers who used it as well as activities held in it. Zhang Ye couldn't get reservation slots, so he just held the lectures at the 1200 seater auditorium. The night time public lectures were always full, even if you were early to class, you might not be able to get a seat, let alone if you were late for class.

You might have heard of queuing up to buy groceries.

You might have heard of queuing up to buy property.

But you definitely have never heard of queuing up to attend classes!

When other institutes of higher learning heard this, they were speechless. If anyone told them that this situation would happen for an elective class, the people from Peking University would never believe it, ever, but all of this was now happening right before their eyes! Zhang Ye had done it, no one could be unconvinced by it!

Today was Zhang Ye's last lesson.

In the auditorium, there were especially many people. A lot of the students were packed into the auditorium as even some seats were shared by two people.

Of course, what was more worthy to note was the seats at the side of the auditorium. There were many unfamiliar older faces. There were men and women, of at least 30 years old. Before the class started, Zhang Ye had heard Chang Kaige mention that some of these people were Redologists or from the community. Some of them were also from other institutes of higher learning or the education system. They had all applied to attend this last lecture beforehand. Some of them might have been hoping to find mistakes to pick on, while others were here with the hope of learning more.

On stage.

Zhang Ye spoke seriously, "The title of the 108th chapter might

have been called ‘The Divine Luminescent understands the meaning of letting go at a precipice, the stone returns, with a listing revealed’. Why do I say so? Because when the beggar couple encounters the large snowstorm at the end, there was no way for them to survive in the open. They might have gone into the wilderness and discovered a farmhouse. They wished the farmhouse would open the door to provide them with some warmth, and they eventually discovered that the master and mistress of the farmhouse were very kind to them...”

The lectures of these past few days had already left everyone unable to speak.

Senior Song, Senior Zhou, and some others who were usually very active no longer questioned anything.

Outsiders who came to listen into the class did not manage to interject a single word. Even those who came to cause trouble could not keep up with Zhang Ye’s pace. They were completely brought into a new realm of knowledge that they did not understand — Vestige Forensics. All they could do was listen to it in a daze!

Beforehand, no one had expected Zhang Ye’s research to be so detailed.

From the 81st to the 108th chapter, Zhang Ye had logically guessed the chapter titles of each of them. He presented to them what he thought would have been the original plot of the story in such detail that he even included all the plot foreshadowing from the first 80 chapters!

It was too amazing!

It was really too awesome!

Just what sort of knowledge capacity did he have?

Throughout the course of this lecture, it had left many people believing more and more that someone else had continued the writing after the first 80 chapters. They felt that Zhang Ye's analysis of 'Dream of the Red Chamber' was the original plot development of the novel instead! According to the plot described by Zhang Ye, it was a more logical and suitable ending! Many of the logical errors that had left the Redology world frustrated were solved perfectly by the way Zhang Ye spoke about it!

A Redologist even lowered his head to take notes. He listened with an open mind and did not dare to put on airs in front of Zhang Ye.

Zhang Ye carried on speaking. "This character was also foreshadowed. He is one of the characters that would participate in the finale. They should be received by the Second Maid's parents. It was too late to save Shi Xiangyun. She was already frozen to death at the Second Maid's house. As it was Winter, even the ground was frozen, so they buried her with great efforts. That night, the farming couple let Baoyu enjoy a good rest, but Baoyu was filled with thoughts. Finally, he heard a summoning from the sky. It was a monk and a priest. The immortals from the heavenly realm summoned him. He realized he was just a Divine

Luminescent Page-in-waiting that descended to the mortal world for a trip. He was to return to the heavenly realm. When he returned to the heavenly realm, he received his final enlightenment. He understood that heading to heaven by becoming a monk was all superficial. The real point was to let go at a precipice and understand that all splendor and riches were ephemeral. And just knowing this bit was not enough, because the ancients had already figured this out a long time ago. In the midst of that fleeting cloud, a soul not corrupted by society's bad politics, economics, or culture... this was compassion for the weak. It was a relentless pursuit for beauty, and was the most valuable thing."

Heavenly realm?

Divine Luminescent Page-in-waiting?

The crowd was surprised!

Zhang Ye said, "He was a Divine Luminescent Page-in-waiting who returned to the heavenly realm. The enlightened Baoyu was the stone lying at the foot of Greensickness Peak. With the stone returning to the heavenly realm, it was filled with words. These words would be the 108 chapters of "The Story of the Stone", which is also known as 'Dream of the Red Chamber'. After the 108 chapters, there would be a "Love Ranking", which was a meaningful list for Baoyu, called the King of the Flowers. Then it would be a list of the 108 girls listed in groups. Each group had 12 people, creating a total of nine groups.

At this point, Zhang Ye gave a light smile. "This, is my personal dissection of the content in the last 40 chapters of Cao Xueqin's 108

chapters of ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’. I think this is the true storyline of Cao Xueqin’s ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’!” Finishing the lecture with his usual high standards, Zhang Ye closed his lecture documents and exhaled. He smiled and said, “Alright, this semester’s classes will end here!”

“It’s over?”

“I haven’t heard enough!”

“That’s right, it’s so exciting!”

“Teacher Zhang, you sure are well-learned!”

“Are you going to hold classes as usual next semester? Teacher, you won’t be leaving, right? I’m waiting to register for ‘Appreciation of the Classics’ next semester!”

Most elective classes were only held for one semester a year.

Zhang Ye was very pleased upon hearing that. He said, “Thanks to the trust of the school’s leaders, I will carry on serving as lecturer of this elective class next semester. This class will be held as usual.”

Senior Zhou exclaimed, “You should continue writing ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’!”

Senior Song also immediately said, “Teacher Zhang, have you considered continuing ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’? The plot you described is really much better than the last 40 chapters of the circulated 120 chapters!”

Yao Mi giggled and said, “That’s right Teacher Zhang. Write it, we all support you!”

Zhang Ye knew what he was worth. He quickly shook his hands and said, “I won’t be able to write it. I don’t dare to blaspheme the classics, and indeed lack the ability. This is the truth. Hur Hur. I can only analyze and theorize. If you really wanted me to write, that would be a joke. I won’t be able to do a better job than the continuer who did the last 40 chapters. The text in it isn’t something anyone can emulate. This is also why I’m very amazed at Gao E or the anonymous person. Maybe he did not write in accordance with Cao Xueqin’s original intentions, and there were problems with the plot and character. No one can deny his amazing accomplishments in the field of literature and his writing. He also made great contributions by spreading ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’.”

Everyone was still engaging in discussions.

Zhang Ye lowered his hand, gesturing for them to quieten down. “With the course over, then I will need to talk about the elective class’ exam. There are many characters in ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’. Some characters are more familiar to others, and there are others who no one pays attention to. However, each character is important. So for the assessment, other than everyone’s attendance, everyone is to write an analysis of a ‘Dream of the Red

Chamber' character. Just one will do. Note, do not just copy from the internet, but one which you analyze and understand yourself. It is assigned today, but as the class' schedule is tight, and it's almost the holidays, the deadline is tomorrow at noon by the latest."

"Ah?"

"We are given half a day?"

"The time is too tight for us to finish it."

The students from Zhang Ye's elective class complained.

Zhang Ye smiled and said, "Actually, the time isn't tight. Students who diligently listened to all my classes will not find this difficult. I have basically expounded all the characters in the story. If everyone doesn't like that, we can have an oral exam tomorrow?"

"No, no, no!"

"Not an oral exam!"

"Man, I'll do the assignment!"

The students could only helplessly accept it. There was no other way. Oral exams were not easy. There was no way to copy or

prepare either. They had to express themselves on the spot. The uncertainty was too great and the most crucially, who would dare have an oral exchange with Teacher Zhang Ye?! Who had not witnessed the eloquence of their new teacher? Even if Zhang Ye showed them mercy by not asking things that were too difficult, they would not be able to do well. Didn't you see the leading experts and teachers from the literary world dumbfounded by Teacher Zhang Ye!? Having an oral exam with Teacher Zhang Ye was plainly seeking death!

Chang Kaige, who was sitting below, chuckled.

Professor Zeng and Su Na were also smiling.

Zhang Ye gave a terse acknowledgment. He was now the teacher, so he was free to set the exam content by the Chinese department. This was quite a nice feeling. "Then it's decided. Everyone, go back and do the examination assignment. Tomorrow, hand it to class monitor, Little Song. I will grade each and everyone of them. The credit grades will be released together with the other classes. Alright, class dismissed. It's been hard work for all of you this semester. I'm very honored to have been your lecturer, teaching you new knowledge. I'm limited in my knowledge and have quite a bad reputation. I would like to thank President Wu and the Chinese department's leaders for their trust..."

Zhang Ye was very happy in these days in Peking University. He enjoyed spending his days with the students in some inexplicable way and liked them a lot. Hence, Zhang Ye was also very touched during this last class of the semester. He could not help but say a few more words. He looked towards the students and said, "Thank

you for supporting and affirming a new teacher like me. I have nothing to return to you, but if you do not mind, I will teach everything I know to everyone in the future!”

A round of applause echoed!

The students all stood up!